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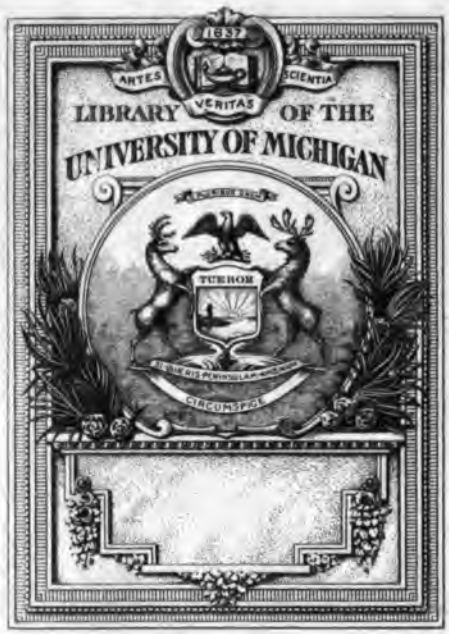
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THE

WORLD OF PROVERB AND PARABLE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND THE ANECDOTAL TABLE-TALK OF ALL AGES.

With an Introductory Essay on the Historic Unity of the Popular Proverb and Tale in all Ages.

BY

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,

Author of "The World of Anecdote," "Christmas Evans," "Oliver Cromwell," "Scottish Characteristics," etc., etc.

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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

THE UNITY OF THE POPULAR TALE: IN MYTH, PARABLE, AND PROVERB.

AMONG the popular modern sciences, the science of *Storyology** is likely to be regarded by many readers with especial favour as one of the most interesting, while by scholars its great importance has been for some time perceived. The ethnological value of popular tales and ancient traditions cannot be very well over-estimated,—they bring an ethnic element to the study of the unity or variety of human races, not only of a peculiarly interesting, but of a most valuable character. Contributions to the study we have in abundance, but they lie scattered over innumerable volumes. Thousands of books of travel might be explored; and the task, which, in the nature of things, would have to be a self-imposed labour of love, would, we believe, furnish from every quarter of the globe, and from all varieties of wild people,—pastoral and nomadic, agricultural or predatory, from South Sea isles and North American wigwams, from Calmuc steppes and German forests, from the depths of the Amoor and the Chatits of the Himalayas,—an amount of material most suggestive to the thoughtful inquirer into the pathways along which the various races have travelled to their present development. In national songs, in riddles, proverbs, and popular tales, uttered and chanted by lonely fires in the bush, in dark huts and solitary farms, in the waste of mountains and moors, a people's ancestry, history, and character are reflected in the clearest manner.

Every way, one of the most important contributions to this department of literature is the work of Mr. Campbell. So far as our poor scholarship in the matter enables us to judge, his four handsome volumes seem to be prepared in a spirit of scrupulous and scholarly integrity, and contain every evidence of remarkable ability and industry: if any other proof were needed, then they appear to furnish another most impregnable argument for the Eastern origin of the Celtic nations, and the relation, even the intimate relation, subsisting between the Indo-Germanic and the Celtic peoples.

* A designation, we believe, first given by Mr. Campbell, in his very remarkable "Legends and Traditions of the Highlands."

Stories like these, compared again with the varieties in the volumes of Mr. Thorpe, suggest the question whether they all flow down from one common ancestry, recited in varying circumstances from age to age, or whether they are an illustration of the synonymousness of human intelligence in the order of development. It is so that the mind of man in its pathway to perfect freedom, when beneath the charm of its own volitions, is able to create novels, fictions, tragedies, comedies, and poems in multitudinous variety; and, in its forming epoch, when it commences the shaping its ideas in the similitudes of corresponding action and passion, it pursues the same course. It does seem so, not only that the passion for story-uttering or story-hearing is universal in all nations, among all peoples; but whilst each nation has its own, the varieties of popular story resemble each other, especially in their most primitive forms, and meet as much as all the races meet in that one comprehensive being we call man. Homer, Herodotus, Æsop, Grimm, and Gammer Grethel are not only wanted by all primitive communities, but there is considerable likeness, too, in their ethnic relatives. An antiquary like Mr. Campbell, discovers this, and turns it to admirable purpose. He sees that as the flotsam and jetsam are constantly drifting northwards and eastwards, yet finding a resting-place on some western shore, so the popular tale is like the mental *débris* transported to us from some central tribe, it may be in Central Asia, appearing with varieties of attrition, or some slight circumstantial cohesion in Brittany, Scandinavia, Ireland, or the West of Scotland; then, by some traveller, identified with some similar findings in Ceylon or Japan. But for some such common origin and foundation, it would be strange indeed to find the romances of boatmen and fishermen, inhabiting small islands and fiords filled with incidents which seem to belong to a wild, continental, horse-riding tribe. We fear that in some regions the possibility for the collection of such primeval traditions is dying out. Books and newspapers, pens, ink, and paper are sad foes to the faculty of memory. Plato somewhere implies in words, the exactness of which has escaped us, that the veneration of letters is the decay of memory. Mr. Campbell has collected his vast stories from old men and old women who held them only in their memory. "In our age," he well says, "tradition is out, and books are in"; railways and tourists, too, are doing their accustomed work in driving out the belief in the supernatural. We must quote his description of one of the old story-tellers of the Western Highlands.

"He told me nine stories, and, like all the others, declared that there was no man in the islands who knew them so well. 'He could not say how many he knew'; he seemed to know versions of nearly everything, I had got; and he told me plainly that my versions were good for nothing. 'Huch! Thou has not got them right at all.' '*They came into his mind,*' he said, '*sometimes at night when he could not sleep—old tales that he had not heard for threescore years!*'

"He had the manner of a practised narrator, and it is quite evi t

that he is one; he chuckled at the interesting parts, and laid his withered finger on my knee as he gave out the terrible bits with due solemnity. A small boy in a kilt, with large round glittering eyes, was standing mute at his knee, gazing at his wrinkled face, and devouring every word. The boy's mother first boiled, and then mashed potatoes; and his father, a well-grown man in tartan breeks, ate them. Ducks and ducklings, a cat and a kitten, some hens and a baby, all tumbled about on the clay floor together, and expressed their delight at the savoury prospect, each in his own fashion; and three wayfarers dropped in and listened for a spell, and passed their remarks till the ford was shallow. The light came streaming down the chimney, and through a single pane of glass, lighting up a track in the blue mist of the peat smoke, and fell on the white hair and brown withered face of the old man, as he sat on a low stool with his feet to the fire; and the rest of the dwelling, with all its plenishing of boxes and box-beds, dishes and dresser, and gear of all sorts, faded away through shades of deepening brown, to the thick darkness of the smoked roof and the 'peat corner.' There we sat, and smoked and talked for hours, till the tide ebbed; and then I crossed the ford by wading up to the waist, and dried my clothes in the wind in Benbecula."

It will be very curious to those unaccustomed to the study of these things, to find the adventures of the good Haroun-al-Raschid in these Western Isles; old crones and old men reciting Gaelic versions of "Aladdin and his wonderful Lamp." Some of the stories seem to approach the "Tales of the Duchess d'Aulnoy"; others, a great number, more closely resemble,—and in this they are like many we could quote from the old Indian forests,—the charming shadow-pictures of Hans Andersen. The luxurious and dangerous introspection, the dramatic ways and moods of souls in peril from their sins, are unknown. The wanderings and lucubrations of Mr. Pickwick and his illustrious "man Friday," Sam Weller; likenesses to "Waverley," or the "Mysteries of London," are alike unknown. On the contrary, while we have no gorgeous palaces, nor any flying gryphons in the Western Isles, kings and queens are a remarkably common character; and Emperors of Germany and Kings of France seem to be as easily got at as the tooth-pick of Prester John by another famous wizard. All these primeval peoples have a frequent, pleasant, and even humorous way of putting things; an old smith upon his wanderings, lying down to rest, is said to "*put the world under his head*"; and when a girl wished her lover safely from the power of a giant, he replied cheerfully, "*two shares of fear on him, and the smallest share on me.*"

Strength and shrewdness seem to be the two genii most usually worshipped by these ancient story-tellers. A most humorous presentation of the foolishness of folly, makes a frequent appearance; the frequent selling of a something valueless as a source of riches, is the foundation of many a story, but finds its best illustration in the story of the *Shifty Lad*, which is only, in a more primeval form, the story now, we presume,

familiar to all English readers of *Master Tylwyth Owlglass;* and Mr. Campbell finds some incidents like it in the story of Rampsinutus told to Herodotus, far more than two thousand years since; and it is renewed in the Norse story of the "Master Thief." Sometimes we find the likenesses of little stories, which crop up as anecdotes in conversation, meeting us both in Icelandic tales and Sanscrit traditions. Here is one; Mr. Campbell mentions its Scandinavian and Italian relations, but it is in the Sanscrit Hitopadeza too:—

"A sailor who had got his money, and who knew that he would spend it all, went to visit his friends. On his way he paid double, and generously, for his board and lodging, and bargained that he should take off a certain old hat as payment on his way back.

"A Jew accompanied him on his return, and seeing the effect of the hat, begged for it, offered for it, and finally, bought it for a large sum. Then he tried it, got cudgelled by the innkeepers, and cursed the clever tar that had outwitted him.

"Here, then, is a story known in the Highlands for many years, with incidents common to Gaelic, Norse, English, German, and some African tongues, and with a peculiar character of its own which distinguishes it from all the others. We are indebted to the author of Norse Tales for a loan of the rare book mentioned in the following reference, which may throw some light on the story and its history:—

"In *Le Piacevole Notte di Straparola,* 1567, the story is told of a priest and three rogues, who outwit him, and whom he outwits in return.

"First, they persuade him that a mule which he has bought is an ass, and get it; which incident is in another Gaelic story in another shape. Then he sells them a bargain in the shape of a goat, which is good for nothing.

"Then he pretends to kill his housekeeper by sticking a knife into a bladder filled with blood, and brings her to life again with something which he sells to them for two hundred florins of gold, and they kill their three wives in earnest.

"They are enraged, catch the priest, and put him into a sack, intending to drown him in the river. They set him down, and a shepherd comes, who hears a lamentable voice in a sack saying, '*Me la vogliono pur dar, e io non la voglio,*'—*They wish to give her to me, and I don't want her.* The priest explained that the lord of that city wants to marry him to his daughter, and by that bait (not the bait of riches) entices the shepherd into the sack. The shepherd is drowned. The priest takes the sheep; and the rogues, when they find the priest with the sheep, beg to be put into three sacks. They get in, are carried to the river by three 'facconi,' and disposed of; and *par-Scarpacifico,* rich in money and flocks, returned home and lived pleasantly, etc.

"By what process this story got from Italian to Gaelic, or who *first* invented it, seems worth inquiry. One thing is clear; the Italian version and the four Gaelic versions now given resemble each other very closely."

The story of—

"The Inheritance"

is very characteristic, and finds the likenesses to which we have referred:

"There was once a farmer, and he was well off. He had three sons. When he was on the bed of death he called them to him, and he said, 'My sons, I am going to leave you: let there be no disputing when I am gone. In a certain drawer, in a dresser in the inner chamber, you will find a sum of gold; divide it fairly and honestly amongst you, work the farm, and live together as you have done with me;' and shortly after the old man went away. The sons buried him; and when all was over, they went to the drawer, and when they drew it out there was nothing in it.

"They stood for awhile without speaking a word. Then the youngest spoke, and he said: 'There is no knowing if there ever was any money at all!' The second said: 'There was money surely, wherever it is now;' and the eldest said: 'Our father never told a lie. There was money certainly, though I cannot understand the matter.' 'Come,' said the eldest, 'let us go to such an old man: he was our father's friend; he knew him well; he was at school with him; and no man knew so much of his affairs. Let us go and consult him.'

"So the brothers went to the house of the old man, and they told him all that had happened. 'Stay with me,' said the old man, 'and I will think over this matter. I cannot understand it; but, as you know, your father and I were very great with each other. When he had children I had sponsorship, and when I had children he had gostje. I know he never told a lie. And he kept them there, and he gave them meat and drink for ten days.

"Then he sent for the three lads, and he made them sit down beside him, and he said—'There was once a young lad, and he was poor; and he took love for the daughter of a rich neighbour, and she took love for him; but because he was so poor there could be no wedding. So at last they pledged themselves to each other, and the young man went away, and stayed in his own house. After a time there came another suitor, and because he was well off, the girl's father made her promise to marry him, and after a time they were married. But when the bridegroom came to her, he found her weeping and bewailing; and he said, "What ails thee?" The bride would say nothing for a long time; but at last she told him all about it, and how she was pledged to another man. "Dress thyself," said the man, "and follow me." So she dressed herself in the wedding clothes, and he took the horse, and put her behind him, and he rode to the house of the other man, and when he got there, he struck in the door, and called out, "Is there man within?" And when the other answered he left the bride there within the door, and she said nothing, but he returned home. Then the man got up, and got a light, and who was there but the bride in her wedding dress?

"'"What brought thee here?" said he. "Such a man," said the

bride. "I was married to him to-day, and when I told him of the promise we had made, he brought me here himself and left me."

"'"Sit thou there," said the man; "art thou not married?" So he took the horse, and he rode to the priest, and he brought him to the house, and before the priest he loosed the woman from the pledge she had given, and he gave her a line of writing that she was free, and he set her on the horse, and said, "Now return to thy husband."

"'So the bride rode away in the darkness in her wedding dress. She had not gone far when she came to a thick wood, where three robbers stopped and seized her. "Aha!" said one, "we have waited long, and we have got nothing, but now we have got the bride herself." "Oh," said she, "let me go: let me go to my husband; the man that I was pledged to has let me go. Here are ten pounds in gold—take them, and let me go on my journey." And so she begged and prayed for a long time, and told what had happened to her. At last one of the robbers, who was of a better nature than the rest, said, "Come, as the others have done this, I will take you home myself." "Take thou the money," said she. "I will not take a penny," said the robber; but the other two said, "Give us the money," and they took the ten pounds. The woman rode home, and the robbers left her at her husband's door, and she went in, and showed him the line—the writing that the other had given her before the priest, and they were well pleased.

"'Now,' said the old man, 'which of all these, do you think, did best?' So the eldest son said, 'I think the man that sent the woman to him to whom she was pledged, was the honest, generous man: he did well.' The second said, 'Yes, but the man to whom she was pledged did still better, when he sent her to her husband.' Then said the youngest, 'I don't know myself; but perhaps the wisest of all were the robbers who got the money.' Then the old man rose up, and he said, 'Thou hast thy father's gold and silver. I have kept you here for ten days; I have watched you well. I know your father never told a lie, and thou hast stolen the money.' And so the youngest had to confess the fact, and the money was got and divided."

Our readers will perceive that a wide knowledge of books is needed to find the manifold cousin-ships of such tales; but in this we have quoted, the readers of Boccacio will recognise the likeness; and, as has been well said, a skilful modern novelist would doctor such a story as this, nursing it into a three-volume book. Trolls and giants, we need not say, abound in these traditions. Rip Van Winkle has been anticipated a hundred times; here is one of the hundred, an old Danish tradition:—

The Aged Bride.

At a marriage at Nörre-Broby, near Odense, the bride, during a dance, the apartment, and walked, without reflection, towards a m t in adjacent field, where, at the same time, there were danci

merriment among the Elf-folk. On reaching the mount, she saw that it was standing on red pillars, and at the same moment an Elf came and presented to her a cup of wine. She took the cup, and having emptied it, suffered herself to join in a dance. When the dance was ended she bethought herself of her husband, and hastened home. Here it appeared to her that everything in and about the place was changed, and on entering the village, she recognised neither house nor farm, and heard nothing of the noisy mirth of the wedding. At length she found herself standing before her husband's dwelling, but on entering saw no one whom she knew, and no one who knew her. One old woman only, on hearing the bride's lamentation, exclaimed: "Is it then you, who a hundred years ago disappeared at my grandfather's brother's wedding?" At these words the aged bride fell down, and instantly expired.

Some of the best known of the stories amongst us, have their analogies in regions which seem farthest removed from us. There is an instinctive morality, which may be found, not only in those parabolic forms which have evidently emanated from a reasoning and thoughtful, and, perhaps, Christian people, but from the antiquities of Chinese morality. Through how many variations has the following Chinese parable on hospitality passed? for it is well known in many forms to us. It was related to the distinguished traveller Baron Haxthausen by his wonderful servant Peter New, a marvel of a linguist; and he heard it in one of the streets of Persia, where, as in China and Japan, Mr. Oliphant tells us, groups are commonly seen listening to professional story-tellers, and tradition-reciters in the streets:—

"Fohi, in the course of his wanderings, coming to a village, knocked at the door of a rich woman, and begged permission to enter. 'What!' said she, 'do you think I receive into my house every roving vagabond? No, indeed, it would be unbefitting a respectable woman—go your way!' Then he went to the cottage of a poor woman, who at once kindly begged him to enter. She set before him the only food she had, a little goat's milk, broke a piece of bread into it, and said, 'May Fohi bless it, that we may both have enough!' She then prepared for him a couch of straw; and when he fell asleep, perceiving that he had no shirt, she sat up all night and made him one out of some linen she had made by her own hard labour: in the morning she brought it to him, begging he would not despise her poor gift. After breakfast she accompanied him a little way; and, at parting, Fohi said, 'May the first work you undertake last until evening!' When she got home she began to measure her linen, to see how much was left; and she went on measuring, and did not come to the end of it until the evening, when her house and yard were full of linen; in short, she did not know what to do with her wealth. Her rich neighbour, seeing this, was sorely vexed, and resolved that such good fortune should not escape her again. After some months the traveller came again to the village; she went to meet him, pressed him to go to her

house, treated him with the best food she had, and in the morning brought him a shirt of fine linen, which she had made some time before; but all night she kept a candle burning in her room that the stranger, if he awoke, might suppose she was making his shirt. After breakfast, she accompanied him out of the village; and when they parted, he said, 'May the first work you undertake last till evening!' She went her way home, thinking the whole time of her linen, and anticipating its wonderful increase; but just then her cows began to low. 'Before I measure my linen,' said she, 'I will quickly fetch the cows some water.' But when she poured the water into the trough, her pail never emptied; she went on pouring, the stream increased, and soon her house and yard were under water; the neighbours complained that everything was ruined; the cattle were drowned, and with difficulty she saved her life, for the water never ceased flowing until the setting of the sun."

Baron Haxthausen relates this in a very interesting chapter of his work on "Transcaucasia," reciting a number of Armenian legends and tales.

To trace the analogies of even a hundredth part of these stories would be, not the work of a brief Essay, but of volumes—our object rather is to suggest. Thus we find the story of "Jack and the Bean-stalk" in Polynesia; a hero goes up to the sky on a ladder made of a plant, and brings thence three precious gifts, in much the same way as that in which Jack does; but this is one of those stories which seem to be common to all the world; but it has its distinct character in the Highlands. Mr. Campbell gives several versions of it. Cinderella also, is another of these common stories, existing in many varieties. Here is one told to Mr. Campbell in an inn, at the sound of Benbecula, by a girl named Morag a Chota Bhain, —in English, Margery White Coats. The likeness of the Cinderella in the following story, may be seen, in her white coats and short gown, blowing the fire in Highland inns.

"A king had four daughters, and his wife died, and he said he would marry one whom his dead wife's clothes would fit. One day the daughters tried, and the youngest only could wear them. The king saw them from a window, and wished to marry her; and she went for advice to her mother's brother. He advised her to promise to marry the king if he would bring her a gown of birds' down, and a gown of the colours of the sky, woven with silver; and when he had got that, a gown of the colour of the stars, woven with gold, and glass shoes. When he had got them, she escaped with all her clothes, by the help of her uncle, on a filly with a magic bridle, she on one side, and her chest of clothes on the other. She rode to a king's palace, hid the chest in a hill under a bush of rushes, turned the filly loose, and went to the palace with nothing on but a white petticoat and a shift. She took service with the cook, and grew dirty and ugly, and slept on a bench by the kitchen fire; and her work w to blow under the great caldron all day long. One day the king's son e home, and was to hold a feast; she went to the queen and asked lea go, and was refused because she was so dirty. The queen had a basin

water in her hand, and threw it at her, and it broke. She went to the hill, took out the dress of down and silver, and shook her magic bridle; the filly came, and she mounted, and rode to the feast. 'The king's son took her by the hand, and took her up as high as any there, and set her on his own lap; and when the feast was over, there was no reel that she danced but he gave it to her.' He asked her whence she came, and she said *from the Kingdom of Broken Basins;* and the prince said that he had never heard of that land, though he had travelled far. She escaped and returned to the cook, and all were talking about the beautiful lady. She asked about her, and was told not to talk about what she did not understand, 'a dirty little wretch like her.' Then the prince had another feast; and she asked leave again, and the queen refused, and threw a candlestick at her, and it broke, and she did as before. She put on another dress and went; the king's son had eight men on each side of the door to catch her. The same scene went on, and she said she came from the country of Candlesticks—'Tir nan Coillearan,' and escaped, leaving a glass shoe. Then the king's son fell sick (of course), and would only marry the woman whom the shoe would fit; and all the ladies came and cut off their toes and heels, but in vain. Then he asked if there was none other. Then a small creature put his head in at the door and said, 'If thou didst but know, she whom thou seekest is under the cook.' Then he got the history of the basin and the candlestick from his mother. The shoe was tried and fitted, and he was to marry Morag. All were in despair, and abused her; but she went out to her chest, shook the magic bridle, and arrayed herself, and came back on the filly, with a 'powney' behind with the chest. Then all there that had despised her fell on their knees, and she was married to the prince. 'And I did not get a bit there at the wedding,' said the girl."

It must be admitted that some of the stories seem to give the shadowy myth character to the forces and powers of labour. The smith easily becomes ennobled into something half infernal half divine; but it was perceived apparently that there was something more divine than mere strength. We have the story of the wife who had fairy blood in her veins, but was married to a smith in a forest of Nordland, who at last hated her for her fairy blood. He cursed her, ill-used her, and upbraided her while she suffered and repented; till one day she went into the smithy to see, with a friendly eye, her husband at work; but he began as before; but on its coming to blows, she, by way of proving her superior strength, seized an iron bar and twisted it round her husband as if it had been a wire. The husband was now forced to submission and to promise domestic peace. The parable sometimes suspiciously oozes out; but rarely, we believe, in the oldest traditions. Our readers know the story of the Giantess whose daughter one day saw a husbandman ploughing in the field; she ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, put him, and his plough and oxen, into her apron, and ran home to her mother, saying, "Mother! mother! what sort of beetle is this I have found wriggling

in the sand?" But the mother said, "Ah, put it down, child, put it down. We must be gone out of this land now, for these people have come to live in it." The saturnine humour and conscious reverence which peep out from a tradition like this, assures us that it does not belong to a very old age, but to a period when narrators had begun to reason and to know; it might pass for one of Hans Andersen's fairy tales. Stories about smiths and swords are common to these tribes—the sword of light, the bright sword, that is, we suppose stripped of supernatural qualities, the sword of well-tempered steel, to which, of course, extraordinary virtues were attributed. Such stories, in which the mystic sword appears a kind of god, as in the romance of Arthur, point, most likely, to the first use of iron; the sword shines, cries out, the lives of men are bound up in it. We have the story even of a fox who changed himself into a sword of light; and the edge of the real sword touching an old witch, she fell into a withered faggot. Hints like these point to the dawn of time, when Cunning, Strength, and Science,—the mighty, almost omnipotent *three*—grasped hands together and became *one*. Hence we suppose the origin of the veneration which still continues for iron, as symbolizing man's power over the hidden strong forces of nature; the old iron horse-shoe, still seen fastened over many a farm-door, points to the faith in which many of these popular stories were first uttered. Illustrations of this the reader will find in the "Knight of the Red Shield." We also notice the frequent intimations of faith in the weakest; faith in results, sometimes coming out expressed in a clumsy but yet not indistinct manner. Only a short time since, a friend of ours was admiring a magnificent field of wheat. The old farmer, to whom some pleasant remarks were made, said, "Ay, and some years ago we had three grains of wheat in a pound of plums, and I said to my old wife, 'Now, for curiosity, we'll plant these in a flower-pot;' and we did, and we planted all next year, next year, and next; and now; from they three grains, we've got that field, and two more yonder." Really, one would think that some of our moralizing fathers had known some such incident, before they recited the following legend of—

The Master and his Man.

There were, at some time ere now, bad times, and there were many servants seeking places, and there were not many places for them.

There was a farmer there, and he would not take any servant but one who would stay with him till the end of seven years, and who would not ask for wages, but what he could catch in his mouth of the seed corn, when he should be thrashing corn in the barn. None were taking (service) with him. At last he said that he would let them plant their seed in the best ground that he might have, and they should get his own horses and plough to make the thraive, and his own horses to harrow it.

There was a young lad there, and he said, "I will take wages with thee," and the farmer set wages on that lad; and the bargain that they

made was, that the wages which the lad was to have were to be as many grains of seed as he could catch in his mouth when they were beating sheaves in the barn, and he was to get (leave) to plant that seed in the best land that the farmer had, and he was to keep as much as grew upon that seed, and to put with it what seed soever he might catch in his mouth when he was thrashing corn, and to plant that in the best land which the farmer had on the next year. He was to have horses, and plough, or any other "gairios" * he might want for planting or reaping, from his master, and so on to the end of the seven years. That he should have seven winters in the barn thrashing, seven springs to plant, seven summers of growth for the crop, and seven autumns of reaping, and whatsoever were the outcoming that might be in the lad's seed, that was the wage that he was to have when he should go away.

The lad went home to his master; and always when he was thrashing in the barn his master was thrashing with him, and he caught but three grains of seed in his mouth that winter; and he kept these carefully till the spring came, and he planted them in the best land the carle had.

There grew out of these three ears, and there were on each ear threescore good grains of seed. The lad kept these carefully, and what grains soever he caught he put them together with them. He planted these again in the spring; and in the autumn again he had as good as he had the year before that.

The lad put his seed by carefully, and anything he caught in his mouth when he was thrashing the next winter he put it with the other lot; and so with the seed from year to year, till at last, to make a long story short, the lad planted on the last year every (bit of) ploughing land that the carle had, and he had more seed to set, and the carle was almost harried. He had to pay rent to the farmer who was nearest to him, for land in which the lad might set the excess of seed which he had, and to sell part of his cattle for want of ground on which they might browse; and he would not make a bargain in the same way with a servant for ever after.

As the primeval family increase in age and knowledge, the fable and the riddle are invented. Something of this we have pointed out in the story of the "Giantess's Daughter;" so also in the story of the fox, who finding the bagpipes, which were usually made of tough hide, proceeded to eat the bag, and making a groan, exclaimed, "Ah! here's meat and music." But this range of tradition might open quite another class of selection; our object has been rather to call attention to the unity of the race; as manifesting itself through the variations of popular fiction. The more closely the interesting subject of *Storyology* is explored, the more curious and interesting become its revelations. Viewed from the scientific side, as a systematic study, we repeat, it furnishes us interesting contributions to the theory of the unity of the human family; studied

* Apparatus; also spelt goireas and gairaois.

from any side, numbers of incidents seem to be repeated over and over again; the documentary value and peculiarity being, that they are never repeated twice in the same words, though they are so easily recognised. Mr. Campbell refers to the story of the Giant, whose life was not in his body, but stowed away somewhere else, and to his finding the same incident in hieroglyph on an Egyptian papyrus; and the Norse Giant, with no heart in his body, and the Arabic Djin, who kept his life at the bottom of the sea, are evidently Eastern and Western varieties. "Nursery tales are the *débris* of natural religions, now fast fading away before the light of revealed religion, but which subsisted along with it before the flood." Very many years since, Mr. Carlyle struck a fine key of explanation in his lecture on *Odin* in the *Hero-Worship;* and whoso reads a little into the old Norse Eddas and Sagas, will see how plain men and women are found dealing with heroes and heroines, great birds, dragons, and subterranean powers; the elements personified, worshipped, dethroned; demons and hobgoblins, fiends, fairies, and furies; ghosts, bogies, and, high over all, some power greater and more powerful than they, the hidden reason and seed of all, to which all were certainly tending, and which could not be reached without his aid. In the same way, unconscious, and yet traditional, mannerisms point in the direction of the popular tale, both point sun-wise and south-ways. The worship of the sun, the usages and memories connected with it, hold in many an unconscious popular observance. There was a time when it was necessary, in order to propitiate popular divinities, "*to put the best foot foremost.*" The boat was rowed sun-wise—the English sailor coils a rope sun-wise; when a soldier faces about, he goes right-about-face; girls dance in a circle, and usually, we believe, face the centre, and move to the left, which is sun-wise. It is so all over Norseland, not only in the lonely Faroe Isles, where Mr. Campbell saw the men, women, and girls circling round the room, singing old heroic ballads in the Norse tongue, but in some benighted villages in England, where still they dance round the May-pole. Mr. Campbell says—

"Now, if a man anywhere north of the Equator will face the sun all day, and the place where he is all night, he will revolve right-about-face in twenty-four hours, and meet the rising sun in the morning with his right hand to the south, and his back to the west, his left hand to the north, and his face towards his object of worship, if he worships the sun. If he walk round the gnomon of a dial on the sunny side, seeking light and avoiding shade, he will describe a portion of a circle from left to right, and if he cross the Arctic Circle he may so perform a whole circle in a summer's day; but if an Asian or European walks continually towards the sun at an even pace, whenever he can see him, he will necessarily walk westwards and southwards, in the direction in which Western Aryans are supposed to have migrated.

"The Gaelic language points the same way.

right, and ready, dexterous, well-proportioned,

Consequently, to go south, and to go to the right; to coil a rope dexterously, or southwards; to be dexterous, southern, and to be prepared to set out; are all expressed by the same Gaelic words, "Deas" "Gu deiseal," etc. Now all this surely points to a journey from East to West with the sun for a leader; to a camp awakening at sunrise and facing the great leader in the morning, watching his progress till noon, and setting off westwards when "Dia," god of day, was south; *Deas*,* ready to lead them westwards on their pilgrimage. Surely all these northern games, dances, and ceremonies, and thoughtless acts, point to astronomical worship, and an imitation of the march of the stars round the world, or round the sun, if men had got so far in their astronomy."

We are aware that many readers will object to all this, some primal instincts in the nature of man. We shall not attempt to argue the question; for the drift of our Essay it is immaterial. We cannot fail to find in these observances and traditions, stories, and legends, the central stem and unity of our race; and whether it be found in what man was, or what man is, the argument is the same. We might apply the same remarks to the legends of the almost extinct Indian tribes; and Dr. Schoolcraft has gathered, on the Western continent, curiosities of oral tradition similar to those collected by Mr. Campbell among the Western Islands. By the myths he has gathered the Indian is able to trace his connexion with the human family in other parts of the world. There are not wanting signs of relations with the old Odin family; while the magnificent and volcano-lighted peaks of Mexico and the fertile deltas of the Mississippi valley hold legends which point to the symbolical fires of the valley of the Euphrates and the symbolical worship of the sun.

We have dwelt thus at length upon what may be called the scientific relations of "Storyology," or the popular tale, because we wish to show its bearing upon the central truths of revelation.

Perhaps in our refining and sceptical times, it has become a question whether there be any foundation for the belief that the traditions of heathenism furnish a series of interesting side-lights to revelation. The question of comparative mythology has been studied with intense avidity, and has received contributions from multifarious stores; and it is now supposed, even by many devout Christians, that universal traditions, which, in ages less cultivated and erudite than our own, passed for testimonies to Divine truth, must fall into another generalisation, and be regarded as illustrations, indeed, of the working of the human mind, but quite independent of and apart from any influence derived from the facts and teachings of revelation. Of course we cannot enter with any great depth or breadth into the subject; we are, however, disposed to notice some of those coincidences and testimonies arising from very opposite sources, and contributing to certain great stems of belief in Christian truth. Assuredly it is interesting to notice how the Tree and

* Pronounced Djee-a. *Djayr.*

the Serpent pervade almost every form of eminent mythology; we should say the Tree, the Serpent, and the Cross. And then it becomes interesting to notice how, in certain forms of tradition, the tree and the serpent unite in the cross, or phallus, or phallic tree, forming indeed a most marvellous fulfilment of such words as, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

It may be believed, indeed it is certain, that as yet we are only in the infancy of Comparative Mythology: large stores of facts and traditions have been grouped together, and some very plausible and ingenious generalisations have been made: of these the most popular, and in scholarship equal to any, stand those of Max Müller. A delightful contribution also to popular and easy reading, while embodying a large variety of information upon the whole question, is the Rev. Sir George Cox's work on "The Mythology of Aryan Nations;" while a store of entertainment bearing on the same subject is found in Mr. Baring Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages." Still, all these works produce upon the mind the impression that we are not yet in possession of the master-key to the subject. The attempts at solution do not give satisfaction; they rather show the want of some subtle undiscovered element,—it may even be some principle or law,—of the human mind. Cox's summary and remarks upon the prevalence of tree and serpent worship are cautious,—on no subject is caution more necessary in receiving facts or adopting generalisations; but they are inconclusive, and therefore, to our minds, insufficient. He says, "Finally, the symbol of the phallus * in its physical characteristics suggested the form of the serpent, which thus became the emblem of life and healing, and as such appears by the side of the Hellenic asklêpia, and in the brazen crucified serpent venerated by the Jewish people until it was destroyed by Hezekiah. Here then we have the key to that tree and serpent worship which has given rise to much ingenious and not altogether profitable speculation; the condition of thought which led men to use the names applied first to the visible heaven or sun as names for the Supreme God, could not possibly make choice of any other emblems to denote the power which maintains and multiplies life." And then this writer goes on to show how the crude realism which suggested the image of the serpent was refined into the symbol of the stauros or tree, the stake or cross of Osiris, and at last denoted the nobler idea of generous self-denial.

Without entering into the deeper roots of the matter, it is sufficient for our present purpose to remark that it is an exceedingly curious and interesting study to notice how Ophiolatreia, or serpent worship, has existed in almost every considerable country in the ancient world; and we take it to be a remarkable proof that the narrative of Moses is cor-

* Phallus is the charmed or magical rod, the palladium, or the rod .]
history of this symbol is singular and suggestive, a mystery of 8]

roborated by manifold evidences from the most venerable superstition. The most popular index to this subject is the work of Mr. Deane.* This work is not written in a popular style, but is now, we believe, rarely to be met with, and is capable of large amplification from subsequent sources; but it abounds with engravings of coins, inscriptions, and monuments, bringing the subject home to the eye, without which it cannot so distinctly be impressed on the mind of the reader. Mr. Deane followed, too, in the course of the learned labours of Jacob Bryant and Faber, and the astonishing and scholarly recreations of Stukeley, whose unwearied genius evoked, as by a "master hand, and the wave of a magician's wand," the Python of Delphi in the wilds of Wiltshire. The subject has therefore received the contributions of great learning, and its illustrations have been traced among the ruins of Babylon, in the worship of Persia, through the singular mythologies of Hindostan, and Greece, and Egypt, and China; especially, through the old Teutonic lore, in the Celtic monuments of Gaul and ancient Britain; through Mexico and the great mystical monuments of America, many bearing so close a resemblance to Stonehenge and other mysterious monuments in our own country; and throughout innumerable spots and places more obscure, but furnishing equal evidences of the prevalence of this singular form of idolatry. It cannot be uninteresting or unsuggestive to a believer in the Divine oracles of the Christian revelation, to find such abundant incidental lights strewn abroad among the traditions of all peoples. Not merely in the first mysterious story of the Fall in Genesis, but throughout the Scriptures the serpent, and that huge form of the serpent, the dragon, is spoken of as embodying to the mind the principle of evil: as in Isaiah, "The Lord shall punish the serpent, that crooked serpent, and He shall slay the dragon that is in the sea;" and in the Revelation, "And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world;" and again, "He laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him."

We have said, a singular instinct pervades all our ideas connected with the serpent. The creature is not regarded so much with fear as with a loathing mingled with horror; it has not been often that, as in Shelley's verse, it has excited the pitying regards of poetry; rather does it seem as if Milton in his magnificent conception in "Paradise Lost," when Satan returned to Pandemonium, expressed the sense of mankind. After reciting his successes in Eden, expecting an "universal shout and high applause to fill his ear," on the contrary, on all sides he was greeted by a dismal universal hiss, sounds of scorn, hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue to forked tongue; the applause they meant was turned to ex-

* "The Worship of the Serpent traced throughout the World: attesting the Temptation of and Fall of Man by the instrumentality of a Serpent Tempter." By the Rev. John Bathurst Deane, M.A., F.S.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge.

the images, and cut down the groves, and brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense unto it; and he called it Nehushtan." It is not so wonderful that the image associated in the minds of the people with the remarkable interposition of Providence in the wilderness should become an object of idolatry; but it is remarkable that in the early ages of Christianity there should be a sect of Christian *ophites*. It sprang out of the Nicolaitanes and Gnostics, and consisted in honouring the serpent instead of the Saviour. The Gnostics believed that the Ruler of the world was serpentine in form; they regarded the serpent as the fountain of all wisdom; and a curious story is told of these heretics by Epiphanius. "They keep," he says, "a live serpent in a chest, and at the time of the mysteries entice him out by placing bread before him upon a table; opening his door he comes out, and, having ascended the table, folds himself about the bread; this they call a perfect sacrifice. They not only break and distribute this among the votaries, but whosoever will may kiss the serpent. This the wretched people call the Eucharist. They conclude the mysteries by singing a hymn, through him, to the Supreme Being."

As the traveller winds along the Rhine at its most fascinating part, he looks up to the "castled crag of Drachenfels,"—that is, the *Dragon-field*—where, ages ago, tradition says the white maiden went, in her innocence and purity, to do battle with and to overcome the monster snake. But such traditions float through all mythology; all nations have them; there is a *dragon* in the story of *every race*,—the myths of Apollo, Perseus, and Crishna, are all the legends of a Drachenfels; so also our own national but most difficult legend of St. George and the Dragon, to which we may refer again. It is singular that such ideas as these seem wrought into the instincts of the human race. It does not seem very possible to give either the law of the human mind by which it is so, or to give in to the understanding all the links of testimony by which this singular faith or feeling has become prevalent; but the facts are very legible, as we say, curiously inwrought into the mind of man, so that the theology of the serpent seems in some way or other to be *synonymous* almost with all religion. The serpent as the cause of the Fall of man, and the serpent overcome by some bright, beneficent, Divine being, are ideas which take their place with great distinctness among the traditions of very different people.

Some of the brightest traditions and faiths of Greece gathered round the idea of the serpent—that, for instance, of the bright Apollo, who slew the *Python*, and was therefore worshipped at Delphi under the very form of the serpent he slew; just as Papists now adore the Cross, in honour of Him who died upon it, or as the old Israelites adored the brazen serpent, as it had delivered them from the power of the fiery flying serpent. The *Python* had been the deity of the place, and the contest between Apollo and the *Python* was respecting the oracle. The *Python* was a monster

who had been hatched in the mud; against him went forth the bright conqueror, and slew him. Hence came those public assemblies at Delphi called *pythia*, originally intended for the adoration of the *Python;* but, seven days after the victory of Apollo, the *Pythonian* games were instituted, on the seventh day of which a hymn called a *pœan* was sung to Apollo in honour of his victory; and such an institution corresponds very singularly to our institution and observance of the Sabbath; thus the conquest of the serpent was woven into the whole heart of Grecian mythology.

So also was another bright legend which has furnished a subject for poets, painters, and sculptors: the death of the Medusa, and the deliverance of Andromeda, and the vengeance of Perseus. The story of Perseus is one of the most fascinating. It had been said that the cruel Medusa, with her snaky environments, and power by her glance to turn men into stone, was not subject to death. Perseus prepared himself for the enterprise therefore, equipped by gifts from the gods: Mercury gave him wings annexed to his heels, Pluto a helmet, Pallas a shield and a looking glass. He found the Medusa sleeping, but durst not present himself towards her lest she should awake; but turning his head aside he beheld her in the glass of Pallas, and by this means directing his blow cut off her head. The Medusa's head, said to be most beautiful, but bound and wreathed with snakes, has furnished a subject for much illustration since, especially the matchless and fearful painting of Leonardo da Vinci, and the glorious bronze of Benvenuto Cellini, both in Florence. We cannot adopt the expositions of those writers who teach us to find in these strange excursions of mingled superstition and imagination only allusions to the rising or setting of the sun, the mystery of the dawn and the evening, or the mystery of the heaving sea.

The achievements of Perseus were twofold, and separated from each other: the conquest of the Gorgons and the slaughter of Medusa,—and after this the salvation of Andromeda from the fearful sea monster. Perseus was the great serpent slayer. In the deliverance of Andromeda we behold the beautiful woman chained to the rock, and delivered over to the cruelty of the huge sea snake, when Perseus, fresh from the victory over the more terrific Gorgons, appears, and becomes her saviour. So abundant were these singular and charming legends of the deadly snake and victorious man.

But even still more remarkable in these mythological traces of the serpent is the tradition of the bright Crishna. In Maurice's "History of Hindostan," in the second volume, is a very remarkable picture of Crishna, who seems to have been at once the strong Hercules and the radiant Apollo combined in the Hindoo myth. In the picture to whi
e have referred, the god, portrayed as a beautiful youth, is enfol
oils of a massive serpent, *the serpent biting the heel of Cris*
throughout Hindostan, was venerated as the being m
he good, and most terrible to the wicked; he over

black and evil serpent who lay concealed in the great river, the streams of which he so poisoned that all who tasted its waters instantly expired. Crishna was filled with Divine mercy; he restored cattle and men and women to life; *he assumed an infantile form, and, arming himself only with the innocence of infancy,* he went forth to do battle with the great serpent; but the serpent vomited out streams of fire, and threw his immense folds round Crishna's body; but then, in the presence of a multitude of spectators, Crishna tore the body of the creature in pieces, tore off his heads, and danced in triumph upon them. Crishna, although triumphant, in answer to ardent entreaty, permitted these parts still to live; and so they survive in the world because they have had Crishna's foot upon them. The story of Crishna is indeed very marvellous; it is said he took pity on the immense snake, and said to it, "Begone quickly into the abyss, this place is not proper for thee; since I have engaged with thee, thy name shall remain through all the period of time, and gods and *men shall remember thee without dismay.*" So the serpent, with his wife and children, hurried into the abyss, and the water, which had been infected by his poison, henceforth became pure. We are not unaware of the methods adopted to explain these singular superstitions; but, to a plain and ordinary mind, such explanations seem only to make the story more dark and ambiguous. Crishna was in other instances the great serpent destroyer: he crushed the serpent king of Egypt, and his army of snakes, and *was vulnerable only in the soles of his feet, and even with them he set his foot upon the heads of the serpent.* A plain mind reading such a story seems naturally and instantly to find a singular harmony between the achievements of Crishna and all the prophecies concerning the whole person and work of Christ. It has been supposed that the whole fable was grafted upon Hindoo mythology by the first teachers of Christianity, and this has very greatly arisen from the similarity of sounds between the terms Crishna and Christ, though, if their sounds be similar, their etymologies differ; but the story existed probably long before Christianity found its way to India, and there is an individuality about the whole myth of Crishna. The truth is, the world is full of such stories, in which some strange instinct of the heart of man seems to speak in harmony with that revelation which, somehow, represents the serpent as the symbol of man's chief enemy, and which, at the same time, prophesies the coming of that great Deliverer who was "to bruise the serpent's head."

It has been truly remarked that the great doctrines and personifications of heathenism resemble the magnificent wrecks and ruins of vast temples and buildings, where, amidst shattered columns, and stately fragments of edifices encrusted by time, and defaced shrines, once impressive in their majesty, the wild Bedouin or Arabian pitches his tent. They are the monuments of splendid cities, of civilizations which have gone to decay; but from their ruins the able archæologist is prepared to decipher, and even to bring into a kind of harmony, the astonishing and majestic forms of the times of old. It is so with wild pagan traditions, and the

corrupt crudities of mythologic fancy; shone upon by the light of revelation, they fall into harmony and proportion, and become indications of Scripture doctrine. It is especially interesting to notice how some of these vast columns of tradition and superstition seem to stand like disjointed or fractured portions of a great edifice,—some ancient house,—of faith over the whole world.

We have already said that serpent worship is thus to be traced, as a fundamental idea, in the most opposite superstitions. What was the origin of the great Midgard, or earth serpent, an essential element in all Teutonic mythology? That mythology was eminently harmonious, so harmonious that its ideas have all been reduced to a diagram by Finn Magnusen. Round the world, in that system, coiled the great Midgard snake, the world serpent, the embodied personification at once of wisdom and of evil, concerning whom two great prophecies expressed how the time would come when the snake, writhing in torture, would blow forth his venom over all the land and the sea.

Indeed, the prophecies of the Edda have a remarkable likeness to the apocalyptic summary of the adventures of the man-child and the persecutions of the great dragon, in the twelfth chapter of Revelation. Thor, the second person of the great Teutonic godhead, goes forth to battle against the great Midgard snake. This snake is as often called in the old sagas Jormungand; and one of the most singular traditions of the prose Edda is the recital of the adventures of Thor, who went forth to fish for the Midgard serpent. All these tales have a mystical meaning and life in them, not always easily unravelable; they certainly do not speak of the most primeval form of tradition, but of that later age when reflection translates the law of faith. The Midgard snake was, with Fenris the wolf, and Hela, or Death, born of that singular being Loki, who is a kind of Lucifer of Teutonic mythology. The mystical structure of the whole scheme may be seen in the description of the home of Hela, Niflheim, where within strong walls and high barred gates, she has Hunger for her table, Starvation for her knife, Delay for her man-servant, Slowness for her maid-servant, Precipice for her threshold, Care for her bed, and burning Anguish for the hangings of her apartments. Of a similar mystical meaning is the Midgard snake. When the All-Father threw this fearful being into the deep ocean by which the earth is engirdled, in the course of time the monster grew to such an enormous size that, holding his tail in his mouth, he encircled the whole earth, and thus, in fact, became mediator between the kingdom of the Infinite and the earth. Such was the being Thor determined to attack. In the course of the conflict, while some traditions say the head of the monster was struck off, others affirm that, although mortally wounded, he still lives at the bottom of the sea, from whence also he often emerges; and in this legend from the old eddas, or sagas, we may notice the origin of many of stories told by Pontoppidan of the Kraken and other huge sea mons occasionally said to appear from the deep.

The story of this conflict with the snake has its analogy, as we shall see, in other traditions like it, from very opposite parts of the world, revealing the same being, which pours upon Thor all its venom, and almost overcomes him in its wrath. This being Thor smites with his renowned hammer, until at last the snake perishes in its own flood of impurity. Whence did men obtain such ideas? It seems idle to attempt to discover them in the mere development of images suggested by nature, by rising and setting suns, day swallowed up by night, and night again yielding to the monarchy of day, and so on. This, which may be called the solar hypothesis of all mythology, is at present very popular, and, in many particulars, greatly resembles the helio-arkitic system which ruled in such speculations an age or two since. And without doubt the radiant sun has greatly influenced the religious faiths and speculations of men; but this is insufficient to satisfy the singular uniformity of this tradition of a dreadful, malignant, draconic intelligence, the fearful enemy of man, who forth from his abyss has power to cast abroad his spells of mischief, and against whom everywhere some bright conqueror, Apollo, Perseus, Crishna, Thor, is engaged in conflict, and who, apparently not without some harm sustained, becomes the victor.

The monuments of serpent worship are either traditional and legendary, or monumental and archæological. We have referred to the old Teutonic mythology as retaining and presenting to us the first. The relics of the second, while they abound in Europe, and especially in England, are to be found, according to Squire, in amazing profusion in America.* According to this writer, stupendous serpentine monuments abound over the great continent, but more numerously in central America; vast serpentine teocalles, symbolical winding serpentine towers, serpentine earthworks and mounds, uncouth sculptured heads of dragons, forming parts of immense walls or ruins, carvings in basalt and in porphyry of feathered serpents, all illustrating to what an extent the serpent entered into the ancient forms of worship, and seeming to link the services of Mexico, in its eldest day, with those of Britain in its Druidic times. Wild Red Indian traditions are equally, or even still more remarkable; although upon the same continent developing an entirely different order of mind and thought. Among the Red Indians there is a traditional being answering to the Greek Apollo, or the Indian Crishna. This is Manabozho; he was the great teacher of the Algonquins, and is always represented as in opposition or conflict with Meshekenabek, the great serpent. This tradition, like that of Thor and the Midgard, or Crishna, has features about it strikingly like some of those in Scripture. Manabozho missed his young cousin, and knowing by trails in the sand that he had been decoyed away by the great enemy, Meshekenabek, he tracked him to the edge of the deep and dreadful lake which has ever since been called the Lake of Manitou, the

* "The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America." By E. G. Squire, A.M. Putnam, New York.

spirit lake, or the lake of devils. At the bottom of this lake was the dwelling of the great serpent, with all his monstrous and terrible companions, all serpents. In the midst of this terrible company was the great serpent himself, coiling his awful folds in volumes round the hapless cousin of Manabozho. Dreadful was the appearance of the arch-snake; his head was red as with blood, his eyes burning and glowing like fire, his body covered over with hard impenetrable glittering scales. The pitying god Manabozho looked down upon the fearful sight, and determined on the salvation of his cousin. He dispersed all the clouds from heaven, and caused the winds to be still, so that the waters might be stagnant. Then he caused the sun to shine upon the lake in all its fierceness, that so his enemy might be compelled to come forth and seek the cool shadows of the trees upon the banks of the lake; he meantime, never relinquishing his power to destroy, took his bow and arrows, and placing himself in the spot where he knew the great serpent would emerge, *transformed himself into the stem of a tree*, that so his presence might not be suspected. All the winds were still, the air stagnant, the rays of the sun so fierce that they penetrated to the evil brood at the bottom of the lake; bubbles rose to the surface, an awful serpent's head was raised looking round the shores, the waters hissed, as Meshekenabek said, "Manabozho sleeps." The great serpent came forth from the waves, his scales glistening like a sleet-covered forest beneath the winter's sun. The shores of the lake were soon covered with the foul trailing bodies of the snakes. They saw the stunted stem of the tree, and they knew the cunning of Manabozho, and even suspected it might be one of his disguises. The giant snake coiled himself round it, and sought to drag it down; but he could not. Manabozho was firm, and by-and-by the great snake and all the snakes of the forest slept. Then Manabozho, from the stem of the tree, drew his arrow and pierced the heart of the great serpent; and the hiss the snake gave drew a howl of consternation from all the creatures and beasts of the forest. The great serpent was mortally wounded, though he and his snakes were tenfold more wild and terrible in their wrath. High on the crest of the waves of the lake, black as midnight, rode the expiring snake, pouring forth a deluge of venom, which rose to a flood and almost overwhelmed the hills and the villages round. But the good Manabozho achieved the salvation upon which he determined. The great serpent was dead, and the snakes his companions were cast again into the lake of evil spirits, whence, from the fear of Manabozho they never more, dared to come forth.

This is a sufficiently curious tradition, although some may think it almost unworthy of a place in this chronicle of serpent worship. All these pieces of primeval folk-lore, however, are interesting in themselves; and it is from such as these we are to seek the crude elements from which w ; the development of religious ideas. This idea, so unive , of t pent, the cunning serpent, the implacable foe of man from t seems to point to conclusions which will hardly satisfy

those notions which represent evil as a mere "generalization made by man from the perception of pain."*

Man in all ages has been haunted by the sense of a power, a will, adverse and hostile to him. He has seen a malignant principle in nature. It is difficult to deal in thought with such a power as this without doing dishonour to God as the Supreme, Infinite, All-comprehending, and Overruling One. But Scripture and nature seem alike to bring before the innermost sense the idea of such a malignant force, a subtle vital element, so mixed in the life of things as to disturb their harmony, giving death for life, disease for health, sin for holiness, in a word, evil for good; and those early gleams of what some may regard as religious instinct, in confessedly the oldest book, but with us the oldest piece of revelation in the world, embodied that idea in the serpent. It is not in our purpose this moment to present a more abstract reason for this; it is sufficient to say that it marvellously coincides with the fragments of every kind of lore and tradition—sometimes the most stately and classical, such as poets in the loftiest strains have sung—sometimes the meanest and most popular, such as savages have recited over their wigwam fires, or nomadic tribes in their tents, or aged gossips by their village flames.

"The snake," says Dupaix, "was a conspicuous object in the Mexican mythology; and we find it carved in various shapes and sizes, coiled, extended, spiral, or entwined with great beauty and sometimes represented with feathers and other ornaments. These different representations," he continues, "no doubt denoted its different attributes." And the editor of Lord Kingsborough's great work observes: "Like the Egyptian Sphinx, the mystical snake of the Mexicans had its enigmas, and both are beyond our power to unravel."

It would seem as if the snake had furnished the heart of man everywhere with strange repulsive instincts. We have already seen how Milton delineated the fearful beings of his Pandemonium. So Dante, in his "Inferno," beholds his most repulsive and horrible forms of torture beneath the same dreadful imagery.

"But as I looked
Towards them, lo! a serpent with six feet
Springs forth on one, and fastens full upon him:
His midmost grasped the belly, a forefoot
Seized on each arm (while deep in either cheek
He fleshed his fangs); the hinder on the thighs
Were spread, 'twixt which the tail inserted curled
Upon the reins behind. Ivy ne'er clasped
A doddered oak, as round the other's limbs
The hideous monster intertwined his own.
Then, as they had been of burning wax,
Each melted into other."

Certainly nothing more repulsive, nothing more loathsome, in the whole

* Baring Gould: "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief."

kingdom of creation, and among all the innumerable tribes of creatures meets us than the form of the serpent. Other creatures also awaken fear and terror; but widely different are the sentiments with which we regard the cobra or the python, and the leopard or the lion; and hence most of the great generalizations of poetry, which bring home most vividly to us the horror which at once fearfully fascinates and chills the blood, are presented, as in the copious descriptions of Virgil and Ovid, in this form, seeming thus to confirm the revelation of some old instinctive antagonism, as if it represented in express and particular language an eternal and abiding "enmity" between the children of mankind and the children of the snake.

It is indeed true, that as we begin to search into the subject, a large literature meets our eyes and spreads out, bearing upon this question of serpent worship. It is a remark made by Mr. Fergusson in his most interesting volume of almost exhaustive, manifold, and curious learning,* "that when a man has taken to study serpent worship, he is apt to see serpents everywhere;"—it may be added perhaps, even where they have no real existence. But even when every abatement is made, the prevalence of serpent worship has been one of the most curious, at the same time one of the most perplexing, problems both of ethnology and religion. The instances we have already cited show in what various quarters of the world, and under what varying circumstances, it develops itself. It is certainly far easier to group a number of instances, and to recite the history, than to obtain a key or a clue to either; and certainly again, the only key, or clue, seems to be that derived from the Scripture story.†

The serpent has been coiled, strangely, around most of the sacred ideas, more curious none than the sacred egg,—the mundane egg,—it may be almost called the sacred egg of paganism, appearing as it does in so many various forms; in ancient Egypt;—eminently in the rites of Druid-

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* "The Tree and Serpent Worship; or, Illustrations of Mythology and Art in India, in the First and Fourth Centuries after Christ. From the Sculptures of the Buddhist Topes of Sanchi and Amravati. Prepared under the authority of the Secretary of State for India in Council, By James Fergusson, Esq., F.R.S., etc. London, 1868."

† We may here refer to a new edition of a work of large and extensive learning, "The Two Babylons; or, the Papal Worship proved to be the Worship of Nimrod and his Wife. With sixty-one woodcuts, illustrations from Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, Pompeii, etc. By the late Rev. Alexander Hislop. Fourth edition. S. W. Partridge." The title of the work is not happy; and yet it represents what the author attempts to prove—the absolute identity of Romanism with the grossest paganism; but the interest of the work is transcendent, and is so great as to make it worthy of a place by the side of the curious scholastic speculations of Bryant, Faber, Deane, and Fergusson. As to the main theory of the book, perhaps another solution may be given to the innumerable instances the author cites, and which may yet include them in its broader generalization; but the interest of the volume itself is unquestioned, and the engravings from old coins, etc., are among the most inte[illegible] material. We certainly wish, however, that the author had in all instances gi[illegible] the name of the coin, or the work from which he quotes. Many of its pages b[illegible] [illegible] an important manner upon the subject of this Essay.

ism, and in the most remote and mythical idolatries of the Hindoos; but with this egg, beneath which seems to have been symbolized the origin of all things, was almost invariably associated the serpent, or Agatho Demon; the serpent is represented as coiling round the egg. Very remarkably, the creature which moves in us every instinct of antipathy and horror, became representative of almost every benevolent and blessed influence; it became the symbol of Apollo and Esculapius; it sanctified travel; it even sanctified the dwellings of the dead. A Divine nature was attributed to the serpent: as Perseus says,—

> "Pinge duos angues; pueri, sacer est locus."
> "*Paint two snakes; boys, the place is sacred.*"

And a passage from Virgil has often been quoted, where Æneas, the son of Anchises, has been sacrificing before his father's tomb, the sacred serpent came forth responsive to his prayer—

> "From the bottom of the shrine
> A slippery serpent, vast, seven volumes rolled,
> Seven spires: he gently twines around the tomb,
> And o'er the altar glides: cerulean streaks
> And burnished spots, distinct with drops of gold,
> Brightened his back and glittering scales; as when
> From th' adverse sun the show'ry bow reflects
> A thousand various colours in the clouds."

Wherever the serpent has been worshipped, Mr. Fergusson teaches us, "it was an emblem of power and wisdom; either in the wilderness of Sinai, the groves of Epidauris, or in the Samartian hut, the serpent is always the Agatho Demon, the bringer of health and good fortune, he is the teacher of wisdom and the oracle of future events." In fact, true to the lesson embodied in the line of Milton, the worship of this awful creature seems to represent man as saying, "Evil, be thou my good." We have seen how the superstition insinuated itself even into Christianity, and in the early ages came to be associated even with the work of Christ. Manes, in the third century, taught serpent worship in Asia Minor, under the name of Christianity, promulgating, as Tertullian tells us, that "Christ was an incarnation of the Great Serpent, who glided over the cradle of the Virgin Mary when she was asleep, at the age of a year and a half."

In the course of time it would seem the egg dropped through the folds of the snake; the snake was left with his tail in his mouth, the emblem of Eternity, and this appears to be the origin of the wedding ring. A serpent was always associated in an important manner with all the ancient mysteries; as it was esteemed the emblem of immortality, a living snake was thrown into the bosom of candidates for admission into the mysteries of Mithras. The anguinum, or serpent egg, formed a very material element, and was supposed to be a charm of wonderful power, in the rites of Druidism; it was said to be constantly carried suspended from the neck or the bosom of the Druid. It is not worth while here to recite

the story of the formation of this egg: it is a pure fabrication, but it illustrates the prevalence and power of this great superstition. In India, in the old services, still lingers the Nagapooja, or the worship of the snake. Women are usually charged with this ceremony, which is performed on certain days in the year, on the banks of a river, and beneath the shadow of certain propitious trees. Indeed, according to the testimony of Mr. Fergusson, serpent worship has been perpetuated in India up to the present period. In almost every Hindoo temple of middle and southern India, a five- or seven- headed snake is to be found, usually beneath the covert of some surrounding tree, where it receives at certain seasons sacrifices and oblations. Lesser or larger representations of snakes in brass are sold with those of Vishnu, or Sheva; and whoever the household god may be, the snake is sure to be seen and sure to be worshipped by all classes of people, even including Brahmins. In other temples, still more costly golden snakes are erected, and receive the honours of divine worship. The *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent paper, said, "It is greatly to be hoped that the subject of serpent worship may be taken up afresh and fully investigated; it may transpire that some literature exists on the subject, and books devoted to serpent worship must be exceedingly curious and interesting." It surely is not less than amazing that the principle of worship should turn thus away from its truly Divine object only to adore the being which is calculated most to move the soul to abhorrence; nor can it be doubted, we think, that, in spite of the story of the Fall, as given to us in the Book of Genesis, that has happened through the prevalent tradition following the footsteps of mankind, which Bishop Warburton, in his "Divine Legation," deprecates—"In the history of the Fall of man, it is to be observed that he (*i.e.* Moses) mentions only the instrument of the agent—the serpent, not the agent himself—the devil; and the reason is plain; there was a close connection between that agency—the spiritual effects of the Fall, the work of redemption, and the doctrine of a future state. If you say, the connection was not so close but that the agent might have been mentioned without any more of his history than the temptation to the Fall; I reply, It is true it might, but not without danger of giving countenance to the impious doctrine of *two principles*, which at this time prevailed throughout the pagan world. What but these important considerations could be the cause of the omission, when it is so evident that the knowledge of this grand enemy of our welfare would have been the likeliest cure of pagan superstitions, as teaching men to esteem idolatry no otherwise than as a mere diabolical illusion? And in fact we find, that when the Israelites were taught by the later prophets to consider it in this light, we hear no more of their idolatries. Hence we see, that the follies of those who, with Collins, would have a mere serpent only to be understood, is just equal to theirs who, with the Cabalists, would have that serpent a mere allegory." *

* Warburton—"Divine Legation of Moses," Book II., Section 5.

No treatise yet given to the world, extensive as is the range of learning many of such essays cover, has exhausted the subject; but from every quarter of the world, and from every department of paganism it is possible to group a vast accumulation of incidents and myths identifying the serpent in a mysterious and marvellous manner with the destinies of the human race. It will be noticed, that, of all the instances to which we have referred, none gives the same clear and concise statement as that we have in the book of Genesis; it leaves still on the mind a perplexity that evil was in the universe, and that fallen natures existed before the Fall of man; but it gives, if a mysterious—and what single fact is there, human or divine, which in its root is not wrapped round about by mystery? —it gives such an account, confessedly in the oldest document the world possesses, as seems to have woven itself into every form and variety of human tradition. This witness of heathenism will become to the mind, we believe, yet more remarkable when we apply the test of the *Tree*, or *the worship of the tree*. The difficulty of the mystery is felt by modern scepticism; but no attempts at explanation,—like those suggested by Mr. Squier in his "Serpent Symbol,"—in which he attempts to show that it is simply an illustration of the universal typification of wisdom, power, duration, of the perception of the good and evil influences at work in nature, of life, immortality, reproduction, etc., etc.,—seem to be sufficient to account for those huge serpentine temples and structures, those vast serpentine earthworks, the universal distribution of those sculptured forms, those symbols in paintings, medals, bronzes, strewn all over the ancient world and abundant in many parts of the modern.*

No doubt, beneath this and a large range of kindred symbols, the principle of nature worship is manifest; as little doubt can there be that this,—like a multitude of other forms before which man has shrunk and recoiled with terror, but of which the serpent may be regarded as supreme and representative,—embodies ideas which are not divine. We know that in the kingdom of mind and morals there are not only ideas which are not divine, but ideas which God denounces. As such, they form no part of the kingdom of divine harmony and beauty. It would almost follow, naturally and logically, that such evil ideas must become concrete and objective. All life, in its fontal element, is from God. He alone can create; but in a distracted world—in a universe where principles exist riven from their centre, it must naturally be that there are forms partaking of little—excepting in the fact of life, not at all—of the Divine nature; and the serpent seems to be of these. It was a command of Moses,—so the Hebrew informs us in Deuteronomy xviii. 11,—that the

* Indicative of the uneasiness of scepticism beneath the pressure of a large range of facts, is "An Essay on the Mythological Signification of Tree and Serpent Worship." Pub. Thomas Scott, Ramsgate. It is an exceedingly interesting tract—a very indignant summary of many of the superstitions connected with serpent worship, but a very insufficient and wholly inadequate account of them; in fact, superstition has a much deeper root than the writer seems able to apprehend.

worshipper of the snake, or one that had a familiar spirit (and the snake was that familiar spirit), should be put to death. The witch of Endor, who had such a familiar spirit, or snake, was probably one with whom lingered the Egyptian principle of snake worship. The ultimate principles of evil seem to be embodied in Scripture in this form; the red dragon, which is to be cast out, is in fact the "fiery dragon," or snake—that Being which has been worshipped symbolically by man, who loves to adore his destroyers, as being more ethereal and spiritual than any other; the creature symbolized beneath the Hebrew Ob, and the Greek Python, and the Hindoo Nagas, as the Being at enmity with the human race, fulfilling everywhere the words of the sentence upon the serpent, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Very decided seems the witness of heathenism to this first part of the prophecy; we shall perhaps find it as distinct with reference to the second.

For we have united together the Cross and the Tree, because there seem to be certain points of tradition in which the one appears as the correspondence of the other; also, because in some recent attempts to pour contempt upon the symbolism of Christianity, the two are thus conjoined. Writers animated by this spirit, fancy they are urging a strong point against modern Christianity, when they refer to its numerous hymns in which the cross is spoken of as *the tree;* as when Charles Wesley sings—

"Christ's Cross, and passion *on the Tree.*"

As when Watts sings of the "Wondrous Cross,"
Or Bowring,—

"In the Cross of Christ I glory,"

Or in "Hymns Ancient and Modern"—

"Christ, by coward hands betrayed,
Christ, for us a captive made,
Christ, upon *the bitter Tree*
Slain for man, be praise to Thee."

Also—

"See! His hands and feet are fastened;
So He makes His people free:
Not a wound whence blood is flowing,
But a fount of grace shall be;
Yea, the very nails which nail Him,
Nail us also *to the Tree.*"

The writers* quoting these verses, speak of them as a "strange com- of heathenism and Christianity;" and in the teaching that, some- the popular idea, and in this mystical theology, *the Tree of Life* Cross—the wood whence Salvation cometh—they find the con-

* for instance, already referred to, "An Essay on the Mythological Dragon and Serpent Worship."

firmation of their accusation. Is it so? or shall we not be nearer the truth if we carry back these ideas, with quite another purpose in them, to that heathenism in which it is alleged they have their origin?

We have no very great respect for Mr. Baring Gould; there is sometimes an audacious ignorant insolence about his words quite sufficient to impair any feeling of personal regard. Somewhat in the spirit of the writers we have already referred to, he says that "Dissent in England, especially in the wilds of Cornwall and the moors of Yorkshire, is not Christianity at all;" it is, he says, "of ancient British origin, passing itself off as a spiritual Christianity." A more absurd set of paragraphs we scarcely ever remember to have read, than those in the second series of his "Curious Myths," in which he finds *Dissenting hymns*, and ideas, and forms of worship to *be either Druidic! or Hindoo!* or pagan of any kind, no matter what, so long as he can give some vent to his intolerance.

In his two volumes, however, he has really accumulated a great number of most interesting particulars, certainly very suggestive; and he says, but evidently with a very different purpose to that we should have in view in the assertion, "It is more than a coincidence, that Osiris by the Cross should give life eternal to the spirits of the just; that with the Cross Thor should smite the head of the great serpent, and bring to life those who were slain; that beneath the Cross Muysca mothers should lay their babes, trusting by that sign to secure them from the power of evil spirits; that with that symbol to protect them, the ancient people of northern Italy should lay them down in the dust." When, therefore, it is urged as a strong point against Christianity, that the Cross is a pre-Christian symbol, and that not until the third century was it an object of worship, we are only compelled to feel that the mysterious significance of the Cross is singularly increased. We take it to be undoubted that it was as a symbol in the world probably ages, many ages, before the introduction of Christianity; it even seemed to be associated with the Tree as a life-giving power, and yet the fact is undoubted that Christ died upon the Cross; and, without worshipping it, even Apostles spoke of it as "the Tree" of our salvation.

Tree worship, then, even like serpent worship, seems to be part of the universal symbolism; the sacred records open with the "tree of life in the midst of the garden," and the "tree of knowledge of good and evil." The story of the Fall is of man's departure from the Tree; and we hear no more of it through the long ages of dreary human wanderings until the hour of the restoration comes; and in the Apocalypse the promise, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God"; and the last vision of the Apocalypse is the picture of the "Tree of Life," the consummation and the crown of all, "which bare twelve manner of fruits," while "the leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the nations." The tradition of such a tree seems to pervade, even like serpent worship, all religious ideas. To this phase of symbolism, even far more than to the serpent worship, the

great work of Mr. Fergusson is devoted, with its costly and very suggestive photographs. We have already remarked upon that additional point of the mystery, that upon Indian monuments, and in many other districts, the serpent and the tree seem to be associated together in popular superstitions, as if some strange strife between these two existed in the mind of popular tradition. It is not unworthy of remark, that, as the tree is traced through the infinite variety of Hindoo temples, so, in another sense, the whole marvellous beauty and splendid mystery of the gothic architecture, with its stem-like pillars and its branching foliage of stone, seems the very worship of the tree; but what is very remarkable is, that simultaneously with the foundation of such magnificent temples in Europe as those of York, Amiens, or Cologne, a larger and even more magnificent temple than either was being erected in Cambodia, the great temple of Nakhon Vat—by Mr. Fergusson's description of it, magnificent almost beyond conception, but dedicated certainly to the worship of the serpent, or the serpent and the tree. Cambodia seems to abound in strange stories, all gathering round this mythic cluster. Thus, we have the legend of the banished prince, Phra Thong. After a long voyage, he was driven to an island, where grew a wonderful talok tree. He ascends its branches to look about him; but the tree grows faster than the celebrated bean-stalk of Jack, and he fears he shall never see his mother earth again; but, in descending, he finds himself in a grotto in a hollow of the tree, and there he meets with the dragon-king's daughter, and marries her.

There is another form of the same legend—how that king Pathumma Surivong, while reposing under the wonderful tree, saw the dragon-king's daughter bathing with her companions in a neighbouring lake, fell in love with her, and married her, and went to the underground abode of her father, where he stayed for a fortnight. We will recite no more of these legends of princes and trees and dragon-kings' daughters; foolish legends indeed they seem; but, as Mr. Fergusson says, they assume some importance when we find them resulting in some of the most wonderful temples the world ever knew, and in the most remarkable forms of serpent worship anywhere to be found.

Mediæval legends are not worth much for the purpose we are now attempting to indicate; but, certainly, the legend of the Cross, silly as it seems, does, as Mr. Fergusson says, show the Oriental tree myth running through the whole legend, condensed from many sources, and more copiously given in Mr. Baring Gould's second volume of "Myths of the Middle Ages." The following is the substantial shape of the legend as given by Mr. Fergusson, anticipated in its main particulars in Bayle's Dictionary. It relates, that when Adam was on his death bed, he sent Seth to try and gain re-admission into Paradise; this, of course, w[illegible] im-possible, but he was allowed by the angel who guarded it to lo[illegible] in at the gate. He saw, among other things, the Tree which had bo[illegible] fatal fruit, its roots then extending to hell, its upper branches rea[illegible]

to heaven. The angel gave him three seeds, recommending him to place them in Adam's mouth when he died. He did so, and they produced three trees—a cedar, a cypress, and a pine; they afterwards united in one, and their branches performed many miracles. The story is a long one. The tree continued to the time of Solomon: he cut it down, and tried in vain to use its trunk to support the roof of his palace. It disdained such a use, and was consequently thrown across the brook Kedron to be trodden upon. It was rescued from this ignominy by the Queen of Sheba, and buried below the pool of Bethesda, which owed its healing properties to its virtues. It came to the surface when wanted for the Cross, and was afterwards buried in Calvary, where it was recognised by the Empress Helena in consequence of its miraculous healing powers. It was taken to Persia by Chosroes, and recovered by Heraclius; and afterwards, as is well known, throughout the Middle Ages, a piece of the wood of the true Coss was prized by emperors and kings beyond all other earthly possessions. So great, indeed, was the demand, that it was endowed with the property of self-multiplication! but even this did not suffice to bring it into contempt; and as late as 1248, Philip Augustus erected the Sainte Chapelle of Paris to enshrine a morsel of the wood of the Tree of Paradise. The Sainte Chapelle may thus be considered as the last, as it is probably among the most beautiful, of the temples ever erected to Tree worship. We have recited this legend principally for the purpose of showing how silly mediæval stories were, as, in this instance especially, the climax of long generations of similar traditional hallucinations. That men should choose groves of trees for temples, and worship beneath the overarching shade of woods, does not assuredly seem so singular as that the serpent should be the object of adoration; but the peculiarity of the myth to which we refer, is that of *one tree*, regarded as the tree of life, entering into the almost universal ideas of men. It would need a very large volume and an extensive acquaintance with the most ancient books and the relics and records of the most ancient nations, rightly to show how extensively tree worship has prevailed, and how the idea that in some way a tree would be the fountain and means of restorative life to mankind, has entered into religious notions and systems.

Mr. Fergusson, to whose interesting Introductory Essay we have referred so frequently, principally because his huge volume must be inaccessible to most readers, says: "The following instance of Tree Worship, which I myself witnessed, is amusing, even if not instructive. While residing in Jessore, I observed at one time considerable crowds passing near the factory I then had charge of. As it might be merely an ordinary engagement that drew them, I took no notice; but as the crowd grew daily larger, and assumed a more religious character, I inquired, and was told that a god had appeared in a tree at a place about six miles off. Next morning I rode over, and found a large space cleared in a village I knew well, in the centre of which stood an old decayed date-tree, hung with

garlands and offerings (such is the state of many religious trees in India); around it houses were erected for the attendant Brahmins, and a great deal of business was going on in offerings and Puja. On my inquiring how the god manifested his presence, I was informed that soon after the sun rose in the morning, the tree raised his head to welcome him, and bowed it down again when he departed. As this was a miracle easily tested, I returned at noon, and found that it was so. After a little study and investigation, the miracle did not seem so difficult of explanation. The tree had originally grown across the principal pathway through the village; but at last hung so low, that, in order to enable the people to pass under it, it had been turned aside, and fastened parallel to the road. In the operation the bundle of fibres had become twisted like the strands of a rope, and when the morning sun struck on the upper surface of these they contracted in drying, and hence a tendency to untwist, which raised the head of the tree; with the evening dews they relaxed, and the head of the tree declined—thus proving to the man of science, as to the credulous Hindoo, that it was due to the direct action of the sun-god."

[illegible] were the chief and principal characteristic of serpent worship. Love, [illegible] hope, and faith seem as certainly to have been the principal [illegible] of the worship of the tree. Buddha planted the Rajayatana Tree; but we read in the history of the transference of a branch of the Bo Tree two hundred and fifty years before Christ. It was planted in the most [illegible] spot in Ceylon, and there it has been preserved as the most [illegible] object for more than two thousand years, and it, or its lineal descendant, sprung as most from its old root, is there worshipped as this hour. The [illegible] great temples have fallen to decay, as monasteries have disappeared, but the great Bo Tree still flourishes, [illegible] the legend, ever green, never growing or decreasing, [illegible] and worship of mankind. Annually [illegible] the sacred precincts which shade it stands, to [illegible] and offer up those prayers for health and prosperity which are [illegible] to have been fulfilled through its presence. There is probably no [illegible], and [illegible] Sir Emerson [illegible] Ceylon, mention [illegible].

[illegible] Mr. Fergusson [illegible] Vishnu, [illegible] the spirit [illegible] "the [illegible] religious [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] gives [illegible] It will [illegible] the [illegible] which [illegible] writer, [illegible] the Tree of Life which grew in Paradise.

It is the same myth passing through various stages, and carrying with it reminiscences of its former greatness and importance." *

We have previously referred to the great Midgard snake, and its importance in the Teutonic or Scandinavian mythology. But an equal importance must be given to the famous Iggdrasill tree. It finds its correspondence in the similar legends of Indian mythology; it was the venerable Ash, according to the Edda, beneath whose branches the gods sat in council; it was the greatest and holiest of all trees; its branches stretched over all the earth, and reached even to heaven. It was called the Tree of Mimer, because wisdom and wit were hidden in his well or fonntain, over which one of its roots stretched out; but another root stretched over Niflheim, the place of the wicked, and this root was constantly gnawed by the serpent Nidhogg, with whom there were so many snakes that no tongue could recount their number; but the third root of the Ash was in heaven, and under it the Holy Fount, where the gods sat in judgment, and where also sat the three Norns, or Fates, who fixed the life-time of all men. And there are many other particulars concerning the Iggdrasill, upon which it is not necessary for us here to dwell; enough to notice how in this, the great Mundane Tree, which entered so largely into the faith of our immediate forefathers, we have a singular and even sublime instance of tree worship, the principles of which seem to relate it also to that great faith which we have found so prevalent through the other extensive populations and continents of our world.

Thus then, whatever may be the inference we derive from the fact, trees through all the ancient nations—from China to Scandinavia, through India and Persia, through Italy, Greece, and Britain—are associated with the devotions of mankind. The tree which claims the Divine honours, indeed, varies. But almost all nations have had their Divine Tree; everywhere "He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation, chooseth *a tree* that will not rot." Among the most eminent of such trees stands the Palm. It is singular that, in the Song of Solomon, the Church is described as saying, "I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof." There can be no doubt that it is the palm, described as the "Tree of Life" in the New Jerusalem, to which we have referred, for the palm tree was popularly believed to put forth a shoot every month. This was regarded as the Gospel tree of Redemption, and it was certainly the origin of the Christmas tree, so popular with the Germans. But this has its correspondence with Egyptian associations. With the Druids, the sacred tree, or branch, was the Mistletoe. Thus, according to the migrations of the human race, the sacred tree underwent changes in accordance with new localities; but the same leading idea seems to be retained through all; and in every one it would appear there is something like the memory of, and the search for, a lost tree. It is difficult to find anything like a clear solution for this. The first thought,

* See Fergusson's Introductory Essay, page 56.

however, which meets us, is that of the entire harmony with the singular tradition of the sacred volume. At the same time occurs the question of the immediate relations of all these traditions. They certainly appear to be consistent as in character, and point to some general instinct, sustained and kept alive in the memory of the whole race. How, then, was it born? From what lines it take its origin and spring? It is impossible for a grave mind to believe that the wiser men of our race, Buddhists, or Druids, or Patriarchs, or fathers, could believe that the tree which was the object of their fervent regards could really be the substance of their ideas. So, in interpreting the texture of Scripture, either in its first singular story or in its intimations of prophecy, it is not possible to doubt that, if a Divine instinct were working in the spirit of the race, an even much more Divine spirit was working, pointing the mystical allusions of prophecy to the Divine emblems of a Tree of Life, even as in that singular and mystical passage in Isaiah vi. 13: "But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and shall be eaten, as a teil tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves: so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof." In which words there is no doubt a wonderful statement and a great prophecy. But our present thought is of that singular prevalence of something mysterious with trees. We see it in the English Maypole, and the mysterious Jack-in-the-green, in the traces of tree worship in Esthonia, in the Lime tree of the Buddhists of China and Japan, in the innumerable mysteries connected with the sacred oak, which in Hebrew is, we suppose, synonymous with oak also. The most generally received symbol of life was the tree, the sacred tree; and thus it has in various forms been revered through all the climates and all the nations of the globe, and thus it is that the idea of the Tree merges into the idea of the Cross.

Those who seek to impeach the moral value and credibility of Scripture and Christianity much make very much use of the fact that certain signs occurring in the sacred writings, are clearly to be met with in many parts of the world, and have their references in many other books. Especially this is the case with the Cross, which finds an extraordinary prevalence: not of this especially it is true that, however the coincidence may be accounted for in some instances, the fact has to be accepted; and through extensive regions of the ancient world, the Cross formed a part of many mysteries, and seems to have been a mere prophecy of what in the course of ages was to become a more distinctly human sign. Mr. Fleming Fulton has, in his "Myths of the Middle Ages," recited a singular discovery made in 18[illegible] near Pau, in the south of France. It was in an Gallo-Roman palace, supposed, perhaps unhistorically, of the Antonines, and Mr. Fulton says that the discovery revealed the most extensive series of mosaic pavements extant. But what gives remarkable point to the discovery in this Essay, is the fact that the Cross formed so considerable an element in it. A pavement in [illegible] the form of the Cross, with the figure of Neptune surrounded [illegible] and the various emblems of the watery element, led to the [illegible]

soon as it was discovered, "*C'est le bon Dieu; c'est Jésus!*" At the same time there were discovered not fewer than six varieties of Crosses, looking even like a collection of mediæval relics of the Cross, in their number and variety; it is not wonderful that many ingenious attempts were made to account for the extraordinary work of art. The thing is no doubt an insolvable mystery; and perhaps some attempts would be absolutely necessary to bring it within the post-Christian period, were it not certain that such signs are to be found scattered over Gaul. If there be any credible reliance to be placed on the supposed age of the *débris* of certain fields in which flint weapons have been discovered in Denmark, here, too, the Cross, anticipating the Christian age, has been found. Nay, the Cross must have been a great sign with the Scandinavians; and indeed the Hammer of Thor itself answers to the description of a Cross; and when the sign of the Hammer was made, it was in fact the sign of the Cross, as Longfellow says of Olaf:—

> "O'er his drinking horn, the sign
> He made of *the Cross divine,*
> As he drank and muttered his prayers;
> But the Berserks evermore
> Make the sign of *the Hammer of Thor*
> *Over theirs.*"

As illustrative of this, a paragraph from the "Heimskringla" is now before us, "The harvest thereafter, towards the winter season, there was a festival of sacrifice at Lade, and the king came to it. It has always been his custom before, when he was present at a place where there was sacrifice, to take his meals in a little house by himself, or with some few of his men; but the bonders grumbled that he did not seat himself on his throne, on these, the most joyous of the meetings of the people. The earl said that the king should do so this time. The king accordingly sat upon his throne. Now, when the first full goblet was filled, Earl Sigurd spoke some words over it, blessed it in Odin's name, and drank to the king out of the horn; and the king then took it and made the sign of the Cross over it. Then said Kaare of Gryting, 'What does the king mean by doing so? Will he not sacrifice?' Earl Sigurd replies, 'The king is doing what all of you do who trust to your power and strength. He is blessing the full goblet in the name of Thor, by making the sign of his Hammer over it before he drinks it.'" As to the sign of the Cross as anticipated by the Hammer of Thor, the same remark applies to the staff or Herald-rod of Hermes; it was represented as having two serpents curled around it. In the old tradition he was the messenger of the gods, and the mediator who carried up to them the smoke of the sacrifices from their altar fires; hence he was styled the "priest of the sacrifice," and the "prayer speaker"; and some have seen in his rod the union at once of the Hammer and the Cross. In the popular mythology of the Indo-European nations, the Cross of Christianity and the Hammer of Thor so intermingle that it is not always very easy to discriminate the one from

the other. The Cross appears to have been discovered among the ruins and remnants of peoples in Italy who long anticipated both Rome and Etruria; the same figure was discovered in Mexico and through all South America; it was one of the mysterious signs of Brahmic power. And, singularly, we find in India, that Crishna, who is represented within the folds of the snake, whose head he crushes while it bites his heel, is represented as in the centre of the world, and its sustaining principle; he is represented as with six arms, three of which hold a Cross, one a sceptre of dominion, another a flute, and another a sword. Thus, long before Christianity proclaimed its doctrine of "the wood by which righteousness cometh," the shape of the Cross, and in some dim way its sentiment, was in the world, and extensively spread over it too.

Whether the same refining spirit of criticism which discovers the Cross in the Old Testament Scriptures has employed itself in ethnographical researches, we are scarcely prepared to say. Assuredly, in most instances, the discovery of the Cross in the Old Testament is not very distinct. The most reliable is that of the sign *tau*, which is supposed to be what Ezekiel saw (chapter ix.) stamped as a mark of salvation upon the faithful Jews: indeed, the passage which in the English translation is rendered "set a mark," is given in the Vulgate, "set the sign of *tau* upon their foreheads," and this was the sign of the Cross. It would be a curious, and by no means uninteresting study, to group together all the various forms of the Cross as they are to be found, without, or before the circle of the Christian faith. But, indeed, some of the Fathers saw the Cross in everything. Southey makes this remark upon a passage of Justin Martyr, "for observe," says he in his "Apology," how impossible it is that anything in the world should be regulated, or any mutual intercourse carried on, without employing this figure. The sea cannot be navigated unless this symbol, as the mast and yard-arm of the sail, remains firm in the ship; without an instrument in this form, the land cannot be ploughed; neither can they who dig exercise their labour, nor handicraftmen pursue their occupations without implements which are fashioned in like manner; the human figure also differs from those of irrational animals in no respect but this, that it is erect, and hath the hands extended; and in the countenance also hath the nose reaching downward from the forehead, by which we are able to breathe; this again shows no other figure but that of the Cross." And we meet with a similar strain of remark in the strange, wild, imaginative words of Ephraim Syrus of the Desert. This is very fanciful, and seems to prove too much, while it may still be admitted, however, that there is strange correspondence between the universality of this sign and the substance which it represents in our salvation. More singular it is to find the *tau* of the Hebrews anticipated in almost the same figure, the *Crux Ansata* of the Egyptians, which was their symbol of eternal life. The Cross was also the sign of life among the Greeks; and thus in the same universal way as that in which we find signs and

symbols manifesting themselves through the *Serpent* and the *Tree*, we find the testimony of *the Cross*. Now, to many of our readers the disposition to observe or search for such illustrations will seem only the mark of a superstitious nature. It is not very certain in what way we are to define superstition. Coincidences and resemblances force themselves upon us; there is no escaping their impression: is there any reason why we should attempt to do so? Superstition is a term by which we define the manifestation of some instinct, some subtle, undefined, and almost undefinable perception of our nature—awe, desire, wonder. Things affect sensitive natures as they pass them by, and even impress the consciousness before they stamp themselves on the perceptions. Admitting the universal imprint of the Cross upon the ethnographic memorials of our race, in temples, mosaics, philological and symbolical signs, it is assuredly remarkable that this should eventually be the especial mark of the sanctified life given by our Lord, "Let him take up his cross and follow Me;" but this derives its strength entirely from the fact that by the death of the Cross it becomes the sign of salvation. To this mass of evidence it surely is not too much to apply the question of Dryden with reference to the Scriptures themselves,—

> "How and why
> Could all agree to cheat us with a lie?"

Thus it may be almost said that the sign of the Cross rises everywhere in the world like that middle-age hieroglyph of a Latin Cross rising out of a heart, and its inscription, "*Cor in Cruce, Crux in Corde.*"

From this line of illustration it may perhaps now be intelligible how *the Tree and the Cross* have become associated together as forms of worship; for the Tree also is the expansion of the Cross, it contains the Cross and is the idea of the Cross. Hence St. Augustine says, in a sermon on "Eve and Mary," "As we have been made dead by a Tree, so have we been made alive by a Tree; a Tree discovered to us our nakedness, and a Tree has covered us with leaves of mercy." And hence the celebrated Roman Catholic hymn, with its refrain,—

> "O faithful Cross! O noblest Tree!
> In all our woods there's none like thee,
> No earthly groves nor shady bowers
> Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers;
> Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood,
> That bears a fruit so sweet, so good."

This is certainly Tree-worship; it is the exaggeration of Christian sentiment; it rings to the sense almost like a Pagan hymn; but it is certainly elevated from the region of Paganism by the sense of divine Christian personality inspiring the whole sentiment. These pervading ideas have linked themselves close together in the dim instincts; and the substance of all that we have said, both with reference to Tree and

Cross, has been again and again alleged as an argument for an entire revision of our Christian faith. It is said, Inasmuch as the Tree and the Serpent are found as religious objects of adoration over the heathen world, the story of Adam and Eve must be a mere heathen fancy, a fable, not a fact; and that when Churches present to their people doctrines growing out of such ideas, they are presenting to them "stones of fossilized and obsolete fiction, instead of living bread," of spiritual truth, for the want of which multitudes are famishing; therefore it is time to "give up what the Churches call Christianity, and to give the religion of Christ a trial." But the intention of our remarks is to call the mind to the great antecedent fact, that somehow, and in marvellous ways, the Christian system speaks to and illustrates the prevalent instincts and traditions of mankind. The Bible gives, in its great facts and symbols, doctrines, many of them quite insoluble to the understanding and yet obvious enough as matters of fact. Fossils are not of much use in themselves, but they illustrate geologic truths, and they are the very bread of science; and so, cruel and absurd superstitions, the usages of old and perished priesthoods, worthless indeed for conveying any sustenance to the heart of man, become very significant as representing ideas and wants in the human mind and heart. The unfairness of infidelity is, after all, one of its chief characteristics, and is only equalled by the shallowness of its judgment, and by that tone of contempt which is an invariable mark of suspicion when it deals with divine things.

Man everywhere, and in all ages, has given substance and form to his ideas; he is impatient of that which does not present itself to him in form; hence the innumerable follies and embodied falsehoods in which he has sought to enshrine his spiritual sensibilities. But he has had a sense of a strange tyranny of evil, subjecting him to its sway; out of this has grown Serpent worship. He has had a sense of life,—infinite, all-conquering life,—and an assurance, like a prophecy in his heart, that this infinite life would overcome the conquering evil; and this faith has embodied itself in the worship of the noblest child the earth bears, the strong, wide-branching, and almost immortal Tree. And deep in his heart seems to have been that other sense of expiation,—the doctrine of the Cross,—traversing the path of evil and spoiling its malignancy, and thus solving the questions of evil and good in life. Heathenism witnesses to these primeval instincts in the heart of the race; in heathenism and in man in general, they exist undefined, unauthenticated, unrelated to a statement of divine law; in Scripture they are gathered up, they become no longer surmises, they are made luminous by a light which neither the pant of the spirit nor the gropings of the best human reasoning have been able to shed upon them. It is Browning's old story of "The Ring and the Book," they lie dead, inert mysteries indeed, tantalizing, perplexing mysteries, until this light of revelation upon them.

"I find first
Writ down for very A B C of fact,
'In the beginning God made heaven and earth;'
From which, no matter with what lisp, I spell
And speak you out a consequence—that man,
Man,—as befits the made, the inferior thing,—
Purposed since made, to grow, not make in turn,
Yet forced to try and make, else fail to grow,—
Formed to rise, reach at, if not grasp and gain
The good beyond him,—which attempt is growth,—
Repeats God's process in man's due degree,
Attaining man's proportionate result,—
Creates, no, but resuscitates, perhaps.
Yet something dead may get to live again,
Something with too much life, or not enough,
Which, either way imperfect, ended once,—
An end whereat man's impulse intervenes,—
Makes new beginning, starts the dead alive,
Completes the incomplete, and saves the thing.
Man's breath were vain to light a virgin wick,
Half-burnt out, all but quite-quenched wicks o' the lamp
Stationed for temple service on this earth,
These indeed let him breathe on and relume!
For such man's feat is, in the due degree,
Mimic creation, galvanism for life,
But still a glory portioned in the scale.
I can detach from me, commission forth
Half of my soul; which in its pilgrimage
O'er old unwandered waste ways of the world,
May chance upon some fragment of a whole,
Rag of flesh, scrap of bone in dim disuse,
Smoking flax that fed fire once: prompt therein
I enter, spark-like, put old powers to play,
Push lines out to the limit, lead forth last
(By moonrise through a ruin of a crypt)
What shall be mistily seen, murmuringly heard,
Mistakingly felt.

Was not Elisha once?—
Who bade him lay his staff on a corpse-face,
There was no voice, no hearing: he went in
Therefore, and shut the door upon them twain,
And prayed unto the Lord; and he went up
And lay upon the corpse, dead on the couch,
And put his mouth upon its mouth, his eyes
Upon its eyes, his hands upon its hands,
And stretched him on the flesh; the flesh waxed warm:
And he returned, walked to and fro the house,
And went up, stretched him on the flesh again,
And the eyes opened. *'Tis a credible feat*
With the right man and way."

So, when we bring the truth of the Bible to all these dead stories, we find them also to be alive with the truth—the symbolism of *the Serpent*,

or Evil, *the Tree of Life*, or Immortality, and the overcoming *Cross*, or way of Salvation.

Lengthy as seems this Introductory Essay, we must not close without returning to another aspect of the debatable ground of Storyology, or that study by which it is perhaps better known, *Folk-lore*, although Storyology is indeed only a department, still, perhaps, the most important department, of Folk-lore. Popular stories, old legends and traditions, the nursery tales of old crones in benighted villages, have become one of the most important studies of our greatest scholars. Indeed, now, comparative mythology is the right hand of comparative philology in mapping out the root of the race from its starting-point in the East. The great scholars, the brothers Grimm, probably gave the first indications of the wealth of the study; and they were guided by striking upon certain unexpected philologies, or words in stories, which began to assume features of the great forms of nature; and then follow such students as Gubernatis. Dasent lays open an unexpected continent, in correspondence to that of Grimm's, in the Norse Tales; while again, Mr. Campbell carries forward the same line of charming study in the Western Isles and Highlands. Ralston opens up to us the wealth of Russian folk-lore, and Madame Csedomille Mijatovies the no less entertaining treasures of the Servian, not to mention the innumerable entertaining volumes upon this subject with which our shelves are crowded. Nothing would please the writer of the present Essay better than to devote a volume to a popular exposition of the study, which may now be called a science,—let the reader think of that for a moment, *The Science of Storyology*,—and the illustrations and doctrines flowing from it. From the preceding pages, however, it will be seen by those at all acquainted with the study that he would with all modesty adopt a different, or certainly a modified line of interpretation. Following from this study, a principle has been applied by such writers as the Rev. Sir George Cox, which has knocked off two-thirds of all our old beliefs. All the old stories of Homer in one age, or the Nibelungen Lied in another, vanish; and brilliant careers and blighted affections and untimely deaths are only myths about the Rosy Dawn, wooed by the Sun, leaving him alone in his glory, and returning to him as he sinks to his rest. Indeed, the theory has been carried too far; and althou[illegible] i[illegible] somewhat [illegible] ridiculous applications in no way interfere with the [illegible] rived from the study to which we have alluded, it seems to forget t[illegible] in all [illegible] is interesting to man, and the spirit which in our ti[illegible] s cu[illegible] sure either in writing or reading imaginative fiction, mu[illegible] have [illegible] as [illegible] in the ages of the infancy of our race, in [illegible] crimes [illegible] three thousand years since, in German forests, or in [illegible] [illegible] is a foolish hallucination to dispose of Achilles as So[illegible] [illegible] into Dawn and Sunset, weaving ch[illegible] in [illegible] to see in Samson, or the classic H[illegible] [illegible] ces repeat themselves in [illegible] [illegible] that Anlaff, the [illegible]

reconnoitre, as a harpist, the camp of Athelstane; he imitated Alfred, who, not long before, had in this disguise reconnoitred the Danish camp. The feat of William Tell is traced back to times long before; it is not less than likely that more than one brutal tyrant had adopted the same proof of skill, and method of heartless and barbarous tyranny. We shall not doubt that Eleanor sucked the poison from her husband's wound, because the same story is told of Sybilla of Couversana. The night wanderings of Haroun Alraschid among his people are certainly on pleasing record, but they by no means disprove the same stories told of Henry the Eighth, of Charles the Fifth, or of many other princes, who in this way desired to acquaint themselves with the sentiments and manners of their people. Historical parallels are innumerable; history repeats itself, and the modern instance is by no means disproved by the reality of the ancient; mischief comes of over-working a theory. Napoleon the First has furnished a fine reply to the great myth dreamers, from other pens besides the searchingly logical one of Archbishop Whately, and the equally clever, though more condensed, satire of Theodore Parker. A clever French Abbé wrote an Essay to show that the French Emperor was a mere myth. His very name proved, Ne-Apolleon, that is, the New Apollo; Buonaparte signified the good part, or day, out of the twenty-four hours; born in an Isle of the Eastern Sea—the Mediterranean—of Letitia, another form of Leto or Latona; having four brothers, that is the four seasons; and twelve Marshals, that is the signs of the Zodiac; putting down revolution, that is, etymologically, the coiled serpent or hydra; victorious in the South, but driven back by the forces of the North, and finally, as he had risen in the Eastern Sea, sinking in the Western Ocean.

Thus, we repeat, while no doubt there is often substantial truth in the modern interpretation of these ancient myths, such interpretations have been frequently carried to a point of unreasonable extravagance, and they must be received cautiously. The rising and the setting sun, the rosy dawn and the purple evening, the virgin moon and her attendant train of stars are certainly overwhelming and impressive aspects of nature; but there are many other aspects beside these; and, as we have already said, beside objective nature, there is man,—man and woman,—and their histories through all ages are fresh, with their passions of love and hate, and grief and joy. The whole outward creation is an allegory of the inner and higher world, and the parable fashioned to speak out the one, speaks of the other. The distinction in these stories is very greatly in the presence or absence of atmosphere. The ordinary mind has no atmosphere, it sees, and it puts down, a mere hard fact; the more human mind,—therefore the more poetic,—clothes and drapes it in the atmosphere of parable and fancy.

An able *Saturday Reviewer*, evidently, both by scholarship and genius, equal to a just discrimination of this study, wrote some years since, "With regard to the ancient Aryan fables, which are common to all the members of the Aryan family, it has been said that there is something so natural in most of them, that they might well have been

invented more than once. This is a sneaking argument, but nevertheless it has a certain weight. It does not apply, however to our fairy tales. They surely cannot be called natural. They are full of the most unnatural conceptions—of monsters such as no human eye has ever seen. Of many of them we know for certain that they were not invented at all, but that they are the *detritus* of ancient mythology, half-forgotten, misunderstood, and reconstructed. Mr. Dasent has traced the gradual transition of myth into story in the case of the Wild Huntsman, who was originally the German god Odin. He might have traced the last fibres of "Odin, the hunter, back to Indra, the god of Storms, in the Veda; and lower even than the 'Grand Veneur' in the Forest of Fontainebleau, he might have dodged the Hellequin of France to the very Harlequin of our Christmas pantomimes. William Tell, the good archer, whose mythological character Mr. Dasent has established beyond contradiction, is the last reflection of the Sun-god, whether we call him Indra, or Apollo, or Ulysses. Their darts are unerring. They hit the apple, or any other point; and they destroy their enemies with the same bow with which they have hit the mark. The countless stories of all the princesses and snow-white ladies who were kept in dark prisons, and were invariably delivered by a young knight here, can all be traced back to mythological traditions about the Sun being released from the bonds of Winter, the Sun being rescued from the darkness of the Night, the Dawn being brought back from the [illegible] West, the Waters being set free from the prison of the Clouds. In the [illegible] of the Veda, where the Powers of Nature have hardly assumed as [illegible] divine personality, we read over and over again of the [illegible] which the God of Light recovers from the dark clouds. These [illegible] are the Waters conquered after a fierce thunderstorm. Sometimes [illegible] which the robbers had hidden [illegible] which became the [illegible] This [illegible] is called a curse and [illegible] is praised for having destroyed [illegible] the blood of the dead [illegible] bones.

[illegible]

be a great fire, the work of some incendiary, and send off the parish engine to put it out. No! when we find in such a story as the Master Thief traits which are to be found in the Sanskrit Hitopadesa, and which are also to be found in the story of Rampsinutus in Herodotus, which are also to be found in German, Italian, and Flemish popular tales, but told in all with such variations of character and detail, and such adaptation to time and place, as evidently show the original working of the national consciousness upon a stock of tradition common to all the race, but belonging to no tribe of that race in particular, and when we find this occurring not in one tale, but in twenty, we are forced to abandon the theory of such universal copying, for fear lest we should fall into a greater difficulty than that for which we were striving to account.'

"The instance which Mr. Dasent has here chosen to illustrate his theory does not seem to us inconclusive. The story of the Master Thief is told in the Hitopadesa. A Brahman, who had vowed a sacrifice, went to the market to buy a goat. Three thieves saw him, and wanted to get hold of the goat. They stationed themselves at intervals on the high road. When the Brahman, who carried the goat on his back, approached the first thief, the thief said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' The Brahman replied: 'It is not a dog, it is a goat.' A little while after, he was accosted by the second thief, who said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' The Brahman felt perplexed, put the goat down, examined it, and walked on. Soon after he was stopped by the third thief, who said, 'Brahman, why do you carry a dog on your back?' Then the Brahman was frightened, threw down the goat, and walked home to perform his ablutions for having touched an unclean animal. The thieves took the goat and ate it. The gist of the story is, that a man will believe almost anything if he is told the same by three different people. The Indian story, with slight variations, is told in the Arabic translation, *Calila* and *Dimna*. But it was known through the Greek translation at Constantinople, at least at the beginning of the Crusades, and was spread all over Europe, in the Latin of the *Directorium Humanæ Vitæ*. The Norwegian story of the Master Thief is not a translation, such as we find in the *Filosofia Morale*, nor an adaptation, such as a similar story in the *Facétieuses Nuits de Straparole*. But the keynote of the story is the same."

But surely it is the same story which we find in Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft,"—and which is given as quite a modern instance,—of the perfectly healthy countryman, who, accosted at different intervals of time by three men, who commiserated him upon his wretched appearance and death-like pallor, after the third condolence, went home and took to his bed under the impression that he was a dying man. The achievements of the ancient Master Thief by no means disprove or render improbable the modern anecdote.

"Every one of these expressions, however," continues our *Saturday Reviewer*, "may be traced in the German Mährchen. The loves and

[illegible] they had been [illegible] first [illegible] gods [illegible] people as the [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] destroyed the old gods of the [illegible] [illegible] on the saints and martyrs of the [illegible] and the heroes, the sons of the gods. [illegible] *could not die*, and in spite of the [illegible] of the priests they were welcomed wherever they [illegible] their [illegible] disguises. Kind-hearted grannies would tell [illegible] it was only to keep their little folk quiet. [illegible] of the gods; for those gods were dead, or, worse than that, had been changed into devils. They told them of nobody; ay, [illegible] they would tell them of the very saints and martyrs; and the [illegible] had to wear some of the old rags that belonged [illegible] and other heathen gods. The oddest figure is that of [illegible] half Christian and half heathen garb. The Aryan na- [illegible] Death, though of a sombre character, was a very [illegible] though a mischievous person, was [illegible] like Proserpina—had once sent [illegible] indoctrinated with the [illegible] they treated him [illegible] [illegible] the old N [illegible]

But it is in the study of philology proper; that is, in the analysis of words in their primeval and fundamental roots, that Mythology and popular Storyology find their most choice, we may say their most entertaining illustrations. The works of our distinguished scholar, Max Müller, are so well known, and especially we may refer to his second volume on the Science of Language, that we scarcely need to mention them here; and yet a very fine and pertinent illustration occurs in his analysis of the idea of the Great Bear;—how ever came people to find the Great Bear in the seven stars, and at the same time that the same constellation receives also the name of Arcturus? In fact both terms have the same signification: the bear of the woods received the Sanscrit designation of Riksha, or Bright, from the brightness of the creature's eyes; and the seven stars came to be called the seven Rikshas for the same reason; Riksha is the root of the word ark, or arch, or Arcturus, also signifying bright. Truly the reason of many a name is beyond our reach, but Max Müller has opened up to us a world of wonders in this way, although indeed they do sometimes seem to have as much of the fancifulness of the poet as of the depth of the scholar.

We will avail ourselves again of some very pertinent words from another capable *Saturday Reviewer.*

"Another rule of comparative philology which ought to be carefully observed in the comparative study of legends is this—that no comparison should be made before each word is traced back to its most primitive form and meaning. We cannot compare English with Hindustani, but we can trace an English word back to Anglo-Saxon and Gothic, and a Hindustani word back to Hindi and Sanskrit; and then from Gothic and Sanskrit we can measure and discover the central point from whence the original Aryan word proceeded. We thus discover not only its original form, but at the same time its etymological meaning. Applying this rule to the comparison of popular tales, we maintain, that before any comparison can be instituted between nursery tales of Germany, England, and India, each tale must be traced back to a legend or myth from whence it arose, and in which it had a natural meaning, otherwise we cannot hope to arrive at any satisfactory results. One instance must suffice to illustrate the application of these rules. In Mr. Campbell's West Highland Tales we meet with the story of a frog who wishes to marry the daughter of a queen, and who, when the youngest daughter of the queen consents to become his wife, is freed from a spell and changed into a handsome man. This story can be traced back to the year 1548. In Germany it is well known as the story of the *Froschkonig.* Mr. Campbell thinks it is of Gaelic origin, because the speech of the frog in Gaelic is an imitation of the gurgling and quacking of spring frogs. However, the first question to answer is this, How came such a story ever to be invented? Human beings, we may hope, were at all times sufficiently enlightened to know that a marriage between a frog and the daughter of a queen was absurd. No poet could ever have sat down to invent sheer

feuds of the Powers of Nature, after they had been told, first of gods, then of heroes, appear in the tales of the people as the flirting and teasing of fairies and imps. Christianity had destroyed the old gods of the Teutonic tribes, and supplied new heroes in the saints and martyrs of the Church. The gods were dead, and the heroes, the sons of the gods, forgotten. But *the stories told of them would not die*, and in spite of the excommunications of the priests they were welcomed wherever they appeared in their strange disguises. Kind-hearted grannies would tell the pretty stories of old, if it was only to keep their little folk quiet. They did not tell them of the gods; for those gods were dead, or, worse than that, had been changed into devils. They told them of nobody; ay, sometimes they would tell them of the very saints and martyrs; and the Apostles themselves have had to wear some of the old rags that belonged by right to Odin and other heathen gods. The oddest figure is that of the Devil in his half-Christian and half-heathen garb. The Aryan nations had no Devil. Pluto, though of a sombre character, was a very respectable personage; and Loki, though a mischievous person, was not a fiend. The German goddess, Hell, too—like Proserpina—had once seen better days. Thus, when the Germans were indoctrinated with the idea of a real Devil, the Semitic Satan or Diabolus, they treated him in a most good-humoured manner. They ascribed to him all the mischievous tricks of their most mischievous gods. But while the old Northern story-tellers delighted in the success of cunning, the new generation felt in duty bound to represent the Devil in the end as always defeated. He was outwitted in all the tricks which had formerly proved successful, and thus quite a new character was produced—the poor or stupid Devil, who appears not unfrequently in the German and in Norwegian tales.

"All this Mr. Dasent has described very tersely and graphically in his Introduction, and we recommend the readers of his tales not to treat that Introduction as most introductions are treated. We should particularly recommend to the attention of those who have leisure to devote to such subjects, what Mr. Dasent says at the close of his Essay:—

"Enough has been said, at least, to prove that even nursery tales may have a science of their own, and to show how the old Nornir and divine spinners can revenge themselves if their old wives' tales are insulted and attacked. The inquiry itself might be almost indefinitely prolonged, for this is a journey where each turn of the road brings out a new point of view, and the longer we linger on our path the longer we find something fresh to see. Popular mythology is a virgin mine, and its ore, so far from being exhausted or worked out, has here, in England at least, been scarcely touched. It may, indeed, be dreaded lest the time for collecting such English traditions is not past and gone; whether the steam-engine and printing-press have not played their great work of enlighten[illegible] [illegible]t well; and whether the popular tales, of which, no doubt, the la[illegible] once full, have not faded away before those great inventions, as [illegible] of giants waned before the might of Odin and the Æsir."

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nonsense like this. We may ascribe to our ancestors any amount of child-like simplicity, but we must take care not to degrade them to the rank of mere idiots. There must have been something rational in the early stories and myths; and until we find a reason for each, we must just leave them alone as we leave a curious petrifaction, which has not yet been traced back to any living type. Now, in our case it can be shown that frog was used as a name of the sun. In the ancient floating speech of the Aryan family the sun had hundreds of names. Each poet thought he had a right to call the sun by his own name; and he would even call it by a different name at sunrise and at sunset, in spring and in winter, in war or in peace. Their ancient language was throughout poetical and metaphorical. The sun might be called the nourisher, the awakener, the giver of life, the messenger of death, the brilliant eye of heaven, the golden swan, the dog, the wolf, the lion. Now at sunrise and sunset, when the sun seemed squatting on the water, it was called the frog. This may have been at first the expression of one individual poet, or the slang name once used by a fisherman watching the sun as it slowly emerged from the clouds in winter. But the name possessed vitality; it remained current for a time; it was amplified into short proverbial sayings; and at last, when the original metaphor was lost sight of, when people no longer knew that the frog spoken of in their saws and proverbs was meant for the sun, these saws and proverbs became changed into myths and legends. In Sanskrit the name of the frog is *Bheka*, and from it a feminine was formed, *Bhekî*. This feminine, *Bhekî*, must have been at one time used as a name of the sun, for the sun was under certain circumstances feminine in India as well as in Germany. After a time, when this name had become obsolete, stories were told of *Bhekî* which had a natural sense only when told of the sun, and which are the same in character as other stories told of heroes or heroines whose original solar character cannot be doubted. Thus we find in Sanskrit the story that Bhekî, the frog, was a beautiful girl, and that one day, when sitting near a well, she was discovered by a king, who asked her to be his wife. She consented, on condition that he should never show her a drop of water. One day, being tired, she asked the king for water, the king forgot his promise, brought water, and Bhekî disappeared. This story was known at the time when Kapila wrote his philosophical aphorisms in India, for it is there quoted as an illustration. But long before Kapila the story of Bhekî must have grown up gradually, beginning with a short saying about the sun—such as that Bheki, the sun, will die at the sight of water, as we should say that the sun will set when it approaches the water from which it rose in the morning. Thus, viewed as a woman, the sun-frog might be changed into a woman and married to a king; viewed as a man, he might be married to a princess. In either case stories would naturally arise to explain more or fully all that seemed strange in these marriages between frog and r and the change from sun to frog, and from frog to man, which was

first due to the mere spell of language, would, in our nursery tales, be ascribed to miraculous charms more familiar to a later age."

And thus we approach another department of Storyology, in which figures are transformed into fables, and pictures into parables; here, too, we are said to be wholly indebted to the East. Max Müller tells us that nearly all the fairy stories of England, or of Europe, come from the East: it seems that our fables and parables have the same parentage. Again, we venture to put in a modest plea for some measure of originality in our own times, or times very near our own,—we surely may mention Gay, and the great Russian fabulist, Krilof. But a *Saturday Reviewer*, his path illuminated by Sylvestre de Sacy, has certainly given a remarkable ancestry to the fables of La Fontaine; he says:—

"This is a subject which requires the most delicate handling, and the most careful analysis. Before we attempt to compare the popular stories, as they are found in India and Europe at the present day, and to trace them to a common source, we have to answer one very important question —Was there no channel through which some of them can have flowed from India to Europe, or from Europe to India, at a later time? We have to take the same precaution in comparative philology with regard to words. Besides the words which Greek and Latin share in common because they are both derived from one common source, there is a class of words which Latin took over from Greek ready-made. These are called foreign words, and they form a considerable element, particularly in modern languages. The question is, whether the same does not apply to some of our common Indo-European stories. How is it that some of Lafontaine's fables should be identically the same as those which we find in two collections of fables in Sanskrit, the Panchatantra and the Hitopadesa? This is a question which, many years ago, has been most fully treated in one of the most learned and most brilliant essays of Sylvestre de Sacy. He there proves that, about 570 years after Christ, a Sanskrit work which contained these very fables was brought to the court of the Persian King, Khosru Nushirvan, and translated into ancient Persian, or Pehlevi. The Kings of Persia preserved this book as a treasure till their kingdom was conquered by the Arabs. A hundred years later, the book was discovered and translated into Arabic by Almocaffa, about 770 years after Christ. It then passed through the hands of several Arabic poets, and was afterwards retranslated into Persian—first into verse, by Rudaki, in the tenth century, then into prose by Nasrallah, in the twelfth. The most famous version, however, appeared towards the end of the fifteenth century, under the name of *Anvari Suhaili*, by Husain Vaiz. Now, as early as the eleventh century the Arabic work of Almocaffa, called *Calila Dimnà*, was translated into Greek by Simeon. The Greek text and a Latin version have been published, under the title of *Sapientia Indorum Veterum*, by Starkius, Berlin, 1697. This work passed into Italian. Again the Arabic text was translated into Hebrew by Rabbi Joel; and this Hebrew translation became the

[illegible] of the European books of fables. Before the end of the [illegible] century, Doctor of Cordova had published his famous Latin [illegible] *Directorium Humanæ Vitæ, alias Parabolæ Antiquorum Sapientum*, [illegible] that this book was called *Bidpai et Dimne*—the [illegible] language of India, then translated into Persian [illegible] Arabic, then into Hebrew, and lastly by himself into [illegible] work, to judge from the numerous German, Italian, Spanish, [illegible] translations, must have been extremely popular all over Europe in the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth century a new version of Oriental fables reached the literary world of Europe, through the translation of the *Anvari Suhaili* (the Persian *Calila Dimna*) into French, by David Sahid d'Ispahan. This work was called *Le Livre des lumières, ou la Conduite des Rois, composé par le sage Bilpay, Indien.* It afterwards went by the name of *Les Fables de Pilpay*. This was the book from which La Fontaine borrowed the subjects of his later fables. An excellent English translation, we may here state, of the *Anvari Suhaili* has lately been published by Professor Eastwick."

Krilof has been called the Russian La Fontaine; but, except in form, his apologues do not generally bear any great resemblance to those of his French predecessor; and, indeed, it will be a very shrewd eye which can discover any relationship between, or indebtedness of, the Russian to the ancient Pilpay, or the modern La Fontaine. "Many of them might rather be called anecdotes or epigrams than fables, and may afford pleasure to readers who cannot endure the zoological and botanical stock in trade of the ordinary fabulist. Krilof has not the easy humour, the charming *naïveté*, of La Fontaine; he is much more in earnest, his attacks are more savage, his sarcasm more trenchant. He seldom chuckles, and his laugh often grates on the ear. The abuses against which his voice was raised were, and still are, very serious matters for his country, and Krilof was a genuine patriot. His works are thoroughly national, and this is the main secret of their great success. When a fable of his is read to any assemblage of Russians, no matter how uncultivated they may be, every eye begins to glisten, every face to light up. All can understand him, and all are interested in the subjects he chooses. His fables, as Gogol has said, are the common heritage of Russians, full of the popular wisdom, and capable of teaching a useful lesson to every class in the Empire. It is not easy to give in a few lines any idea of Krilof's merits, but all who wish may judge for themselves if they will turn to the complete and faithful translation of his fables which M. Charles Durand has lately published in French, or to the more literal translation into English, by Mr. Ralston, of the British Museum. We hardly know which of the fables to quote as a specimen. There is the story, not a little applicable to many a proud patrician of The Greek who had served their masters, but on cross-examination are compelled to admit that, though their ancestors had served Rome, they themselves have done nothing meritorious, and accordingly find their claims disallowed.

There is the hit at learned men whose reputation is maintained at the cost of a secretary, contained in the description of an oracle whose renown fluctuated according to the ability of the priest who for the time being inspired its responses.

And there are the two sketches of misers, called "The Poor Rich Man," and "Fortune and the Beggar," in one of which a poor man is given a purse in which he will always find money as long as he keeps it, but which he must throw away before he can spend that money. He soon becomes rich; but as he can never bring himself to throw the purse away, he lives and dies in as destitute a state as if he had never received the miraculous present. In the other story, Fortune showers gold into a beggar's wallet, telling him that the money will become dust if it falls to the ground, and advising him therefore not to ask for too much. But, instead of taking the warning, he goes on asking for more till the wallet bursts, and the gold falling through disappears, leaving the beggar as poor as before.

Then, again, there are several which refer to the relations between the ruler and the ruled in Russia, as, for instance, that in which the humble roots of a tree put in their modest claim to some of the advantages enjoyed by the flaunting and self-sufficient leaves, or the description of the peasants who go to complain to a mighty river of the manner in which they have been despoiled by its tributary streams, but return in despair when they reach its banks and see their property floating down its swollen tide; or that of the fish who are being fried by their governor, the Fox, just as their king, the Lion goes by. The Lion, after putting some other questions, asks what makes the fish jump about in so strange a manner, to which the Fox replies that they are dancing for joy at the visit of their king.

But we prefer to choose a specimen from among those which form little pictures of Russian popular life, such as the following conversation between three peasants, which may be rendered into literal prose as follows:—

"Good day, gossip Thaddeus!"

"Good day, gossip Egor!"

"Well, friend, how are you getting on?"

"Ah, gossip, I see you don't know of my misfortune; God has afflicted me. I have set my barn on fire, and lost all I had in the world."

"How so? A poor game to play, gossip!"

"Why, this is how it happened. We had a feast on Christmas Day. I went with a candle in my hand to feed the horses; I must confess something was buzzing in my head. Somehow or other I dropped the candle. I just managed to save myself, but my barn and all my things were burnt. Now, how about you?"

"Oh, Thaddeus, a bad business. God has been angry with me too, you know. You see I'm without feet. Upon my word I think it's a miracle I'm alive. I went into the cellar for some beer. It was on Christmas

scolded him for having lost the flour, and sent him to the wind to demand payment for the flour it had carried off. He meets the mother of the winds, who brings him to her cave, and hides him in her oven, having first ascertained from him that the south wind was the thief. The winds come blustering into the cave, and the old woman demands of the south wind payment for the stolen flour. The guilty zephyr pays the peasant a basket, which becomes full of all good things as soon as the owner says to it, 'Basket, be filled!' Having received this gift, the poor man goes home well satisfied. The wife, elated at having become possessed of such a treasure, invites a nobleman to supper; and this gentleman, discovering the properties of the basket, makes away with it. The peasant is sent by his wife once more to the winds, and obtains from the south wind a jar, to which he says, 'Five out of the jar, thrash her well!' and then 'Five into the jar!' The peasant goes home, and is well scolded by his wife for having brought a jar; she takes up a pitchfork to beat him, when he exclaims, 'Five out of the jar, thrash her well!' and five men with flails leap forth, and give the shrew a good dressing. By the same means he recovers from the nobleman his miraculous basket. From that time forward he lives happily, his wife keeps a civil tongue in her head, and he eats and drinks what he desires."

The modern Greek version introduces the feature of personal chastisement to the wife in a still more serious form, as the stick "knocks her on the head and kills her;" and the story goes on to draw the inference, "*so* the man lives in happiness ever after." But in the Russian version there is another curious feature, that the magical gifts are presented by the wind,—the south wind,—which both gives the blessing of fullness of bread (the Russian corn-fields are chiefly in the south), and wields the force by which the wife is silenced, and the thief (a nobleman, by the way) compelled to give up his treasure. This clear indication that the tale is in its origin a sort of parable of the bounty of nature, and of those more terrible gifts of nature which sometimes control her bounty though they seem at first ungenial enough, lends some colour to Mr. Baring-Gould's explanation of the original Hindoo fable which he regards as the root of the story:—

"That these stories rest upon a common mythological foundation there is strong evidence to prove. The gold-dropping animal, the magic table or napkin, the self-acting cudgel, appear in some of the tales of ancient India, and their original signification is made apparent. The Master, who gives the three precious gifts, is the All Father, the Supreme Spirit. The gold and jewel-dropping ass is the spring-cloud hanging in the sky and shedding the bright productive vernal showers. The table which covers itself is the earth becoming covered with flower and fruit at the bidding of the New Year. But there is a check; rain is withheld, the process of vegetation is stayed by some evil influence. Then comes the thunder-cloud, out of which leaps the bolt; the rains pour down, the earth receives them, and is covered with abundance—all that was lost is restored."

Nor does the Languedoc version fail to suggest the same ultimate meaning. In it the magical instrument is a lovely bird called "Azure Blue," which, during a time of famine, sings an exquisite song, during which the table is spread with all sorts of luxuries for the starving peasantry. When the wicked feudal lord insists on becoming master of the magic cage, there comes to his invocation, not Azure Blue, but a great grey bird with yellow eyes, and sharp beak and claws, which shrieks loudly three times instead of singing, and is evidently meant to be a symbol of death, for the covetous tyrant dies the same night. "Azure Blue" is, we suppose, a Languedoc symbol of the love of Heaven, which fills the earth with the music of spring while it is preparing the bounty of autumn; and the grey bird with yellow eyes a symbol of the deadly wintry blight and famine which falls on ungrateful and covetous souls.

But while the mythologies of India and of Greece have called forth so large an amount of learning and research, and almost all the countries of Europe,—Germany, Scandinavia, Russia, Servia, and Italy, and hidden and remote corners like the Western Isles or comparatively untravelled districts of Yorkshire,—have been compelled to surrender their fairy tales and folk-lore, and to find themselves in ancient and honourable relation to the eldest races of our world, Hebrew folk-lore, with its startling, even astounding myths, has, so far as we know, excited little interest or attention; the stories are wonderful enough, but we fancy that the apostles of the solar hypothesis would not find it a very easy thing to compel them into their theory. The Talmuds are almost unknown and unexplored regions; no imagination seems so wild; and it is singular that size, dimension, seems to be the characteristic of these stories, some of them astoundingly grotesque, we believe utterly unlike anything that any other literature furnishes. Even in their odd mythologies, it seems, this people must "dwell alone, and not be reckoned among the nations."* The works of Wotton, referred to below, present the oddest agglomerations, abounding also with scenes, circumstances, and situations of so evidently a parabolic, sometimes of a pathetic nature, that we venture, believing they must be unknown to most readers, to give them a place in our brief review of the history of Myth and Parable,—and first, for instance, the following, concerning—

Schemhammphorasch.

And it will amuse our readers, and at the same time give some idea of the nature of the Talmud, if we select a few of these stories, as giving such strange interest to these mystical pages. The story of the Staff given to Adam, is one of these singular legends; it seems to be derived, through

* After all that has been written lately, and even from the pen of the Emanuel Deutch, Wotton's are the most interesting works. *The Traditions Jews; with the Expositions and Doctrines contained in the Talmud a Rabbinical Writings*, 1734.

Rabbi Elieser, from the Rabbi Levi. The "wondrous staff" was created between the stars, that is, in the evening, and given to Adam; Adam gave it to Enoch, Enoch to Noah, Noah to Shem, Shem to Abraham, Abraham to Isaac, Isaac to Jacob, Jacob carried it along with him into Egypt, and gave it to his son Joseph. When Joseph died, his household goods were seized and carried to the palace of Pharaoh; there was an inscription upon it, and when Pharaoh read it, he set an esteem upon the staff, and planted it in the midst of his garden; none but Pharaoh might approach it; but when Moses entered the garden, he drew near, read the inscription, laid hold upon it, and carried it away. The story varies a little; some describe it as having been found with the inscription in the garden of Jethro, his father-in-law; by some rabbis it is described as of the almond-tree; by others of the Talmudic writings, as cut from the tree of knowledge of good and evil; and when Moses had sinned, it is said that this staff was taken from him, for he had beaten the rock with it; but when he repented, another staff was given to him, made out of the tree of life; the inscription on this staff was the wonderful "Schemhammphorasch." This wonderful word, as our readers know, is the key which was given by the angel Michael to Pali, and by Pali to Moses. If "thou read Schemhammphorasch, then shalt thou understand the words of man, the words of cattle, the whistling of birds, the words of beasts, the voices of dogs, the language of devils, the language of ministering angels, the language of date-trees, the motion of the sea, the unity of hearts, and the murmuring of the tongue, nay even the thoughts of the reins." We have no idea in whose hands this staff is now, or who holds the key of Schemhammphorasch; but, judging from this description, the likeliest person to have possessed it in these later ages seems to have been Shakspeare; perhaps Goethe knew some of the letters.

A still more queer piece, but very illustrative of these Rabbinical myths, is what we may venture to speak of as—

The Adventures of Moses.

When Moses received the Law, say the most celebrated of these rabbins, he went into heaven, and he met there with marvellous adventures, not unlike those which the Koran recites of Mahomet and Gabriel. Before he ascended, a cloud came and placed itself before him; he went into it and walked about in it as a man walks about on the earth, for indeed it was a kind of chariot of conveyance to him, as it is written, "And Moses went into the midst of the cloud." But when the doorkeeper of heaven, Kémuel, the angel who is set over the twelve thousand angels of destruction, who stand before the doors of destruction, met him, he said, "Whence, thou son of Amram, this desire of thine to pass into the place of the fiery angels?" And Moses said, "I come by the command of the Holy and Blessed God, to receive the Law, and to carry it down to the Israelites." But Kémuel still opposed his passage, therefore Moses

struck him down, and beat him such blows as wounded him, and even thought of destroying him out of the creation. Then Moses went on up into the firmament, and there he met the angel Hadarniel, of whom it is said, that he is sixty thousand leagues higher than his companion, and that with every word he utters issue twelve thousand darts of light. He met Moses, and said, "What business hast thou in this place of exalted saints?" And Moses was struck with fear, and tears gushed from his eyes, and he was ready to fall from the cloud; but the Holy and Blessed God had compassion on him, and said to Hadarniel, "From the day that I created thee thou hast been a very quarrelsome angel. When I created man thou wast dissatisfied, and said to Me, 'What is man that Thou regardest him?' And now thou art spiteful against him who is faithful in My house, and whom I have called hither to receive My Law." When Hadarniel heard the Holy and Blessed God, he said, "Lord of the World, Thou knowest that I was ignorant of Thy permission for his coming hither. Now I will be his harbinger, and walk before him as a servant walks before his master." Then he bowed himself before Moses, and went before him till he came unto the fire of the angel Sandelson. Then he spoke to Moses, and said, "Go back, for I dare not tarry, lest the fire of Sandelson should destroy me." And when Moses saw Sandelson, he trembled with fear, and tears gushed again from his eyes, and again he was ready to fall from the cloud. Then he prayed to God for mercy, and he was heard for the love that God bore for Israel, and the Lord descended from His throne of glory, and stood before Moses till he had passed the fire of Sandelson, as it is written, "And the Lord passed before him, and proclaimed," etc. When Moses had passed by Sandelson he came to Rigjon, the fiery river, which is set and kept in a flame by fiery angels, and in which they all bathe themselves, and whose source is under the throne of glory; and God led Moses from this river, and, immediately after, Moses was met by Galizur, surnamed Rasiel, at the sight of whom Moses trembled; but God protected him. But when he had passed by Rasiel, he was met by an immense company of dreadful angels, of most fierce aspect. These surrounded the throne of glory, and were the strongest and mightiest of all the angels. They opposed him with their fiery breath; flames issued from their mouths ready to consume him, because he was come to carry away the Law, which they wished to keep in heaven for themselves. Then the Lord clothed Moses with the brightness of His glory, and He said to Moses, "Since they wish to keep the Law to themselves, talk to them and give them an answer." And Moses said, "It is written in the Law, 'I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt.' Have you served in Egypt? or have you been carried from thence, that you have need of a law? It written, 'Thou shalt have no other gods but me.' Have you any idol amongst you, that you want a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not the name of the Lord thy God in vain.' Have you any busi ss you that requires the obligation of an oath? Again, it is '

member the Sabbath,' etc. Have you any labour among you that you have need of rest on the Sabbath? It is written, 'Honour thy father and mother.' Have you any parents among you to honour and respect? It is written, 'Thou shalt not kill.' Is there any blood shed among you, that you must have a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' Have you women among you, that you need the restraint of a law? It is written, 'Thou shalt not steal.' Are there any goods among you in the firmament, that you stand in need of a law.' It is written, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Have you false witnesses? It is written, 'Thou shalt not covet.' Have you houses, lands, vineyards, that you need this law?" Then the ministering spirits gave up the discussion, and they sang, "Glorious is the Lord, our Ruler; glorious is Thy name in all the land." And God taught Moses the Law ten days. Then the Angel of the Covenant delivered the Law unto Moses, and all the angels were instantly his friends. And they communicated the secret of names to him, and said, "Thou hast ascended on high; thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts from men." The Angel of Death also delivered something to him; as it is written, "He put on incense, and made atonement for the sins of the people."

This is one of the more sublime legends; but some stir no feelings of reverence.

Reverent as the associations are, our next citation has features of drollery; and we may mention, in passing, that this is one of the few of these legends which have analogies in some of our mediæval and monkish stories.

The Angel of Death Outwitted.

One of the Talmud treatises contains the story of Rabbi Jehosha Ben Levi getting into paradise by outwitting the Angel of Death; he was a perfectly righteous man, and when the time approached when he must die, the Holy and Blessed God said to the Angel of Death, "Comply with all that he requireth of thee." And the Angel of Death drew near to Jehosha, and said, "The time is near when thou must depart this life; I will grant thee what thou requirest." And the rabbi said, "My request unto thee is, that thou wilt show me my place in paradise." And the angel said, "Go along with me, and I will show it thee." And the rabbi said, "Give me thy sword or knife, that thou mayest not therewith surprise me." And the angel delivered into his hands his sword, and then they went up together till they came unto the walls of paradise; and when they were come up to the walls, the angel raised Rabbi Jehosha up, and set him upon them; then jumped Rabbi Jehosha Ben Levi from the wall, and descended into paradise. But the Angel of Death, being quick, caught hold of the skirts of his coat, and said, "Do thou come out of that." But the rabbi swore by the name of God, that being there he would not come out from thence, and the Angel of Death had not power to enter in.

There was consternation among the angels, and they said, "O Thou Holy and Blessed God, behold what this son of Levi hath done." And the Blessed God said, "See if he hath ever before sworn or broken an oath." And they said, "He hath never, in all the days of his life, broken an oath." And then God said, "Is it so? Then he shall not go out." Then, when the Angel of Death saw that he could not drive him out, he said to him, "Give me my sword." But Rabbi Jehosha refused, till a voice came from heaven, saying, "Give him the sword." And the rabbi said to the Angel of Death, "Swear to me then, that thou wilt not be seen by any man or creature when thou takest away their souls." For before that, the angel did openly, before the face of every one, slay mankind, even the infant in its mother's lap; and the Angel of Death did swear in that hour, and the rabbi gave him his sword. Therefore, from that hour, neither the Angel of Death nor his sword have been seen when he strikes. And the angels exalted their voice, and they went before the rabbi, saying, "Make room for the son of Levi; make room for the son of Levi."

But one of the finest and most pathetic of these strange ingenuities of the imagination is—

The Death of Moses.

We have referred to the astonishing account of the entering of Moses into heaven, to receive the Law. Still more astonishing is the Talmudical account of his death. There was great joy to the Angel of Death, when he found that Moses was not to enter into the Promised Land; but the heart of Moses sank within him, and he prayed that, if not permitted to enter into the land of Israel, he might live in the world, and not die. But God said, "If thou diest not in this world, how can I gather thee to the life to come?" And Moses perceived that he could not avoid the path of death, even if he were permitted to assume the form of any creature, and then he said of God, "He is the Rock; His work is perfect; all His ways are a judgment; a God of truth, and without iniquity; just and upright is He." And he took a book and wrote therein "Shemhammphorasch," and God said to Gabriel, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." And Gabriel said, "O Thou Lord of the world, how can I see him die, who is equal in worth to sixty times ten thousand? How can I grieve him who deserveth well?" Then God spake unto Michael, and said, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." And Michael said, "O Thou Lord of the world, I have been his instructor, and he hath been my disciple, and can I see him die?" And then God said to the wicked Sammael, "Go and bring me the soul of Moses." But Moses was writing "Schemhammphorasch," and Sammael trembled. And Moses said, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicl and thou shalt not take from me my soul." And he pursued him, a took, by means of Schemhammphorasch, the horn of his glory fr

between his eyes, and one of his eyes he blinded; and Moses prevailed. But a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "The hour of thy death is upon thee, Moses." And Moses said, "Remember, O Lord, the day in which Thou didst appear to me in the fiery bush, and remember my standing before Thee on Mount Sinai, forty days and forty nights, and deliver me not, I pray Thee, into the hands and power of the Angel of Death." And a voice was heard from heaven, saying, "Fear not, I will take care of thee, and bury thee." Then Moses arose, and sanctified himself after the manner of the seraphim, and then the holy and blessed God descended from the highest heavens, accompanied by the three mighty angels—Gabriel, Michael, and Sagsagel—to receive the soul of Moses. Michael made ready Moses's bed, Gabriel spread over it a sheet of the finest linen; Sagsagel stood at the feet, Michael on one side, and Gabriel on the other side at the head. Then said the holy and blessed God unto Moses, "Moses, close thine eyelids," and Moses closed his eyelids; then God said to him, "Lay thine hand upon thy breast," and Moses laid his hand upon his breast. Then God said to him, "Lay thy feet one upon the other," and Moses laid his feet one upon the other, and in the same hour God called the soul of Moses out of his body, saying to her, "My daughter, one hundred and twenty years had I allotted thee to dwell in the body of Moses, the time hath come for thee to depart out of it; come forth, and tarry not." Then the soul of Moses cried unto God, "I know that Thou art the Lord of all spirits and of all souls, and that the souls of the living and the dead are in Thy hand; Thou didst create and form me, and hast upheld me in the body of Moses one hundred and twenty years, is there a body which is now purer than the body of Moses? No! therefore I love him and cannot depart from him." Then said God, "Soul, come forth and tarry not, and I will convey thee to the highest heaven, and place thee under the throne of My glory among the cherubim and seraphim, and will set thee over the host." In that same hour did the holy and blessed God kiss Moses, and seized his soul with a kiss,—and God wept.

This wonderful tradition must have been known to Dr. Watts, and thus have formed the foundation of those wondrously sweet verses on the death of Moses:—

"Sweet was the journey to the sky
The wond'rous prophet tried,
'Climb up the mount,' said God, 'and die;'
The prophet climbed and died.

"Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kissed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

"In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own Spirit gave:
His was the noblest path to death,
And his the sweetest grave."

It is in the possession of such curiosities as these, amidst heaps of the most worthless trash, that we have been disposed to place the chief value of the *Talmud*. Its wild visionary poetry, audacious and defiant to all common sense, seems to us much more entertaining,—we had almost written valuable,—than its nice refining, but purposeless readings of the law.

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And before we lay down these curious and entertaining traditions, we will refer to what has always seemed to us the sweetest, the dream of the River Sabatjon, or the Sabbath river, because its waves always rested on the Sabbath, but began to swell and roll immediately when the Sabbath—the seventh day—was over. This is the river, say the Talmudists, concerning which it is written, "There is a river whose streams make glad the City of God." People outside the kingdom of the Hebrews appear to have heard of it, and even to have believed in it, for Pliny mentio[illegible] his Natural History, saying, it was to be found in the land of J[illegible]

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We might fill many pages with the story of the legends of the shadowy mystical river.

To turn to the other department of this volume:—The unity of the popular proverb is quite as remarkable as the unity of the popular tale, and both seem to affirm the unity of the race, alike in its life of prudence and its life of imagination: indeed, although proverb and parable seem to exhibit different and varying faculties of the mind, they are not so far apart. The proverb is frequently a condensed picture, an exercise of the imagination, or fancy, but for the most part, limiting itself to the prudential side of life. The parable, or fable, does this also, but more frequently rises to a higher order of thought, vision, or emotion. But it is singular to remark how proverbs abide, what a continuous vitality they have, and how, like the parable, they emigrate; so that proverbs in most frequent use among us are often the mere translations of the proverbs of ancient ages and remote countries. D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, refers to the *Proverbs of John Heywood*, originally printed in 1546.* On every

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That river sleeps alway."

We might fill many pages with the story of the legends of the shadowy mystical river.

To turn to the other department of this volume:—The unity of the popular proverb is quite as remarkable as the unity of the popular tale, and both seem to affirm the unity of the race, alike in its life of prudence and its life of imagination: indeed, although proverb and parable seem to exhibit different and varying faculties of the mind, they are not so far apart. The proverb is frequently a condensed picture, an exercise of the imagination, or fancy, but for the most part, limiting itself to the prudential side of life. The parable, or fable, does this also, but more frequently rises to a higher order of thought, vision, or emotion. But it is singular to remark how proverbs abide, what a continuous vitality they have, and how, like the parable, they emigrate; so that proverbs in most frequent use among us are often the mere translations of the proverbs of ancient ages and remote countries. D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature,* refers to the *Proverbs of John Heywood,* originally printed in 1546.* On every

* "The Proverbs of John Heywood. Being the 'Proverbes' of that author printed 1546. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Julian Sharman." London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden. 1874.

[illegible] philosophy: "*Even the miser does good—when he dies;*" [illegible] "*God is treasurer to the* [illegible]" "*Better a penny in the pocket than in the heart;*" "*No* [illegible] *through thick and thin*" though, on the contrary, [illegible] "*He who [illegible] with his* [illegible]" "*[illegible] which the ass.*" Some of the proverbs [illegible] are very good: "*He who has lost* [illegible]" "*[illegible] than a thousand* [illegible]" and what patience there is in these — "[illegible]" and, "*Summer is the* [illegible]" and what an expression of the fierceness of the [illegible] with suppressed passion, "*[illegible] the wise man loses the* [illegible]" "*[illegible] makes a father;*" the [illegible] "*[illegible] makes a [illegible]*" And some [illegible] are [illegible] as "*[illegible]*" This is something like our "[illegible]." [illegible] In the other hand, they say, [illegible] "*[illegible] pocket.*" The peculiar [illegible] such things as these is very curious. The proverb seems a [illegible] [illegible] will talk more than they write, or [illegible] as the [illegible] says, "*Proverbs are the* [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible] says, "and this for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

history of the Jews. In the long wandering which brought them from the Holy Land to Germany, they seem to have lost their proverbs on the way. The nickname of "*a Titus*," which they give to every persecutor of their race, preserves their traditionary recollections of a man whom all the world besides accepts as a model of virtue. The characters mentioned in Scripture occur abundantly in their proverbs. "*Drunk as Lot*," "*Poor as Job*," "*Treacherous as Haman*," "*False as Laban*," are proverbs derived in no way from tradition, but simply from hearing Scripture read in their synagogue. The hypocrisy of Esau is quaintly recorded in the proverb, "*Esau gives tithes of straw*"—the story being, that he tried to give his father a high idea of his piety by consulting him as to the duty of giving to the poor tithes of thrashed-out straw. A still more curious legendary proverb is that which sets up Korah as the type of intense avarice. A German Jew says of a miser, "*He is a Korah*."

A few of the proverbs,—but they are a small proportion,—go a step further, and commemorate personages whose existence is only attested by tradition. "*The patience of Hillel*" is an adage that celebrates the virtues of a Jewish rabbi who is said to have lived about thirty years before Christ. His legend is remarkable in that, among other things, it puts into his mouth a view of the essentials of morality very similar to that afterwards laid down by the Divine Author of Christianity. A Gentile is said to have come to him, and demanded that, while he stood on one leg, Hillel should teach him the whole law. "Well, my son," said Hillel, "never do to others that which is hateful to yourself—that is the foundation of the law. All the rest is only commentary." But the historical interest of these proverbs does not go beyond these few references to Talmudical traditions. Occasionally, a curious exotic specimen of Gentile history, strangely naturalized, makes its appearance among these legends. By help of the Arabic learning of Spain, the Jews have come to entertain a great reverence for the wisdom of Aristotle, in spite of the Talmud's habitual denunciations of Greek wisdom; and the vast majority of the Jews were accustomed to quote Aristotle as a very learned Jew. A still stranger case of naturalization is the cosmopolitan King Arthur, whose curious fate it has been to have been hero-worshipped by every other race more than by his own. The German Jews have not been behindhand in the general enthusiasm. The wealth of King Arthur's court is still a proverb among them; and there exists in German-Jewish,—an uncouth compound of Hebrew and Low German,—a poem in rhyme upon King Arthur's Glories. Their proverbial literature seems to have been by no means repulsive of foreign elements. Bits of French not unfrequently make their appearance, and add a new element of confusion to their barbarous *patois*. *Schmues puriendis* is their phrase for idle chatter and gossip; of which *schmues* comes from *schemúoth*, Hebrew for "talk," and *puriendis* is a corruption of *pour rien dire*.

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pations, the Jews for many centuries must have been more wholly given up to the ritual observances of their religion than the Pharisee in the parable himself. These sayings have constant reference to something either in the Law, or the commentaries, or the services of the synagogue. But they are by no means always respectful in their allusions. What an author * calls the "Folk's-wit" of the German Jews seems to have been for centuries very familiar with their religion, and at the same time very critical. Anything very long and tedious is popularly nicknamed "a litany." Any very foolish conversation goes by the name of "Sabbath-talk." If a man praises his own actions or productions, his friends say of him, "He says Ki-tob thereupon"—ki-tob being the Hebrew for "it was *good*" in the text of Genesis—"And He saw that it was good;" and so on through a whole string of instances. It used to be the habit to nickname a man upon whom, in the present day, we should serve an order of affiliation, "a green Messiah"—*i.e.*, a Messiah in a hunting-dress; but this appears to have been connected with the remains of a popular superstition rather than with any intentional irreverence. It had its origin, like the notion of the "incubus" in the Middle Ages, in the ingenious appeal to popular credulity made by ladies implicated. Many other references of the kind were rather familiar than irreverent. Two friends who are always together would be laughed at by the titles of two chapters in Exodus which are always read together in the yearly cycle. But if the two friends were of an unsavoury reputation, they would then be honoured by the titles of two of the least edifying chapters of Leviticus, which are also always read together. But the sentiment most strongly and constantly expressed by these proverbs is a horror of hypocrites and over-righteous men, the two being by no means very strongly distinguished in a Jew's mind. "*The pig sticks out his foot to show that he is clean.*" is a pithy adage to designate the hypocrite that tries to put the best face he can upon his vices—the pig having, in his cloven hoof, half the proofs of cleanness, but being numbered among the unclean animals because he does not also chew the cud.

All peoples have their proverbs. Negroes and Creoles are rich in them; Mr. J. J. Thomas, in his Theory and Practice of Creole Grammar, gives us many; indeed, the portion of the work which has more than a philological interest is contained in the concluding chapters of "idioms" and "proverbs." We subjoin a handful of these at random; the first is pretty well known already:—

"*Cockroach is never in the right before the fowl.*"
"*When cockroach give party, him nebber invite fowl.*"
"*Shoes alone know if stockings have holes.*"
"*Work is no evil; it is the eyes which are cowards.*"
"*Words must die that men may live.*"
"*Fat doesn't feel.*"

* M. Tendlau.

"Talk is the ears' food."
"Behind dog, it's 'Dog'; before dog, it's 'Mr. Dog.'"
"Glasses in mourning for their grandmother." [*i.e.*, very dirty.]
"He is an apothecary's knife." [*i.e.*, one that cuts both ways.]
"If you play with puppy, him will lick your mouth." *

It will be seen at once that the people amongst whom such sayings are current must be a shrewd and observant race, not without depth of insight. Of course, the stamp of the days of slavery remains still strongly marked upon the language; thus, as Mr. Thomas points out, the cockroach is the well-known symbol of the negro, who could never be in the right before his master. The profound saying, "Words must die that men may live," brings up at once that terrible slave-world in which silence was too often the only safety for the slave, and almost his first duty towards his fellows.

But the saying, alas! applies to the very idiom in which it is expressed. *Patois* itself must "die, that men may live." Even Creole, with all its pretensions, has been swept away within the memory of living man from well-nigh all Louisiana. With the advance of education it is losing itself again in French, it is retreating before English. Within the next century, probably, Mr. Thomas's work will only be a literary gravestone, commemorating its existence.

What is a proverb? Earl Russell's definition was a good one, but it seems scarcely sufficient:—"*The wit of one, the wisdom of many.*" Ward, the well-known Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon in the time of Charles the Second, has, in his Diary demanded six things in a proverb; as a saying it must be 1, short; 2, plain; 3, common; 4, figurative; 5, ancient; 6, true. Compared with Earl Russell's happy saying, which has in itself the wit, incisiveness, and popular ring of a proverb, Mr. Ward's is cumbrous, and a plain person might read all the particulars over and still fail to realize the idea of a proverb. Mr. Edwin Johnson, in his bright, brief life of Erasmus, introductory to the apophthegms, truly says, "The natural history, as it might be termed, of proverbs or apophthegms, forms a curious subject of study. Very happily Tennyson has described them as

> "'Jewels five words long,
> That on the stretched forefinger of all time
> Sparkle for ever;'

and indeed it is seldom easy to fix their exact origin, to trace them to their matrix. They resemble winged seeds, which find an accidental lodgment here or there, on any projecting spot of earth that may offer." Perhaps, in a great and competent collection of proverbs now, it would be only just to include many of the bright, sharp, sententious words abounding especially in our modern literature; they are fairly redundant in Bulwer Lytton; but Jerrold was a master in this kind of lore. Jerrold's books are like pincushions, they seem to be made, not for themselves, but to stick

* *The Theory and Practice of Creole Grammar*, by J. J. Thomas. Port of Spain, Trinidad, 1869.

[illegible] style in which he writes, it must [illegible] and it sparks; but it is full of smar[illegible] tendency to make a reader fe[illegible] sharpness and the pit[illegible] —"Jerrold, whatever coat [illegible] though it may be as full of hole[illegible] as though it were [illegible] man in this world who has an eye [illegible] It is an extravagance [illegible] maker." He describes [illegible] dark lantern." One of his [illegible] "I kissed, and promised, [illegible] was lost in the coral reefs!" [illegible] would not be such dirty work [illegible] their pockets." "Let us look [illegible] who makes the elephant [illegible] makes the ass dangerous! He [illegible] the pepper and sp[illegible] [illegible] the barometer [illegible] which [illegible] demand [illegible] [illegible] make an[illegible]

"I got nothing to say agin' Craig, only it's a pity he couldn't be hatched over again, and hatched different."

"If I see the cat in the dairy, I don't wonder what she's come after."

"It's hard work to tell which is old Harry when everybody's got their boots on."

All these are real proverbs—sharp bright words which fit into a universal experience. We may have occasion in the course of our volume to quote some of the sayings and couplets of John Stirling, which have all the piquant sauce of the proverb.

And this is the characteristic of the proverb; this gives to it what we have called its unity, that, as has been so truly said, "there is so much of human nature everywhere." Men may differ in the varieties of race, in forms of fancy and poetry, in faiths and religions, in circumstances and latitude, in a word,—as a droll old friend of ours used to say, —"in the surroundings wherewith they are surrounded;" but the common sense of life is everywhere very much the same. Of course we are not forgetting that there are other proverbs which rise higher,—especially, as we have said, where books are rare, where men think more than they read, or even more than they speak—the children of the desert and the forest—the Arab and the Red Indian, and many other tribes beside—the children of Brittany. That was very much like a proverb, when a French revolutionist said to a Breton peasant, "Ah! I'll have all your steeples pulled down, and your churches, that you may never be reminded of your old superstitions." "But," said the peasant, "you will be obliged to leave us the stars!" That Breton prayer has much of the proverb in it—"*My God, remember me! Thy sea is so vast, and my boat is so small.*" And it is from such people in their highest moods that those parables and fables have come which look most like the proverb; as a Persian says, "A gourd wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks almost climbed to the very top:—'How old may'st thou be?' asked the new comer. 'About a hundred years,' was the answer. 'A hundred years, and no taller! Why, only look, I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years!' 'I know that well,' said the palm; 'every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be!'"

"*The crow thinketh her own bird the fairest in the wood;*" the like to which we find a parable in Dr. Dasent's Norse Tales. "A sportsman went out once into a wood to shoot, and he met a snipe. 'Dear friend,' said the snipe, 'don't shoot my children!' 'How shall I know your children?' asked the sportsman, 'what are they like?' 'Oh,' said the snipe, 'mine are the prettiest children in all the wood.' 'Very well,' said the sportsman, 'I'll not shoot them; don't be afraid.' But for all that, when he came back, there he had a whole string of young snipes in his hand, which he had shot. 'Oh, oh,' said the snipe, 'why

[illegible] 'What! these your children?' [illegible] the ugliest I could find,—that I [illegible] know that each one [illegible] world.' [illegible] —thus,—"*All round* [illegible] Mr. Carew Hazlett [illegible] a number of the *Leisure* [illegible] a circumstance associated [illegible] was a phrase [illegible] to which un- [illegible] waste paper by their [illegible] notes [illegible] to [illegible] pasty [illegible] so that [illegible] authorship.' Now, [illegible] of this [illegible] as the [illegible] November [illegible] [illegible]

I.

CONCERNING THE CITY OF PROVERB.

I DO not know how it has come about that the use of the proverb is usually supposed to indicate a want of refinement; "No man of fashion," says Lord Chesterfield, "ever uses a proverb." No doubt with the age of fastidiousness, and in that superfluity of speech which such an age always brings, proverbs go out of use. The proverb is too curt, blunt, and honest. In an age which measures its dignity by the precepts of the dancing-master, proverbs are, of course, unfashionable; they are esteemed as contemptible old saws, and the worn-out garments, or at best the faded tassels of old-world society. And yet the most famous scholars have not disdained them. One of the noblest collections of the most ancient proverbs is that of Erasmus. Aristotle did not think it beneath him to write a treatise upon them; and Plato in one age, and Plutarch in another, availed themselves of them. But they probably grew upon the tree of speech before its foliage was so full of leaves as it usually is in the age of fashion and refinement, which has also usually been the time when peoples and manners have declined, although their intercourse has seemed more polite. And yet, as to the dignity which appears to be sacrificed when speech indulges in the homeliness of the proverb,—if the proverb belong to an age of comparative taciturnity, when men thought more and talked less,—the Spanish has usually been regarded as a very dignified character, and the Spanish language teems to overflowing with proverbs. Here we have lying under our eye two old folio Spanish dictionaries, the one by Pedro Pineda, and the other by Captain John Stevens, marvellously rich in proverbs—pretty well the half of each bulky folio made up of Spanish proverbs and their expositions. We must look at the inscriptions on some of the old bricks of the great Proverb City as we walk along. Mr. Thornbury too, in his entertaining book on "Life in Spain," has gathered and grouped a number of proverbs into one of the most interesting chapters in his volumes. Your Spaniard is an exceedingly dignified person; but it seems as if he can only hold intercourse with you by proverbs, and when, says Mr. Thornbury, a cigar is not in his mouth, a proverb is coming out of it. Spanish wit is, it seems, compounded of proverbs—what millions there must be floating about all over the country; the proverb is the Spaniard's shield and stiletto; and if you travel in Spain you are pelted with proverbs everywhere. As it was in the days of Cervantes and of Sancho Panza, so it is now. If a Spaniard have not any great quantity of pecuniary small change in his pocket, he has plenty of these pieces of mental coin on his tongue ever ready. His country has been very badly off for books—indeed, books wear out proverbs—so the Spaniard has cultivated this sauce for

taciturnity, and he sanctifies by its use his everlasting propensity to smoke. "*He who smokes makes his own cloud, and need not care how the sky is.*" "*One cannot always have the church censer under one's nose.*" Not that all their proverbs are in honour of their cigar. "*A cloak covers everything.*" "*There is many a good drinker under a ragged cloak.*" "*A draught is like a bull, you should never get in its way.*" "*Long tongues want scissors.*" "*Jewellers' daughters have diamond eyes.*" Some of the proverbs of Spain, too, not only speak plainly of the old sad Reformation days, but contain also a promise of that Reformation Spain seems to be attempting to accomplish now. One says, "*We pray for saints, but we don't want so many of them;*" and another, "*If God pleases, and John comes, we will turn Peter out of doors,*" again, "*The devil gets up into the belfry by the vicar's skirts.*" Thus, notwithstanding the intensely Romanist character of Spain, many of those proverbs, which are the common sense of a people, the common colloquial life, have a very doubtful Romanist tendency. The proverb is quite a chief national characteristic of Spain, but most of the proverbs speak out the lazy Orientalism of the people; still a pair of good ones are, "*A partridge frightened is half cooked,*" and "*God made us, and we wonder at it.*" Spain prides itself much upon its dignity of character; but, notwithstanding the verdict of Chesterfield, the Spanish proverb is as remarkable a property of the country as its architecture, its painting, or its laziness. But perhaps its inertia and its proverb utterances have developed themselves side by side; its art was an older, nobler growth, and there are proverbs likely to grow out of the experience of a prostrate people. A proverb may be at once the most persuasive and enigmatical form of speech—"a dark saying" in a word, as the parable is rather "a dark saying" in a song.

Shakspeare, with his usual wisdom, knew too that even popular revolutions are winged by proverbs; in his *Coriolanus*, he represents Caius Marcius expressing his contempt of the Roman people, who had just poured forth a troop of proverbs expressive of their misery :—

> "Hang 'em!
> They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
> *That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,*
> *That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not*
> *Corn for the rich men only*—with these shreds
> They vented their complainings."

It is in harmony with what we have before said, that a brooding bitterness knits up speech to the tightness of whipcord among people who are unable to revolt or rebel. Dark speeches, concentrated but full of meaning, go wandering about, until at last they are gathered like thunderbolts and hurled at the heads of their tyrants; as in the fi expression of Sir James Mackintosh,—an expression which contai much of the proverb and the parable combined,—"They rise and br their chains upon the heads of their oppressors."

All things are symbols, as one of our poetesses very sweetly expresses it:—

"All things are symbols, and we find
In morning's lovely prime,
The active history of the mind
In its own early time:

"And thus unto the poet's gaze
A thousand colours rise,
The beautiful, which soon decays,
The buoyant, which soon dies."

I suppose all symbolism,—all symbolic forms,—and the whole science of heraldry, had originally much the same purpose as proverbs and parables; they are significative; these also are eminently significative, they are spoken signs. When the smouldering fires of revolution broke out in the Netherlands, at the close of the fifteenth century, the people, crushed by war and cruel taxation, gathered together beneath a banner on which was the picture of a saint, at whose feet were seen a coarse loaf and a green cheese; this was all they wanted. They wore round their necks, like an order, a piece of bread and cheese, and they called themselves "*The Order of Bread and Cheese;*" this was their proverb and parable. Sad it seems in God's rich and redundant earth that men should have to revolt who wanted so little; and when this Order was extinguished—for it was soon extinguished—in a year or two rose a new league; and as the knightly order was permitted to wear boots, and peasants were only allowed to wear rough shoes, or, as they were called, "clouted shoon," the league was called "*The Order of the Clouted Shoon,*" or the "*Bund Shuh;*" and they had a banner on which was painted, on a ground half white and half blue, a clouted shoe, at the foot of the Saviour on the cross, with the inscription, "*Nothing but the justice of God.*" This was their proverb and parable. The story is one of the most interesting in the history of Germany. Men have always sought for mystic signs, and in great popular movements have folded up their speech into sharp watchwords, which have been like trumpet-calls or volleys of artillery. Sometimes they have been given out by telegraphic letters as a fleet has moved into action, or thundered out by the leader at the head of his army; they all partake of the nature of the proverb—short, quick, and quickening sentences, perhaps not always pictorial, but usually effective. And there are words which great men have uttered in moments of their own despondency, or of great national depression, or when they were on the eve of some great triumph, which have ever since retained their place in the language, which also, in their pith and point, have retained ever since the power of the proverb, and which men will never allow to die; such as that saying of the dying Wolsey, "*If I had served my God as faithfully as I have served my king, He would not have cast me off in my grey hairs;*" such words as Latimer's,—chained to the stake while the sharp flames were consuming his body,—"*Cheer up, Brother*

[illegible]

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killed a cat," and yet they say a cat has nine lives. Yet, *"Man is born to trouble as surely as the sparks fly upwards."* No one can escape the fangs of care. Old Burton says, "You may as soon separate weight from lead, heat from fire, moisture from water, and brightness from the sun, as misery, discontent, care, calamity, and danger from man." Poor old Burton! pity his wisdom did not make him wiser; he committed suicide. John Stirling, in one of his wise, proverbial verses, says:—

"To those who prattle of despair,
Some friend, methinks, might wisely say,
Each day, no question, has its care,
But also every care its day."

An old poet says:—

"We urge in vain the courser's pace,
The stag's device in vain we learn,
While *care* maintains an equal race,
While dogg'd by fate at every turn.

"In vain we rear the soaring mast,
And spread the swelling sail in vain,
Care, swifter than the viewless blast,
O'ertakes us on the stormy main.

"For not a vessel cleaves the tide
But misery finds a cabin there,
Love, malice, envy, climb her side,
And freight her with corroding *care*.

"'Tis well to praise her burnished deck,
Her gallant trim, and hearts of oak;
Oh, many a heart has suffered wreck,
And many a tender cord is broke.

"What then remains, if hope be vain,
From canvas wing and breezes fair?
Reverse the sage's moral strain,*
Confront the fell pursuer—*care*."

Turn round and say to care, "What do you mean by it?" *"Care is a coward, and flies from the fearless."* We have heard the old story of the man who contemplated suicide, and, in order to nerve his hand and prepare himself for the moment, had in a bottle of wine and his pipe of tobacco; and as the clouds rolled up, and as the warm spirit of the wine enlivened him, the thought of suicide became less and less agreeable, and he gave up the idea altogether. There is an anodyne for every fretful nature, *"Si gravis brevis, si longus levis." "If it is very severe and heavy, it can't last; if it is long, it is light and may be borne."* For *"He who loses money loses much, he who loses a friend loses more, but he who loses his spirits loses all."* And over and above all this, faith

* *"And since 'tis vain to combat, learn to fly."*

[illegible] and the Saviour's word,

[illegible] related to another,

[illegible] as the most unprofit-

[illegible] our sermons.

[illegible] sentiments to which

[illegible] Horace in-

[illegible] admiration,

[illegible] image to the

[illegible] having

[illegible] of blasts

[illegible] and orchards

[illegible] lived to look

[illegible] which

[illegible] in which

Giant Despair, and the splendid palace and large estates of *Toomuch*, there dwelt a benevolent fairy named *Enough*. Within her beautiful domain there reigned perfect peace and happiness, yet few people ever chose to stop there; they constantly passed through, and seldom seemed to admire the beauty of the spot. Those who had escaped from the clutches of *Toolittle* made all possible haste to reach the fatal land of *Toomuch;* while very often those who were already there fancied themselves to be suffering from the tyranny of *Toolittle*, and did not discover their mistake until they really fell into the grasp of that grim giant and his tormentors. It has always been a rare thing to find any who owned their love for the benevolent *Enough*, and enjoyed the repose of her protection. Contentment has been called the true philosopher's stone, turning all it touches into gold; while, on the contrary, we have heard of the fool who sought to turn lead into gold. He failed, indeed, to do that, but found it not so difficult to turn gold into lead. Holmes has satirized the contentment of some who are rather fond of the sentiment that "Man wants but little here below"—

"Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;
One good-sized diamond in a pin—
Some, *not so large*, in rings—
A ruby and a pearl or so
Will do for me—I laugh at show."

Contentment is a refined, a blessed, and a beautiful virtue, but it does not imply want of energy. It should not be the inertia of the soul, but *satis*faction; it is a sense of *contain*ment—in a word, *enough*. Eliza Cook's lines are almost proverbial:—

"Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay
Because it is not clover;
Give to me the happy mind,
That can always seek and find
Something good and something kind,
All the wide world over.

"We may be poor, but then I guess
Our troubles with our pomps are less;
And those who wear a russet dress
Need never fear the rumpling.
And though champagne froth seldom hums
Between our fingers and our thumbs,
Red apoplexy seldom comes
To dine with plain stone dumpling."

end?" "End there!" said the king. "What, stop short in so glorious a career? No; having conquered so far, Carthage with all Africa, Macedonia with all Greece, will be sure to yield to us." "And when we have achieved all this," said Cineas, "how shall we dispose of ourselves?" "Why, then," said the king, "I think we may live at our ease." "Oh, my king," said the philosopher, "what prevents us from doing all this now? Why should we go so far in search of happiness when it is already in our power, and pay so dear for what it is quite uncertain whether we shall ever obtain?" I am afraid this will be thought rather an ignoble, little morality; and it will be said, if the race in general acted upon the principle of Cineas, nations would be very poor and men very poor spirited. But it is not impossible to carry the spirit of contentment even into the energies of active life, when we attempt to extend ourselves without tripping up our neighbour. But, indeed, this last is a sad mark upon the times in which we live. We are monopolists. The Chinese say, "*A bird can roost only on one branch; a mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river.*" But there are many amongst us whom no number of branches can supply with a nest large enough, and whom no river can fill. No man seems to be satisfied with his own business; he takes up so many others. We might think there was a great scarcity of labourers in the market, men seem to attend to so many things. To whom can you apply the Arab proverb, "*His eye is full*"? The Scotch one would be much more suitable, "*He'll get enough one day, when his mouth is full of mould.*" Hence it is that "*The greedy man and the cheat soon agree.*" And all our groans about the adulteration everywhere, alike in our food and our finery, our knick-knacks and our necessities, arise from this; and "*Two hungry meals make the third a glutton.*" There is wisdom in the old saying, *Dimidium plus toto.* "*The half is better than the whole.*" "*Half a loaf is better than no bread.*" "*Too much of one thing is good for nothing.* "*One may be surfeited by eating tarts.*" "*Better a little fire to warm us than a big fire to burn us.*" "*Give me,*" says the Spanish, *the ass that carries me, rather than the horse that throws me.*"

There is a story of a rich old farmer who lived many ages since at Plymouth. He perceived that many of his neighbours, who traded on the sea, came home very rich, and lived in a very abundant manner; so he would go to sea too. He parted with his farms, sold all that he had, left his wife and children with friends, and traded into Spain; and his freight, with which he was returning, was in figs; but, upon his way home, a great hurricane of wind arose, the vessel had to be lightened, and overboard went crate after crate of his figs, while the poor man, as he saw them swimming away, or sinking out of sight, exclaimed, "Oh! there go my sheep, my oxen; there goes my farm, all that I have in this world!" And, instead of returning home rich, he came home poor—he had lost his all; but his neighbours pitied his folly. One gave him an ox, and another a horse, and so on, "until by sagacity and energy," says the story, "he had picked up all his crumbs again." But following the

plough, one fine day, in a field whence there was a good view of the sea, very still, and calm, and shining bright in the glorious sunshine, he bade his ploughboy stand still, while he looked towards it. "Ah," he said, "I see how it is with you. *You want more figs;* but your fine, smooth, bright looks shall never deceive me again. Drive on, boy." There are many things in the world which may strike a man of experience as the sea did the old farmer; they deceive, and they only put on a fair appearance, shining and resplendent, to deceive. The world itself is spoken of in the Book of Revelation as a "sea of glass," and it is said, too, to be "mingled with fire." The traveller in Switzerland crosses the *Mer de Glace*, the sea of ice or glass; but he has to do it with exceeding caution and care. At every step fissures yawn fearfully, sharp and cruel, too, as knives and razors; and so the world, where it is most glistening and resplendent, cracks and breaks asunder; its transparency allures to deceive, and few, however they may repent and grieve, are so wise as the old farmer, having been deceived once, to turn a back upon the enchantment or enchantress, to bethink them of the old proverb, "*Once bit, twice shy,*" and say, "*No, no; you only want more figs.*" This is the lesson of *Dimidium plus toto*, "*The half is better than the whole.*"

The dog caught at the shadow of a piece of meat in the water, so he lost that he had in his mouth. The ancients recommended the *Aurea mediocritas*, or the golden mean. A Spanish story tells us: "A dragon guarded with anxiety an immense treasure in a profound cave. He neither slept by day nor by night, for the purpose of guarding it. Two foxes, artful, flattering, and villains by profession, introduced themselves into his favour with their deceitful praises. Both were his intimate friends. Those who are the most courteous and officious are not always the most sincere. They rendered their compliments with the greatest submission, admired his idle fancies, and agreed with him in his opinions, and amused themselves by his ridiculous foolishness. Finally, one day he reposed himself, sleeping between his two confidants. They killed him and took possession of his treasure. It was necessary to divide the pillage—a point very delicate, and not easy to adjust, because two villains seldom agree, except in the execution of their crimes. One of them began to exhort the other in these words: 'In what way will all these riches benefit us? A young rabbit would be a prize to us more agreeable. We cannot make a meal of these doubloons, they are very indigestible. Men are great fools in wishing to obtain such imaginary riches. We ought not to be such foolish creatures as they are.' The other pretended that these reflections had made a powerful impression upon him, and assured his companion that in future he should be content to lead a philosophic life, and to leave his treasure entirely alone. Apparently both were disposed to abandon their badly acquired wealth; but, fi ly, they both fought till they had nearly destroyed each other. One of [illegible] -spiring, said to the other, who was as mortally wounded as hi [illegible] 'What did you intend to do with all that gold?' 'The same [illegible]

had proposed to do with it,' replied the other. A traveller, being informed of their dispute, told them that they were both stupid. 'So is the majority of the human race,' replied one of the foxes. 'Gold cannot serve you for food, and yet you assassinate each other for it. The foxes have been sufficiently wise, at least until now, to admire wealth as a useless thing. What you have introduced among you as a convenience has become your disgrace. You reject a substantial good merely to follow an imaginary one.'" Thus, in fact, we shall often find that we have to renounce the ambition to gain, in order that we may the more safely hold that which we possess.

Such proverbs, with their correspondences in parable, remind us of that other which, at first sight, seems quite occult, and altogether out of the way of cause and effect; the old proverb that "*Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands.*" Bishop Latimer, in one of his famous sermons, quotes this as a notable instance of bad logic, and tells the old story of Sir Thomas More going down by commission into Kent to discover the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and the shelf which stopped up the Sandwich Haven. There a venerable old man, who seemed to be little less than a hundred years of age, replied to Master More, in language which has become proverbial since:—"Forsooth," quoth he, "I am an old man, sir: I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands; for I am an old man. I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there; and before the Tenterden steeple was in building there was no manner of talking of any flats, or sands that stopped up the haven; and, therefore, I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the decay and destroying of Sandwich Haven." So reasoned the old man, and he has been laughed at ever since. But it is probable that the ancient father was a satirist in his way, and witty old Thomas Fuller puts quite another construction than that of folly upon his words; and, by his exposition of them, it appeared that, many ages since, money was collected out of the country to fence the east banks against the eruption of the sea. These sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester. The sea having been for some time quiet, the Bishop thought it unnecessary to expend the money on the purpose for which it had been levied, and with it built a steeple, and endowed the church at Tenterden. By-and-by, sands gather, wrecks are multiplied, making the coast a terror; and Sir Thomas More goes down to inquire into the cause. The old man utters his dark saying, perhaps under some fear in speaking out more plainly. He gets laughed at through all ages afterwards for a very foolish old father; yet he told a very rational tale after all. *Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands;* and probably Tenderden itself lost in its gain. It is not a difficult thing to see that, to those able to receive it, it is an illustration of *Dimidium plus toto.*

Amongst our cluster of Spanish proverbs, some of them may seem to many of our readers too eulogistic of cigars and smoking. Let us, then,

pick up two or three proverbs, or perhaps a parable, out of the kitchen. It seems to us that one of the best of proverbs is that old one, "*God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.*"

It is a great thing to know, not only what to eat, but how to eat it. "*They that serve the beast shall have no rest day nor night.*" And this might pass into a very fitting and descriptive proverb for many who mourn and wail night and day over their fits of dyspepsia and indigestion. It is very true,—"*Serve the stomach, and you serve the beast;*" and there are those whose days are passed in preparations for the dinner-table, and their nights beneath the tyranny of nightmare and harassing and disordered dreams. Hence the proverb, "*Better lose a supper than have a hundred physicians;*" but some read it another way, "*Better lose a hundred suppers than have one physician.*" "*Diet cures more than the lancet.*" "*A man has often more trouble to digest meat than to get meat.*" "*The difference between the poor man and the rich is, that the poor man walketh to get meat for his stomach, the rich, to get a stomach for his meat.*" Dr. Watts, in some very happy verses, has described and satirized those who only live to eat, and forget that the purpose of eating is to live:—

"There are a number of us creep
[illegible]to the world to eat and sleep,
[illegible]d know no reason why they're born
[illegible]ve to consume the flesh and corn;
Unlucky birds of hateful name,—
Ravens and crows,—might do the same.
Ravens and crows might fill their places,
And feed on corn and carcasses.
Then if their tombstones, when they die,
Bea'nt taught to flatter or to lie,—
Why then, what further can be said,
Than that they've ate up all their bread,
Drank up their drink, and gone to bed?"

"*The devil sends the cooks;*" it seems a coarse, strong proverb; but when we remember the enormous and horrible cruelties of the kitchen, the proverb seems very just; and when we remember the ridicul usages and inventions to please the taste and pamper the appetite, we become still more persuaded of its justice. Here is an extract from Soyer's "Modern Housewife."—"My dear Eloise,—Do not make any mistake in the way you describe the above receipts, which might be made very ridiculous if wrongly explained. For example, I once had an old French cookery-book in my hand which had the fifteenth edition stamped on its old brown leather cheek, in which a receipt for *Tête de veau à la poulette,*'—that is, a calf's head with white sauce, in which s onions and mushrooms are introduced,—read as follows; but, before describing it, allow me to indulge in a hearty laugh at the absurd man [illegible] which it is explained. It reads thus:—'First choose *your head* [illegible] and as fat as you can! then plunge it into two gallons of [illegible] must be nearly boiling, in a pan on the fire! Let your

remain about ten minutes; then take it out by the ears, and, after remaining a short time, scrape your hair off with the back of a knife, without injuring your cheek, and pull your eyes out; break your jaw-bone, and saw your head in two, without smashing your brains, which take out carefully! set it in cold water to get clean and white; then pull out your tongue, scrape and dry it, having previously boiled it with your head, which, after two hours' ebullition, will feel as soft as possible; then see that your head is in the centre of the dish, your tongue divided in two, and placed on each side of it; sharp sauce, according to number, is allowed to be served with either head or tongue!' I assure you, although I do not profess to be a scholar in that fashionable language, French, I believe this to be as near as possible the true translation of the original. Then follows calves' feet, which is nearly as absurd as the former. '*Pieds de veau au naturel,*' calves' feet the natural way. Choose *your* fine feet in the rough state, and, *as with your head,* place a pan of water on the fire; when hot, but not too much so, put your feet into the water for about ten minutes; try if you can easily clean them, as your head, with a knife; if not, put a spoonful of salt into the water, and let them remain a few minutes longer; then scrape like your head; when well cleaned wipe them dry, and they are ready for [illegible]g, which may be done in almost twenty different ways. When yo[illegible] are tender, set them on a dish, take out the big bone, surround them [illegible]age meat, wrap them up in caul, and form a heart with them. *Then place your feet on a gridiron, let them gently broil, and when done eat them* for breakfast, or luncheon, after which a gentle walk might give you an appetite for dinner.'"

But this sounds merely ludicrous. The stories, however, of old cookery abundantly justify the sharp proverbs of our forefathers about the cooks. A doctor once enraged a fastidious patient; when at last the question s put to him, "But, doctor, what may I eat?" replied, "Anything, ıything but the poker, tongs, and shovel." And another, when a lady inquired if she might eat some oysters, answered, "Oh, yes, ma'am, shells d all." It is probable, however, that "the ministry of the interior," or stomach affairs, may need a little more regulation than such answers would seem to imply; and it is wise to regulate diet by age, climate, weather, and exercise. Hence that capital proverb:—

> "Joy and temperance and repose,
> Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

Or, in its rhymeless form, the best physicians are "*Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet,* ! *Dr. Merryman.*" And that is another good proverb, which implies ı k for breakfast, and water for supper,—

> "In the morning to the mountain,
> In the evening to the fountain."

It ı amazing thing to notice how we have laid under con- ı ıole earth to please and pamper our fastidious appetites.

What spices, what marvellous condiments, "all to please and sate curious taste!" Very wonderful some of these have seemed to tl who have been permitted to taste of them for the first time,—as sev stories show,—more wonderful than pleasant. There is a humo Cornish tale in the Cornish dialect illustrating this; but "Laurie Toc or Grant Thornburn, was in the habit of telling a similar story, a Scot experience in the olden time. It was one market day. Margaret, wife of a neighbouring farmer, had come into the market; and, in addi to her load of hens, geese, etc., brought a small basket of eggs a present to the minister. Having sold her load of merchandise, she t her way to the manse, and after inquiring how the wife and all the bai were, she said, "I hae brought ye twa or three fresh eggs for the gr wife, to help her in making your bannocks." The present was kin received, and being dinner time, the good woman was invited to stop a eat her kail. "Nae, nae!" she said; "I dinna ken to behave at gr folks' table." "Oh, never mind," said the minister, "only you just do you see we do." This seemed very simple, and good and natural advi So Margaret sat down at table. The minister was old, his hand shook, f he had been visited by a stroke of palsy. In conveying the spoon fro the dish to his mouth, his arm being unsteady, was apt to spill; prevent it from going on his clothes, it was his habit, old-world like, tie one end of the table-cloth to the top of his waistcoat, just under h chin. Margaret's keen eye took in this, so she pinned the other end the table-cloth to a strong homespun shawl, under her chin. She watch every move. It was a time when condiments were not much know in farm-houses among the hills. The minister deposited a quantity mustard on the side of his plate. Margaret, not exactly measuring th proportion the minister had taken, conveyed a spoonful of mustard to h mouth. It soon began to operate. She had never seen mustard, knew not what it meant, only it seemed to her that she was bewitche She was crazy with pain; to spit upon the carpet would have be indeed a sin. At this moment the girl, Janet, opened the door, bring in some clean plates. The unhappy woman at once sprang up, upset t girl, plates and all, swept the table of its contents, upset the minister to the crash of the battle behind her added speed to her flight, as to a retreati warrior; she was pulling the minister after her, who had been fast at t other end of the table; he was drawn on until the pins gave way, a then away flew Margaret,—a pretty story to tell when she got that ni to her farm among the hills. The minister received no more d of eggs. I have no doubt, had you quoted to her our proverb, "G *sends meat, but the devil sends cooks,*" it would have received a very w assent. But a whole troop of proverbs remain behind, and mi quoted concerning this continent of meat and drink upon which w entered.

II.

CONCERNING THE GARDEN OF PARABLE.

OR if we have spoken of the *City* of Proverb, as truly may we speak of the *Garden* of Parable; and the reason for this distinction is, we nk, obvious. City and Garden are both ways of wisdom, we love them th; but in proverbs we find more of the wisdom of common sense, ilst in parable we have the wisdom of fancy and imagination; they both the wisdom of life. In proverb we have human life in homely are, walking the earth; in parable we have human life in the heavens l the air. Or, to change the figure, in proverbs wisdom is on its legs; parables, on its wings. So we say we meet with proverbs as the lders of cities, with parables as the planters of gardens. In the els, and in the discourses of our Lord, we seem to be admitted into ery kingdom of parable. It is as if every part of the house should in to repeat the truths committed to it in type and representation l symbol. There is a fine passage in which that great master of ile, Henry Ward Beecher, follows out this truth—"When the lowest ne of the building says, in the silence of the night, 'Other foundations no man lay;' and the corner-stone catches the word, 'Christ is the of corner-stone;' and the door adds, 'I am the door;' and the taper, ning by the bedside, streams up to say, 'Christ is the light of the ld;' then, as you gaze upon the faces of your sleeping children, they t from their sweetly slumbering faces the words of Christ, 'Except become as little children.' Parents of the household are reminded, the honours they claim, of Him who calls Himself their Father and Mother. The tears of children, and your anxiety to soothe them, only a feeble analogy of Him who has promised to 'wipe off all from all faces.' By night, from your window, every star hails , but chiefest 'the bright and morning star.' By-and-by, flaming the east, the flood of morning bathes your dwelling, and calls you to the cares of the day; then you are reminded that God is the , and that heaven is bright with His presence. As you sit down table, the loaf whispers, as you break it, 'Broken for you,' and wl of the loaf sighs, 'Bruised for you;' the water that quenches thirst says, 'I am the water of life;' and if you wash your hands call to mind the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, or your 'He washed His disciples' feet.' The roof of your dwelling has terance, and bids you look for the day when God's house shall e its top-stone. Every action and operation of the household, and linary life—the grinding at the mill, the leavening of the dough, ltivation of the vineyard, the tillage of the field and the garden, ery operation of pastoral life—go forth, what can you see that

does not teach? The ground is full of sympathy, the flowers are li preachers. 'Consider the lilies of the field, *how* they grow; they not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arr like one of these.' The trees are framing divine sentences; the b tell of heaven in their songs and love-warblings in the grey twili 'Behold the fowls of the air.' The sparrow is a preacher of tı 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows, yet not one of them to the ground without your Father's knowledge.' The hen clucks broods her chickens, unconscious that, to the end of the world, she is a revelation from God to man. And the sheep that bleat from pastures, and the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, and the serp that glides across the grass, and the raven that flies heavily across field, and the lily over which his shadow passes—the plough, the sic the flail, the threshing-floor—all are consecrated priests, unrobed tea ers, revelators; they see no vision themselves, but they bring th of truth, contentment, hope, and love. All are ministers of God; whole earth doth praise Him, and show forth His glory. You was thus, after our Lord had symbolized the Church as a field, a tr a pearl, a net. Having explained all to His disciples, He said, 'I ye understood all these things?' They said to Him, 'Yea;' and I said, '*Therefore*,'—on this account, for this reason,—'every scribe,'— every one learned in the doctrines of the kingdom of heaven,—'is a householder bringing out of his treasures things new and old.' *Therefore*, He had made use of many parables—the sowing of the field, t draught of fishes, the finding of treasure. Do you understand all t illustrations? Yes. Then, because you find all these images so ca you will be a skilful religious teacher; you will have a store of perpe illustration and truth; all things will teach you, and you, by them, be able to teach all things; and you will cull out things new and o you will adapt ancient maxims, proverbs, wise sayings, historical eve the occurrences of the moment, the objects that are present, and them all to account for your hearers."

The parable and the proverb may often stand side by side—the pro the text, the parable the exposition, or sermon on the text. We see presently, in the course of our remarks, how often even the pro itself is so far a parable that it contains a very suggestive fancy which concentrates itself into a few words, while the p diffuses itself out into a pleasant branching imagery. Thus, "*Th is broad, but the wings are narrow;*" and again, "*Make not th broader than thy wings.*" This is evidently spoken of the very fine bird, and trailing after its person a great pomp of but unequal to any high flight, and very well spoken of many whose whole life is passed in an endeavour to keep up vain ap [illegible] good proverb in Shakspeare: "'*Fly pride,*' [illegible] appearances," says Sir Arthur Helps, "are [illegible] We see men carefully preserving

grinding the diamond into powder; praising the gilded frame, and sneering at, or altogether forgetting, the high art of the picture; preserving their hats, and knocking their heads to pieces; mistaking chaff for fine wheat, and large houses for large happiness. Hence, says Poor Richard, it is that "*Silks and satins, scarlet and velvet, put out the kitchen fire.*" And again, "*A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.*" "*Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.*" But "*Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt;*" and another proverb says, "*Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.*" "*A woman strong in flounces is weak in the head.*" But the other sex does not escape: "*He's as fine as an old ox with new bells,*" is spoken of an old beau, wigged, padded, and decorated in his old age. Sometimes, however, such proverbs point to a more serious application still. The Spaniards say, "'*God help you, Peter!*' '*No need, for the ass is strong.*'" A man, seeing an ass run away with a country fellow, cried, "*God help you!*" fearing he might fall; "*There's no need,*" says the clown, "*for the ass is strong.*" And it is applied to those who have grown so contemptibly rich and great that when men say, "God help you!" they are so proud they think they do not even stand in need of God. So, "*When the ass is too happy, he begins to dance on the ice;*" and, "*The higher the ape goes up in the tree, the more he shows of his tail.*" And Scripture says, "*Honour is unseemly for a fool.*" Dress, and the perpetual and multifarious transformations of fashion, have thus not only furnished in all ages food for the wit of the proverb, but for the wisdom of the parable; and modern society might very well lay to heart, not only the sentences we have quoted above, but some instances we are about to quote,—one of them historical, but not the less belonging to the garden of parable,—an instance in the life of the great monarch of Europe, Charlemagne. Ozanam quotes it in his "History of Civilization in the Fifth Century," from the monk of St. Gall.

"On a certain feast day, after mass, Charles took his chief courtiers out hunting. The day was cold and rainy, and the Emperor wore a sheepskin coat; but the courtiers, who had just come from Pavia, whither the Venetians had recently brought all the riches of the Orient from countries beyond the sea, were clad, after their fashion on holy days, in robes covered with the feathers of Phœnician birds, trimmed with silk and the downy feathers of the neck and tail of the peacock, and adorned with Tyrian purple and fringes of cedar bark; upon some shone embroidered stuffs, upon others the fur of dormice. In this array they rode through the woods, and so they returned—torn by the branches of the trees, thorns, and brambles, drenched with rain, and stained with the blood of wild beasts and the exhalations from their hides. 'Let none of us,' said the mischievous Charles, 'change our clothes until the time of going to rest, for they will dry quicker upon us.' Immediately every one became more occupied with the body than its covering, and

looked about for a fire at which to get warm. But in the evening, when they began to doff the fine furs and delicate stuffs, which had shrivelled and shrunk at the fire, these fell to pieces with a sound like the breaking of dry sticks. The poor wretches groaned and lamented at having lost so much money in a single day. But they had been ordered by the Emperor to present themselves before him on the following day in the same apparel. They did so; but all, instead of making a brilliant show in their fine new clothes, caused disgust at their dirty colourless rags. Thereupon Charles said to his groom of the chamber, with some irony, 'Just rub my coat a little with your hands, and bring it back to me.' Then, taking in his hands the garment, which had been brought back to him clean and whole, and showing it to the bystanders, he exclaimed, 'O most foolish of men, which of us now has the most precious and useful attire? Is it mine, which I bought for a single penny, or yours, which has cost you not only pounds, but even talents of silver?'"

And in the same spirit with this story of Charlemagne is a remarkable Red Indian tradition. It is the singular "Story of Moowis," the man of rags and of mud. The Red Indian legends seem often to be conceived in the spirit of allegory; and in this of Moowis the dangers of coquetry are exposed with remarkable felicity, simplicity, and originality. There was a young girl so exquisitely beautiful that she once moved a young warrior of great bravery to love her; but when he courted her he found all his devotions were in vain. The young warrior was not wiser than many brave men have been in similar circumstances; he was smitten to the ground with overwhelming grief, and he sat for days in his tent gazing on the ground, and none of his companions could rouse him from his lethargy. At last, as a reprisal for the humiliation he conceived he had been subject to, he determined to humble the young girl, who really was a sad coquette and treated many fine warriors with the same indignity with which she had treated him; so, by the same power conferred upon him by his Monedo, or spirit, he determined to make a man. He gathered together all the rags and feathers which had been thrown into the mire as useless; then with snow and the bones of animals he made a man, arranging and decorating the cast-away rags and feathers in the form of mocassins, robes, etc.; he ornamented this still further with beads and feathers, so as to give him a grand appearance; then he animated *it*, put a bow and arrows into the hand. And such was the origin of Moowis; they set out together to the encampment of the tribe of the young girl, and when they appeared all were charmed with Moowis; the profusion of his ornaments and his noble bearing attracted universal attention. The handsome stranger was the favourite of young and old, but none was so charmed with him as the beautiful young girl. Once more the real warrior tried to win her; but it was all in [illegible]; Moowis alone attracted her attentions; Moowis gained and held [illegible] heart. He was not indeed able to approach too near to the camp fire [illegible] fear of melting. He contrived, however, to make his passion kn[illegible]

such passion as a man of snow might feel,—and, in fact, he triumphed. The marriage was soon decided upon; but the morning after they were married Moowis arranged his warrior's plumes, and said he must leave the camp on important business. His wife was amazed by such an announcement, but she said, "I will go with you; there is no distance I would not go over, no danger I would not encounter with you." So Moowis departed, accompanied by his wife. The road was hard, rugged, and full of difficulties and obstacles. The young girl had great difficulty in keeping up with her husband, he was going on rapidly before her, and when the sun mounted high in the heavens he vanished entirely from her sight; melting gradually, he fell to pieces, and as his wife came up to the spot where he seemed to vanish she found only the remnants of mocassins and other garments, plumes, and beads, and bones, but Moowis she saw no more. She wandered about until nightfall, to and fro among the woods. It seemed so incredible that he could have left her thus; it was, however, true; the man of feathers and rags, snow and bones, had vanished from her sight, and she could only bewail her widowhood. Such is the Indian legend. It almost seems impossible that so exact an allegory of much in our English society should be transferred from the wild old American woods. Moowis is the prototype of many a man, and many a woman too; it is to be feared that many a marriage has been suggested and consummated beneath the attractive influences of the labours of the silkworm and the cast-off clothing of the sheep, garnished by the glittering effect of certain metals and stones, bits of leather and beaver skin; then, in the first days after marriage, all these fine ornaments tumble to pieces, and the husband or the wife mourn over the companionship of an unsubstantial phantom, a nothing —it has melted even from their own imagination. There is indeed a song in which the enraptured swain sings—

> "My heart and lute are all the store
> That I can give to thee."

What a fine stock of furniture to set up housekeeping! What a noble weapon with which to encounter and foil the ills of life!

What is a parable? Etymologically, the word signifies simply to place side by side; and it is, in fact, fancy by the side of fact; it is spiritual truth side by side with natural truth; it is truth at once fruitful and floral. Many efforts have been made to separate the parable arbitrarily from the proverb, from fable, and from allegory; but something of the parable belongs to all these forms. A proverb is a little parable; it is pithy and practical, but it is capable of being elaborated to a very considerable extent beyond the pithy saying it is in itself. We could give several instances of this, as when we say *"A hungry stomach is master of arts."* What a picture of the ills of life is that old proverb, *"I'm between the hammer and the anvil!"* and what another picture is that of ineffective attemps to do mischief, *"Ah, it's like a viper gnawing a file!"* *"Don't stir the fire with a sword,"*

was spoken to dissuade from using irritating language to an angry person and that other of "*A leaden sword in an ivory scabbard,*" attributed to Diogenes when he heard foul language from the lips of a very elegantly dressed young man. So our Lord's proverb, "*Physician, heal thyself,*" and so "*Casting pearls before swine,*" and the "*Jewel of gold in a swine's snout.*" All these are little parables, although they are of the million of proverbs. A parable is a spoken picture. Proverbs strike us as so many bricks in the great walls and fortifications of world wisdom. Clear, incisive, "they are the wisdom of the many, the wit of the one: they are remarkably alike; they may be put into a polyglott, but they form one Bible of human experience. There is wonderful humour,—sometimes cheery and sometimes grim,—in these tight compact sayings: "*If fools did not go to market, bad wares would not be sold.*" "*If a cap is ever so fine, and a fool wears it, it's only a fool's cap.*" "*Feed a pig and you'll most likely get a hog.*" "*God comes with leaden feet, but strikes with iron hands.*"

> "*Though the mills of God grind slowly,*
> *Yet they grind exceeding small;*
> *Though He stands and waits with patience,*
> *With exactness grinds He all.*"

"*If an ass goes a-travelling, he won't come home a horse.*" "*Mules make a great fuss about their ancestors having been horses.*" When we see the books, but not the learning to make use of them, we cannot but think that, "*He hath got the fiddle, but not the stick;*" and, "*If you follow a wild goose ever so far, you won't find it drop an ostrich feather.*" "*Crows are never the whiter for washing themselves;*" and, "*Fools grow without watering.*" "*Bells call others to church, but go not themselves.*" "*He that will not look before him, must look behind him.*" "*Riches, like manure, do no good till they are spread.*" "*As the man is worth, his land is worth.*" Such are some of the bricks of the large building in which we perceive common sense makes its abode—the City of Proverbs. "*You would do well in Lazyland, where they give the people half a crown a day for going to sleep.*" "*Samson was a strong man, but he could not pay money before he had it.*" "*He was a lazy dog that leaned up against the wall while he barked.*" You see a man with his head full of crotchets and notions the old proverb says, "*His brains don't want any yeast to make them work.*" "*Hope is a good breakfast, but a very bad supper;*" and "*He that waits on another man's plate, is likely to have a bad dinner.*" Who does not remember how, "*For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost, and all for [illegible] shoe-nail.*" And ways and means and ends are well described in [illegible]

> "*You may be a wise man, and yet not know how to [illegible]*
> *[illegible] can never make a good cart-shaft out of a pig's tail.*"

[illegible]nes come in for the lore of the old proverbs, "*Oh [illegible] it was*"

The wisest things of old were spoken in proverbs—those excellent, short, concentrated sayings, in one of which was sometimes fused down the wisdom of a lifetime; and still nothing in the way of speech spurs us like a proverb; the words are forcible and muscular, and, as was said by the greatest proverb writer, "*they are like apples of gold in nets of silver.*" A member of the House of Commons, in the reign of Elizabeth, made a speech in favour of a proposed law for limiting credit, in the following words:—"*I think this law is a good law,—'Even reckoning makes long friends.' 'As far goes the penny as the penny's master.' 'Laws are for the good of the wakeful, and not the sleeping.' 'Pay the reckoning over-night, and you shall not be troubled in the morning.' 'If ready money be the public measure, let every one cut his coat according to his cloth.' 'When his old coat is on the wane, let him stay till his money bring a new suit in the increase.'*" Seldom do our modern Houses of Legislation echo so much wisdom as was contained in these curious pieces of sententious counsel, once uttered in an English Parliament.

All nations abound in proverbs, but more during their infancy than in their manhood; in such days words are very few, but they will mostly be very forcible; and the experience of the patriarch will shape itself a way through the most powerful words. Adam, very likely, had not in all his life so many words as are contained in a few pages of a magazine. Our world's first fathers had to make their words from the forms and sounds of the world around them—the murmur of the waters and of the winds, the bleating of the sheep, the songs of the birds, and the whisper of the leaves; these things would be all pregnant with meaning, and would suggest resemblances in human sounds which would by-and-by be words; thus words would properly, in those days, be experiences, and when used would answer to corresponding emotions. We have said that proverbs abound most in the infancy of nations; thought is stimulated by necessity, Experience, when it speaks, condenses language. Would Eve know, as she stood by the fountain, that if she fell into those waters she would be inevitably drowned? Would Adam know, as he kindled the first fire outside the heights of Eden, or in Mesopotamia, that if he put his hand into it he would be inevitably burned? But things like these, when fully known, would shape themselves into proverbs; thus they may be truly said to have grown on the tree of life; they are the fruit of thought, bought of experience; they are the nails, the riveting-points of a true life; or, like life's mathematics, they announce a sort of moral and physical law. Proverbs are usually true. Perversion and prejudice have sometimes distilled a falsehood out of them; but there are few absolutely erroneous proverbs, they usually contain a life—if not a whole life, at any rate some part of it. They are not often, if sometimes, sophistical apologies for evil; and the reason is, that they express clearly the common sense and uniform perceptions of men; they declare, "This is the result, this is the fact as we have found it." They have usually resulted from suffering, mental or bodily; and, if they are remembered, it is like forming truth

into an amulet, and wearing it as a chain of beads around the memory. The danger of proverbs, perhaps, consists mainly in their being *merely* remembered, in their having only a mechanical place in the mind. Far different are they when they are received into the perception and under- [illegible] when they are used as the shields to ward away the blows of [illegible] when they are the ready battle-words thundered against the hosts [illegible] from the experience and wisdom of the world's [illegible]

[illegible] lessons of common sense. They [illegible] common sense in [illegible] [illegible] consciousness, among people [illegible] A [illegible] sense [illegible]

fertile banks. Upon these banks they settled themselves, and ere long the monstrous and voracious crocodile came forth, devastating their fields and farms, and ever preying upon human lives. Numerous were the expedients they adopted to rid themselves of the terrible invader: they reared temples, and called upon the god Osiris, but Osiris did not help them; they armed themselves with swords and staves, but in the battle they often got the worst of it, so thick was the mail of the horrid creature; they threw up dykes and mounds with as little avail. Only for a short time could they drive the creature back into his element, for he returned and multiplied and fearfully ravaged their plantations. Then they gave all up for lost, and as they could not destroy him they worshipped him; they said, "Great is the Crocodile." Of their own will they brought him fat victims, and they adored him as a god. At length there arose in their midst a heaven-commissioned messenger, a priest, who said to them, "God has heard your cries, follow me, and I will show how you will be rid of the crocodile." So he led them along by the side of the Nile, and pointed them, as they went, to a little creature which they had not seen before, and which afterwards came to be called Pharaoh's mouse, or the Ichneumon, and he said, "See, this is your deliverer, and this is the Conqueror of the Crocodile." The people supposed the priest was only mocking them; it is not certain that they did not proceed to punish him by buffeting him. What! was it possible that such a little, contemptible creature could accomplish what they with all their ingenuity had been unable to effect? But the priest said, "Look;" and, lo! while they were even engaged in persecuting him, the little creature had discovered and destroyed the eggs of many crocodiles in the sand. The people gazed on with astonishment and admiration. Soon the number of the tyrants and tormenters was diminished; they were slain in embryo, killed in the egg, and then it was that the dwellers on the banks of the Nile came to understand how God often accomplishes very great ends by the most insignificant means.

So also another stringing together of proverb and parable occurs, in the sense of the fitness of things to times and seasons, as when it is said, "*A handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with.*" For there is a fitness of all things to time, person, circumstance, and reason. "*A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan,*" and "*A mad bull is not to be tied up with a packthread.*" For what saith the Wise Man? "*To everything there is a season; and a time to every purpose under heaven.*" "*A time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away; a time to rend and a time to sew; a time to keep silence and a time to speak; a time to love and a time to hate; a time of war and a time of peace.*" In order that things be

good, they must come in a good and fitting time. Golden sovereigns are usually thought very desirable things, but to a man perishing with thirst a vase full of sovereigns would not be so acceptable as a vase full of water, and it would be a small comfort to give to a poor starving man, lying weak and perishing with hunger in the street, either a boot-jack or a packet of curry powder. So also truths, and the discussion of them, are interesting and valuable; but, then, to be so they must be fitted both to the person and occasion. Krummacher again tells of a society of [illegible] who built a ship, and resolved to make a voyage to discover the nature and nature of the Magnetic Needle. They took on board [illegible] instruments and books; they placed the Compass [illegible] observations, but they were also [illegible] sessions. Some called the invisible power a [illegible] and others a spirit. Some maintained that [illegible] the north to the south, and others from [illegible] arose among all the learned [illegible] moment they were engaged [illegible] and learned among [illegible] the learned men [illegible] of the sun and [illegible] swallowed up by the wa[illegible] [illegible]

"A man there was, though some did count him mad;
The more he gave away, the more he had."

Or, as King Theodoric said, "*Seeds, being scattered, grow to a harvest; but being heaped together, they perish.*" The soils of all nations grow legends, traditions, and stories to illustrate this. The Chinese have such a parable in the ancient story of Fohi, which we have already quoted in the Introductory Essay.

But we will select an instance from one of the most charming parables of nature recently published, the "Wood Magic" of Mr. Jefferies:—*

Parable of the Flint. Everything says, Take Care.

"'But I assure you they can,' said the Squirrel. 'I will tell you a story about a flint, that happened only a short time since, and then you will believe. Once upon a time a wagon was sent up on the hills to fetch a load of flints; it was a very old wagon, and it wanted mending, for it belonged to a man who never would mend anything.'

"'Who was that?' said Bevis. 'What a curious man!'

"'It was the same old gentleman (he is a farmer, only he is like your papa, Sir Bevis, and his land is his own), the same old gentleman who is so fond of Kapchack, whose palace is in his orchard. Well, the wagon went up on the hills, where the men had dug up some flints which had been lying quite motionless in the ground for so many thousand years that nobody could count them. There were at least five thousand flints; and the wagon went jolting down the hill and on to the road, and as it went the flints tried to get out, but they could not manage it, none but one flint, which was smaller than the rest.

"'This one flint, of all the five thousand, squeezed out of a hole in the bottom of the wagon, and fell on the dust in the road, and was left there. There was not much traffic on the road (it is the same, dear, that goes to Southampton, where the ships are), so that it remained where it fell. Only one wagon came by, with a load of hay; and had the wheel gone over the flint, of course it would have been crushed to pieces. But the wagoner, instead of walking by his horses, was on the grass by the side of the road, talking to a labourer in the field, and his team did not pass on their right side of the road, but more in the middle, and so the flint was not crushed.

"'In the evening, when it was dark, a very old and very wealthy gentleman came along in his dog-cart; and his horse, which was a valuable one, chanced to step on the flint, which, being sharp and jagged, hurt its hoof, and down the horse fell. The elderly gentleman and his groom, who was driving, were thrown out; the groom was not hurt, but his master broke his arm, and the horse broke his knees. The gentleman was so angry that no sooner did he get home than he dismissed the groom, though it was no fault of his, for how could he see the flint in the night? Nor would he give the man a character, and the consequence was he could

* "Wood Magic: A Fable." By Richard Jefferies. 2 vols. Cassells, 1881.

"'Also, with the sea; for the cod-fish told the sea-gull, who told the heron, who related the fact to the kingfisher, who informed me. The cod-fish was swimming about in the sea and saw a ship at anchor, and coming by the chain-cable the fish saw that one of the links of the chain was nearly eaten through with rust; but as the wind was calm it did not matter. Next time the ship came there to anchor the cod-fish looked again; and the rust had gone still further into the link. A third time the ship came back to anchor there, and the sailors went to sleep thinking it was all right; but the cod-fish swam by and saw that the link only just held. In the night there came a storm, and the sailors woke up to find the vessel drifting on the rocks, where she was broken in pieces, and hardly any of them escaped.

"'Also, with living things, Bevis dear; for there was once a little creeping thing (the sun-beetle told me he heard it from his grandfather) which bored a hole in a beam under the floor of a room—the hole was so tiny you could scarcely see it, and the beam was so big, twenty men could not lift it. After the creeping thing had bored this little hole it died, but it left ten children, and they bored ten more little holes, and when they died they left ten each, and they bored a hundred holes, and left a thousand, and they bored a thousand holes, and they left a thousand tens, who bored ten thousand holes, and left ten thousand tens, and they bored one hundred thousand holes, and left one hundred thousand tens, and they bored a million holes; and when a great number of people met in the room to hear a man speak, down the beam fell crash, and they were all dreadfully injured.

"'Now, therefore, Bevis, my dear little Sir Bevis, do you take great care, and never think any more that a thing cannot hurt you because it has not got any legs, and cannot run after you; or because it has no hands, and cannot catch you; or because it is very tiny, and you cannot see it, but could kill a thousand with the heel of your boot. For, as I told you about the malice-minded elm, all these things are so terribly dangerous, because they can wait so long, and because they never forget.

"'Therefore, if you climb up a tree, be sure and remember to hold tight, and not forget, for the earth will not forget, but will pull you down to it thump, and hurt you very much. And remember, if you walk by the water, that it is the water, and do not forget; for the water will not forget, and if you should fall in, will let you sink, and drown you. And if you take a candle, be careful what you are doing, and do not forget that fire will burn; for the fire will not forget, but will be always on the look-out and ready, and will burn you without mercy. And be sure to see that no little unseen creeping thing is at work, for they are everywhere boring holes into the beam of life till it cracks unexpectedly; but you must stay till you are older, and have eaten the peck of salt your papa tells you about before you can understand all that.'"

III.

[illegible] AND PARABLES CONCERNING [illegible] AND THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

[illegible] travelling through the villages [illegible] that innumerable fancies, in various places, have [illegible] and flight of the hours. Sometimes when [illegible] dial stone is altogether obliterated, broken [illegible] beneath the most favourable place of the old [illegible] the memorial of the old time amidst the heaving [illegible] intended to convey is not interfered with [illegible] the neighbouring trees. Indeed, the church [illegible] place for the erection of the sun-dial, and [illegible] the spire, or tower of the church. Sometimes [illegible] the old church porch, or upon the tower itself; [illegible] happy [illegible] we go through a village, or an old town, [illegible] the sun-dial placed over a shop; sometimes [illegible] to the trader, as, in the more sacred [illegible] sacred office of the preacher. Then [illegible] walls of the old feudal castle. Or, [illegible] of social manners, we [illegible] shades is usually to be found. [illegible] over the old grammar [illegible] monastery or abbey wall [illegible] sculptures: and [illegible] present remarks— [illegible] or sempiternal [illegible] shadows [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] discussed [illegible] many [illegible]

was one of those huge buildings, including a staircase ascending to an observatory; such dials in that age were staircases, the word in Hebrew means a flight of steps; or it may have been some such concave hemicycle as that we may see in the British Museum, discovered at the base of Cleopatra's needle. However that may be, it is most probable that the purpose of Ahaz in erecting it was associated with idolatry, for he was one of the worst kings Israel ever had, and only lived to deprave his people. Yet a wonderful incident happened in the reign of Hezekiah, when the shadow travelled back mysteriously, as a sign from God, on the gnomon. This circumstance is one of the most interesting and marvellous in Bible story, and has formed the subject of some sun-dial inscriptions; thus, over the porch of Seaham Church, Durham, there is a fine reference to the perfection of the mechanism upon which the sun-dial depends, and to this miraculous interruption :—

> "The natural clock-work by the Mighty One
> Wound up at first, and ever since has gone:
> No pin drops out, its wheels and springs are good,
> It speaks its Maker's praise, *though once it stood;*
> *But that was by the order of the Workman's power;*
> And when it stands again, it goes no more."

One of the most natural mottoes is that which has been often repeated, and which Mrs. Gatty has inscribed on a dial, on an old mortuary cross, in Ecclesfield churchyard, the village of her husband's vicarage. She made it the subject of one of her own most effective and beautiful parables, "*Watch, for ye know not the hour.*" Another happy text is that on the dial of an old school-house at Aynho, near Bicester,—"*Yet a little while is the light with you, walk while ye have the light.*"

Sometimes sun-dials, like some people who give very good advice, were yet very *surly* in their way of giving it. On the dial of a house at High Lane, near Disley, in Cheshire, is the inscription, which also is to be found on other dials, "*Begone about your business;*" concerning which not very civil, if good, advice, a story is quoted by Mrs. Gatty from the "Notes and Queries." It seems the dial was removed many years since from the Inner Temple; and when it was put up in that place, there was some discussion among the Benchers as to what motto it should bear. The Benchers agreed to hold a meeting to take into consideration what the motto should be; and the artist was to send, at a certain hour, to the library to inquire on what they had determined. The Benchers forgot all about the matter; and when a messenger came, he found in the library only a cross old gentleman poring over an old book. "Please, sir," said the messenger, "I am come for the motto for the sun-dial." "What?" said the testy old gentleman; "why do you disturb me? Begone about your business." Away went the messenger and gave this word to his master; and he, either by design or mistake, engraved it in large letters under the dial, "*Begone about your business.*"

The [illegible] when they saw it determined that no motto could be more appropriate—that chance had done their work for them even better, perhaps, than if their memory had served to enable them to do it for themselves—and so there it remains. Time is surly, and does, in fact, not so much what we have to do quickly. Even when not surly, however, sun-dials are often very blunt spoken. They speak often of opportunities which may be made or lost. Over the old school-house at Guilsborough, in Northamptonshire, is inscribed in Latin, "*Fronti capillata, post est occasion calva;*" "*Opportunity has hair in front, and is bald behind.*" Which is indeed only another rendering of the well-known proverb, "*Take time by the forelock,*" or that other most constantly repeated motto, not only for the sun-dial, but for the household clock, "*Tempus fugit;*" or, as a friend of ours is fond of rendering it, and as we have heard of some, not versed in their "humanities," who have actually read it, "*Tempus fidgets,*" "*Time flies.*" Time! Time! is of course the teacher on the dial. "*Tempus edax rerum,*" is another of these speaking mottoes, "*Time is the devourer of all things;*" or, as some dials carry the inscription, "*Time and tide tarry for no man.*" The inscription on Heslington Hall, near York, and on a dial in High Street, Lewis, is "*Carpe diem,*" "*Snatch the day;*" and in Austin Friars, "*Docet umbra,*" "*The shadow teaches;*" in other places, "*Dum spectas fugit hora,*" "*Whilst thou art looking, the hour is flying.*" There is something pathetic and very suggestive in the motto upon a sun-dial over an old cottage at Bishopsthorpe, near York, "*Tempus labile,*" "*Slippery time.*"

Some sun-dials seem *metaphysical*, and yet not the less instructive. "[illegible] *yesterday's to-morrow,*" is over the porch of East Leake Church, in Nottinghamshire. And, in the last place where we should expect a metaphysical reflection, and where *our* mood has been far from metaphysical, over the Custom House of the Splügen Pass, near Ca[illegible] Volume, "[illegible] *sine umbra nihil,*" "*With the shade nothing,* [illegible]"

Some dials seem to make a clumsy effort to be *witty;* such is [illegible] what Mrs. Gatty very well calls "a cumbrous joke," upon the [illegible] of Buxted, Sussex: but the same joke app[illegible] on several other similar edifices. "We shall——," [illegible] A friend of ours [illegible] like what the Scotch call "dead [illegible] that the inscri[illegible] easily interpreted. [illegible] as a story told of a [illegible] more original than the joke itself: for [illegible] shall—" [illegible] the church. But the [illegible] Danish where [illegible] as follows—

"Dial (*loq.*):—
Staie, Passinger,
Tell me my Name
Thy Nature.

Pass. (*resp.*):—
Thy Name is Die-
All. I a *Mort*all
Creature.

Dial (*loq.*):—
Since my Name
And thy Nature
Soe agree,
Thinke on Thy Selfe
When thov Looks
Vpon me."

We like to notice that many dials appear to bear the testimony of *gratitude*. That is a common inscription, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*," "*I only reckon the bright hours;*" and we fail to see the justice of Ellesmere's remark upon it, in Sir Arthur Helps' "Friends in Council," "that such a dial was totally useless, or utterly false." Another inscription like it is, "*Horam sole nolente nego*," "*I refuse to tell the hour when the sun is unwilling to shine.*" How very different such expressions are to those indulged by many people, who seem to reckon life only from its shadows, and never acknowledge at all the hours of sunshine; yet, surely, if we thought rightly and wisely, in the histories of most, the very shadows which steal across the dial of our lives would only more certainly remind us of the long succession of hours, days, and years which we failed to note because there was no shade. It must have been in a similar spirit, in which the past awakened hope for the future, that such a motto as that famous one of Geneva was chosen, which also appears on many garden walls, and over castle gates—"*Post tenebras lux*," "*After darkness light;*" or that other form of it, "*Post tenebras spero lucem*," "*After darkness I hope for light.*" This is a suggestive thought to us. The sun-dial is indeed useless save in the light; we have elsewhere remarked this. Walking through the churchyard by night among the graves, the dial itself seems as still as the silent dead; rolling masses of black clouds,—occasionally the silver light of the moon gleaming from behind the veil,—and there the sun-dial, revealing nothing, explaining nothing; yet when to-morrow's sun shall shine in the heavens, nothing will be more plain than the information it will give; and it is even so with man's individual consciousness, it is a sun-dial by moonlight; if man would know himself, it must be by information given by sources beyond himself. Do not people like to note bright hours? Linnæus formed a dial of flowers, and marked the hours by the opening and closing at regular intervals of the flowers arranged in it; and concerning it Mrs. Hemans sweetly says:—

[illegible] DIAL: IMPALPABLE AND MODEST.

[illegible] thought, to mark the hours
[illegible] floated in light away,
By the opening and the fading flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell;
In a [illegible] coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

[illegible] life, in its real flight,
[illegible] even thus on earth,
By the [illegible] of some hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth!

[illegible] flower by flower,
[illegible] may leave
[illegible] the sunset hour,
[illegible] shadowy eve."

[illegible] Mrs. Garty does not [illegible]
[illegible] the motto, "I [illegible]
[illegible] good, and speaks of that truth in [illegible]
[illegible] every well-ordered [illegible]
[illegible]

Instead of—

> "That older one,
> That stands in the light of nature's sun,
> And takes its time from heaven!"

Another form of inscription seems almost to repeat the lessons of our third classification; *they rouse to action,* they stir up from inactivity and sloth. Some are very sharp, curt, and concise, like that at Elsworth, near Cambridge,—repeated also at Dennington, in Suffolk,—"*Mox nox,*" "*Soon comes night;*" and therefore the wisdom uttered by the old dial at Ellerslie, near Chichester, "*Nulla dies sine linea,*" "*No day without its mark,*" sometimes repeated, "*Nulla hora sine linea,*" "*No hour without its mark;* and then that famous old motto on the church at Northallerton, "*Ora ut labora,*" "*Pray and work.*" If such advice be followed, moralizing on the old dials becomes very useful; they stand like quaint, witty old preachers, with not a great deal to say, but saying what they do say well. One says, "*Aspice ut aspicias,*" "*See that you see;*" and another, "*Septem sine horis,*" "*Seven without the hours,*" i.e.: the longest day has seven hours in which the dial is useless. And another speaks out its morality in poetry. Like the tombstones, the sun-dials have often been fond of speaking in verse, and these lines are to be found on a dial in Oldham:—

> "Abuse me not, I do no ill;
> I stand to serve thee with good will;
> As careful then be sure thou be
> To serve thy God, as I serve thee."

But how singular it is, yet characteristic, to find that some dials have only been used to serve the purposes of *pleasure, perhaps of sin.* A dial over a public-house bears the inscription, "*Hora bibendi,*" "*The hour for drinking;*" and another dial, in the grounds of a villa, says, "*Hic licet indulgere genio,*" "*Here you may indulge your taste—do what you like.*" These seem to be the last lessons we should think any one could learn while looking at the silent, solemn creeping shadows, stealing over the dial. How much more natural that one over a gate at Constantinople, "*Didst thou not see the Lord, how He extended thy shadow?*"—or that prayer in verse over the library window at Arley Hall, Cheshire:—

> "May the dread book at our last trial,
> When open spread, be like this Dial;
> May heaven forbear to mark therein
> The hours made dark by deeds of sin;
> Those only in that record write
> Which virtue, like the sun, makes bright."

Much more might be said on this entertaining subject, so full of memories of old days when the shadow was the natural clock, as we suppose it is in many places in the East even now. Ask a man what it is o'clock, he steps into the light of the sun stands erect, then looks

where his shadow terminates, then measures the length with his feet, and so tells you pretty nearly the time. A person wishing to leave his work, says, "How long my shadow is in coming;" "He earnestly desires the shadow;" or, if you inquire, "Why did you not come sooner?" Probably the answer may be, "Because I waited for my shadow." *

* We are indebted for most of our illustrations to a volume which ly be intended to be, in the ordinary sense of the word, popular,—a quarto of some one hundred and eighty pages, illuminated by several very inte ing engravings, and published some years since—"The Book of Sun-Dials, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty" (*Bell and Daldy*). Mrs. Gatty must be well known to a readers as the foremost and happiest parable utterer of our modern literature. It seems that this work is the accumulation and the labour of a very long course of years. It is a delightful collection, comprising the poetry, morality, and of sundials, not only in our own country, but in several of the count of Continent. Of course there is a great resemblance in many of the inscriptions; perhaps the greater enlargement of the book (and we have no doubt that it be materially enlarged) would not add much substantially to what Mrs. with such interesting affection brought together.

IV.

CONCERNING THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

AND perhaps some reader will say, Where is Gotham? And who are its people? And what have they done to make them worthy of the distinction of such a gossip as we propose to hold in the course of the following few pages? Yet the "Merry Tales of the Madmen of Gotham," gathered together in 1630, is not an uncelebrated book. Most countries seem to have had some region which has been set apart as famous for folly. Phrygia, in Asia; Abdera, in Thrace; Bœotia, in Greece; with us, Gotham, in Lincolnshire—though we believe Sussex has claimed the honour of giving birth to those wise men whose deeds, through the "Merry Tales," to which we have referred above, are so well known. It seems a soft and gentle way of expressing that prevalent disease, folly, to describe a man as a citizen of Gotham. The stupid people have always been a fine harvest for satire; and a long string of proverbs might be quoted, in which laughter has indulged itself at their expense. The French say, "*Men learn to shave on the chin of a fool;*" and again, "*To wash an ass's head, is a loss of soapsuds.*" The Germans also, "*Asses sing badly because they pitch their voices too high.*" "Fool" is a rough, strong word, but even in Scripture it is of very common occurrence; it designates a very large family, in which there are many varieties. It is a descriptive designation for want of consideration; and folly is more or less culpable according to the difference involved in the moral character. When our Lord says. "*O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that Scripture hath spoken,*" it is a gentle rebuke, compared with that strong expression of scorn, "*The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;*" but, in both instances, want of consideration is the fault of the character. It is the inconsiderate man of whom it is reported, "*He saith to every one that he is a fool;*" "*A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his own throat.*" By consideration, of course, we ought to understand the power of reasoning and comparison, the ability to look things side by side. There are those who seem to be entirely stupid d utterly unable to derive the true impression from things; as the xim has it, "*Some men will make a pound while others are turning over shilling.*" The twenty-sixth chapter of the Book of Proverbs is full of :ioms about fools. "*As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so*

[illegible] *[illegible]*," that is, it sits badly upon him [illegible] [illegible] know how to use it. It is quite on [illegible] [illegible] out of place, therefore, "*As he that bindeth a stone [illegible] [illegible] that giveth honour to a fool*,"—or, as another reading gives [illegible] "*As to cast pellets a jewel in a heap of stones*,"—that is, if we give [illegible] to a fool, it will be used as a stone to strike; or, on the other [illegible] [illegible] altogether thrown away. Such were the wise men [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] languages abound with these pellets of speech. The Spanish say, "*Fools and the perverse fill the lawyer's purse*;" the Germans say, "*Fools build houses, and wise men buy them*," a proverb which has become naturalized, however, among ourselves; and another says, "*Fools [illegible] out the water, and wise men take the fish*." "*A fool is always beginning*," says the French. "*A fool throws a stone into a well which may take a hundred wise men to get out again*." "*Fools grow without watering*," says the Italian, and the Spanish, "*A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool*." We are not certain to whom to give the credit of a proverb of universal application: "*A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years*." But enough for the present.

"The Merry Tales of the Madmen of Gotham" do not make a very large book, but in them folly is very ludicrously satirized, as in the following:

"When the Good Friday was come, the men of Gotham did cast their heads together what to do with their white herrings, their red herrings, their sprats, and salt fish. One consulted with the other, and agreed such fish should be cast into their pond, or pool (the which was in the middle of the town), that it might increase against the next year; and every man that had any fish left did cast them into the pool. The one said, 'I have thus many white herrings;' another said, 'I have thus many sprats;' and the other said, 'I have thus many salt fishes. Let all go together into the pool, or pond, and we shall fare like lords in next Lent.' At the beginning of the next Lent following, the men went to the pond to have their fish, and there was nothing but a great eel. 'Oh!' said they all, 'A mischief on this eel, for he hath eaten up all our fish!' 'What shall we do with him?' said the one to the other. 'Kill him,' said one of them. 'Chop him all to pieces,' said another. 'No,' said the other, 'he has drown him.' 'Be it so,' said all. They went to another pool, or pond, near by, and did cast the eel into the water. 'There, knave,' said they, 'and shift for thyself, for no help shall [illegible] have of us.' And there they left the eel to be drowned."

[illegible] as with another instance:—

"[illegible] men of Gotham: [illegible] went [illegible] the water, and [illegible] stood [illegible] towards, one said to [illegible] other, '[illegible] lay in wading: I pr[illegible] God [illegible] drowned.' 'Marry,'

other, 'let us see that, for there did twelve of us come out.' And they told themselves, and every man did tell eleven; and the twelfth man did never tell himself. 'Alas!' said the one to the other, 'there is one of us drowned.' They went back to the brook where they had been fishing, and sought up and down for him that was drowned, and did make great lamentation. A courtier did come riding by, and he did ask what it was they did seek, and why they were so sorry. 'Oh,' said they, 'this day we went to fish in this brook, and there did come out twelve of us, and one is drowned.' 'Why,' said the courtier, 'tell how many be of you. And the one told eleven, and he did not tell himself. 'Well,' said the courtier, 'what will you give, and I will find out twelve men?' 'Sir,' said they, 'all the money that we have.' 'Give me the money,' said the courtier; and he began with the first, and did give him a recombendibus over the shoulders that he groaned, and said, 'There is one.' So he served all, that they all groaned on the matter. When he did come to the last, he paid him a good blow, saying, 'Here is the twelfth man.' 'God's blessing on your heart,' said all the company, 'that you have found out our neighbour.'"

It was the men of Gotham who, wanting to hear the cuckoo sing the whole year through, caught one and made a hedge round it, but then leaving it, the bird flew away. "Ah!" said they, "we did not build that hedge high enough." He was a man of Gotham who, riding to market on his horse with two bushels of wheat, and thinking them too heavy for his horse, put one upon his own back that he might lighten his horse's burden. Such things have been said of the inhabitants of this very mythological town; and in some such way men have for many ages been fond of putting folly in a strong light. So we have also the Cumæan who, when purchasing window-frames ready made, inquired if he could have them to look towards the south; and that other, who, when questioned as to where some neighbour dwelt, replied, "If you'll mind my shop, I'll come and show you." A man of note of Cumæ being dead, some one went up and asked the mourners who the dead man was. One of them, turning round, with a wave of the hand exclaimed, "The person who lies on the bier." A naturalist bought a crow for the express purpose of ascertaining whether the bird would live a hundred years; and in a shipwreck, while some clung to broken fragments of the vessel or to rafts, one acute observer secured his safety by causing himself to be lashed to the anchor. Such stories are truly innumerable; they are to be found in most countries and counties; and in such singular fancies men have sought to hold up to humour the idiosyncrasies of that remarkable but very common creature in natural history—the Fool.

Real life supplies very often instances almost as ludicrous as the extravagances attributed to our famous wise men. It is not long since we heard, in real truth, of an interesting worthy who ought to have belonged to Gotham, but who really resided at Braintree in Essex. Thence he wrote a letter to his brother at Coggeshall, arranging to meet him at

honour is not seemly for a fool;" that is, it sits badly upon him; he neither deserves nor does he know how to use it. It is quite out of season and out of place: therefore, "*As he that bindeth a stone in a sling, so is he that giveth honour to a fool.*"—or, as another reading gives it, "*As he that casteth a jewel in a heap of stones,*"—that is, if we give honour to a fool it will be used as a stone to strike; or, on the other hand, it is honour altogether thrown away. Such were the wise men of Gotham.

All languages abound with these pellets of speech. The Spanish say, "*Fools are the pastime of the longest purse*;" the Germans say, "*Fools should be used, and wise men kept for them.*" a proverb which has become naturalized, however, among ourselves; and another says, "*Fools have [illegible] and wise men take the fish.*" "*A fool is always beginning,*" says the French. "*A fool throws a stone into a well which many wise men [illegible]*." "*Fools grow without wattering,*" says the Italian; and the Spanish, "*A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool.*" We are not certain to whom to give the credit of a proverb of universal application: "*A fool may ask more questions in an hour than a wise man can answer in seven years.*" But enough for the present.

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The same veracious book furnishes us with another instance:—

"On a certain time there were twelve men of Gotham that did go a-fishing, and some did wade into the water, and some stood [illegible] and when they went homeward, one said to [illegible] 'We have [illegible] hard this day in wading: I [illegible] [illegible] from home [illegible] drowned.' 'Marry,'

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[illegible] resolutions passed in the [illegible]
[illegible] Mississippi:—

[illegible] by this Council, that we build a new jail.

[illegible] that the new jail be built out of the material [illegible]

[illegible] that the old jail be used until the new jail be finish[illegible]

[illegible] the story told by Tieck, the German satirist, in [illegible] Schildbürgers, that it had been noticed that in [illegible] Town Council, the aldermen and councillors were s[illegible] of looking out of the windows, whereupon it was reso[illegible] Whereas the windows of the Town Hall are a great impedi[illegible] it was unanimously determined that they be fast[illegible] But these wise councillors were greatly surprised, upon the [illegible] meeting, to find that they had no light. But T[illegible]

thorn goeth up into the hand of a drunkard, so is a parable in the mouth of fools." It does harm to himself; and, so far from serving his cause, it only shows him to be "a workman who needs" to "be ashamed."

The spectacle of wealth in the hands of folly must have been sometimes surprising to the wise man. "*Why is a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom?*" "*A fool hath no delight in understanding.*" "*A fool's mouth is his destruction.*" "*Every fool will be meddling.*" Folly is often painfully incurable, as indeed the Spanish proverb says: "*It is the one disease for which there is no doctor.*" Or, as the Wise Man says, "*As the dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.*" No matter what sickness or what sorrow, what pain or disappointment, may have befallen him, when the occasion is past, he turns back again to the old spring whence oozed forth the causes of his misery. Seldom can it be said of these children of folly what the great poet has said of the reformed Henry V.:—

> "*Consideration*, like an angel, came
> And whipped the offending Adam out of him,
> Leaving his body as a paradise
> To envelop and contain celestial spirits."

Where this change is possible, the character is transformed, and folly and Gotham are left far in the rear. We said just now that the varieties of folly are many, this want of consideration being the mark and characteristic sign of all the varieties, turn to whichever we may for our illustration.

Among the varieties of folly there are especially four. First, it is the mark of a fool to love mischief, to talk it, and to do it. "*He flings about firebrands, arrows, and death, and says, 'I am only in sport.'*" He talks mischief—"*It is as sport to a fool to do mischief, but a man of understanding hath wisdom.*" It is not of much use saying to a fool, "*Buy a bridle, buy a bridle,*" when the tongue is wagging dangerously, for the tongue is very little under the control of the character; fools are not accustomed to think, and again says the proverb, "*therefore a prating fool shall fall.*" But indeed nothing much more distinctly marks the empty character than the incessant clatter of the tongue; and where the tongue incessantly talks, it is inevitable that it should talk much mischief; and surely it may be reckoned as among mysterious things, that there are those on whom there seems laid the burden of everlasting chattering. It is true the Dutch say, "*A fool may chance to say a wise thing;*" but even this is perhaps only a chance, because, as the other proverb says, "*A fool's heart dances on his lips,*" and "*A fool can dance without a fiddle,*" and "*A fool's bolt is soon shot.*" That eminent character, Mrs. Poyser, wisely says, "There are persons like clocks, which will keep on striking, not because they strike right, but because they have something the matter with their insides."

There is another mark of a fool—obstinacy. "*The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth to counsel is wise.*"

[illegible] a mark of want of consideration—the fool is usually [illegible] It is a curious thing to travel through life in company [illegible] as awkward a piece of work as driving a pig in [illegible] The fool is an utterly unreasonable person. We have [illegible] such persons—men in whose minds it would be as [illegible] high enough to their own nature as to shoot [illegible] which the man of whom it is said, "*There is* [illegible] *leadeth to death,*" and again, "[illegible] *to Jerusalem;*" but the man [illegible] seldom supposes himself to be at all [illegible] in company with the obstinate [illegible] *and some are otherwise,*" [illegible] *the consequences.*" And [illegible] *obstinate people who make laws* [illegible] *their own,*" but a fool [illegible] too, the wise oracularity [illegible] remind us that "*An as* [illegible] *fool.*" Shakspe[illegible]

[illegible] —

[illegible] pond,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

life, that men always hate those whom they injure; against no man do we need to be so much upon our guard as the man who has injured *us*. We need not fear so much the man whom we have injured, if such there be; but rare are the instances of those who themselves have injured, who do not seek to justify their original injustice by some new act of cruelty. The old story runs in our English history, that when the magnanimous Richard Cœur-de-lion forgave that royal rascal, John—really the shabbiest of all our English kings—his enormities of perfidy, he said he trusted he might as soon forget his brother's injuries as he knew John would forget his pardon.

And there is one other mark, "*Every fool will be meddling*"—meddling everywhere, with everything, with everybody. Who does not know that terrible character in a village or a neighbourhood, the leisurely man who has nothing to do, the gentleman who is always stepping in, hither and thither, to see how things go on, and who manages, even more than professed gossips and scandal-mongers, to create disturbances, because he is always, in his bungling, blundering, mischief-making meddling, attempting to put things to rights? Sometimes such a one wakes up astonished to find what a world of mischief he has made. "*He that passeth by and meddleth with strife that belongeth not to him, is like one that pulleth a dog by the ears;*" and two things follow from that—first, the barking will generally be in proportion to the pulling; and next, the puller may possibly stand a chance of getting the worst of it, if Mr. Barker turns round sharp upon him. There are men and women who live in the perpetual excitement of meddling and interfering; they cannot be still; they avail themselves of and invent ingenious subterfuges, in order that they may play off little experimental tricks of excitement. They are fools; they have no interest in their own thoughts, little acquaintance have they with books, but they have a kind of itch of excitement. They must be doing. They probably, by some mysterious oversight of Providence, as one might almost think, have very little care or trouble on their own account, and so they compensate for it by creating as much care and trouble as possible among their neighbours. Give them a hint, and they get up a tragedy and comedy. How thankful they are if you accept their proffered circumstances, and yet they are a kind of nuisance in the neighbourhood.

Of all creatures to be avoided, perhaps this nervous meddling fool is the worst of all. Lyman Beecher tells us how he was riding home one evening with a heavy folio he had just borrowed under his arm; he saw what he supposed to be a rabbit run across the path, and stop by the road side; it was moonlight and he could not see very distinctly, but he thought to himself, "I'll have a shot at you, anyhow." He came alongside the supposed rabbit, poised his ponderous folio, and hurled it at the supposed mark, but received in return a point-blank shot of an unmistakable character, which required him to bury his clothes, folio, and everything about him in the earth, in order to become presentable. Some years after he was asked why he did not reply to a certain writer who had

been abusing him through the Press: and he answered, "I threw a book at a skunk once, and he had the best of it, and I made up my mind never to try it again." The determination was wise. The four characters we have concisely described are all to be avoided; no profit can come from intercourse with either, but of the four the last is the most dangerous, and the aromatic influence of his character the most pernicious and abiding.

William Huntington, "S.S." (*Sinner Saved*), who had been a coal-heaver, once took upon him to publish some of his virulent, vehement abuse against Rowland Hill. Rowland went to his choice old friend, Matthew Wilkes, with the piece of abuse and showed it to him. Rowland was angry; Rowland was more—Rowland was in a passion, and he said to Matthew, "I'll give it him: I'll give it him!" "Rowley," said his wise and witty old friend, with his sharp, satiric, nasal twang; "Rowley, you'll do nothing of the sort. You let him alone; if you try to touch him, he'll bring that coal-heaver's sack of his down upon you till he'll make you so black all over you won't have a white spot on your whole body." And Rowland took Matthew's advice and did not throw a book at that skunk.

But there is no more remarkable or general characteristic of your true man of Gotham than his constant supposition that he is somebody else than he really is. "*What good does it do an ass to be called a lion?*" Yet vanity never inquires whether it deserves the fine feathers or robes, and gilded trappings, in which it desires to adorn itself. People love to be in great places; indeed it is very remarkable, when we think of it, that any man should think himself well fitted to wear the insignia of highly honourable offices which suppose the possessor to have more than the ordinary wisdom of man. "*Regard not yourself in a mirror by the light of a torch.*" Men see themselves as shone upon by certain ideas they [illegible] of their own importance, yet one would think that every man too[illegible] have an assuring sense of his own demerits. If a man have a reputat[illegible] for learning, and he knows that he is only ignorant; if he have re[illegible] diplomas, or purchased them, and he knows himself to be only a dunce, what good can his diplomas confer on him? There was a poor shepherd in Germany who saw a great prince and cardinal, who was also Bishop of Cologne; but the bishop was not a good man, an ambitious, c[illegible], and exacting one; "But then, you see," said the person to whom shepherd was talking, "he must be like a prince, for he is a prince." "Oh, but," said the shepherd, "if the great prince is damned for pride and wickedness, what will become of the humble bishop?"

An old writer says, "In Scripture there are names proper and names appellative, names nominal and names real; but it is the real name that makes a good construction in God's grammar." Many a King Lo[illegible] or King Philip, or King Charles, and crowds of other names have, with designation of King, possessed no kingly attributes. King was alto[illegible] a misnomer, and merely nominal; they come down to immortality

no appellative of good or great. The name and the character do not correspond, for names are not magical now, and cannot impart a quality. If we were to call the essence of asafœtida rose-water, we should not like the smell any better; while, as we know, "*A rose by any other name uld smell as sweet.*" Many of the great characters of the Bible have their name significative, and characteristic, or appellative. Abraham is a good name, but the "Father of the Faithful" is better. Moses is a good name, but the "Servant of God" is better. David is a good name, but the "Man after God's own heart" is better. John is a good name, but the "disciple whom Jesus loved" is better. Paul is a good name, but it was much higher to be called "a chosen vessel of the Lord." Goodness and greatness are not tied to any names. There have been very learned men who have been quite unknown to literary honours, and very brave men who had no distinguished place in the army. On the other hand, there have been captains who have been cowards, and doctors who have been dunces. There is a fine string of names all signifying the gift of God. Theodorus, Theodosius, Theodatus, Adeodatus, Dorotheus, Deodatus—these were all very fine designations; but the gift of God has not been confined, we very well know, to such glowing Greek words. And the grace and gifts of God have sometimes gone, we know, with those who are to us nameless. As Sir Thomas Browne says, "To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history; for who would not rather be the Canaanitish woman than Herodias, or the good thief than Pilate?"

It has been said in an old proverb, "*A donkey with a pair of golden panniers on its back is but a donkey still.*" Erasmus, in his "Colloquies," tells a story of meeting with some swaggering person who had hanging from his girdle, on one side, a New Testament, richly gilt and embossed, and, on the other side, a bottle of rich wine. He very frequently applied himself to the last; but Erasmus testifies that he never saw him refer to the first until one day, in a fit of rage, disputing with some adversary, he seized upon his Bible, and used it, quarter-staff fashion, to break his adversary's head; so possible it is to have the Bible in the hand, and little of its doctrine in the heart. Hence, also, that other proverb has some likeness to that which we have quoted above, "*He hath got the fiddle, but not the fiddlestick.*" But it is not the possession of the finest Stradivarius that can make an accomplished violinist; so a man may have an immense library, but not even know how to refer to the various volumes in it. Queer stories have been told of this type of character: of the lady who quarrelled with the upholsterer who sent home to her house two globes, which she said were not a pair because they were not both alike; of the man who affected to read Hebrew, and who, in purchasing a Hebrew Bible, told the bookseller it was imperfect, wanting the first pages, not being aware that Hebrew books begin at what we should call the end; and of many a clown desirous of having it supposed he could read in church, who used his hymn-book or psalter turned upside down.

THE MONKEY AND THE SPECTACLES.

[illegible] story of a man who went into an optician's [illegible] of spectacles, as he said, to help him to read. [illegible] every pair of glasses in the optician's [illegible] read. "I don't believe you know how to [illegible] with his customer. "It [illegible] that's what I want a pair of spectacles for." [illegible] the use of glasses and lenses; and indeed [illegible] the astronomer; therefore, says another [illegible] pretty conference, for it is of no use either [illegible] of the monkey and the spectacles. A [illegible] old age. Now, it had heard men say that [illegible] was not of so great importance, only one must provide [illegible] so he gets half a dozen pairs of spectacles, puts them [illegible] way, now that, puts them on the top of its head; applies [illegible] them; licks them; still the spectacles have no effect [illegible] "Good lack!" it cries, "what fools they be [illegible] the nonsense men utter! They have told me nothing [illegible] spectacles; there is not an atom of good in them!" [illegible] in its vexation and annoyance, flung them down so violently [illegible] that they were utterly broken to bits. "Unfortunately," [illegible] "men behave in the same way; however useful a thing may be [illegible] man, who knows nothing about its value, is sure to speak [illegible] of it, and if he have any influence he persecutes it too."

A friend of ours, a well-known preacher, some time since, stepped [illegible] a railway carriage in the North of England; a fellow-traveller said [illegible] "I heerd you preach here yester morn." "Yes," said our friend, "were you not at church in the evening?" "Whoy, nos; I [illegible] gotten into a way, I ne'er goes oot o' neets." "Why, how is that?" said our friend. "Well, I'll tell 'ee; our minister's a real, reet-down moof." "Ah!" said our friend; "well, what do you mean by a 'moof'?" "Well," said the stranger, "I can only say a moof's a moof; but now I'll tell 'ee what I liken un to. When I were a boy, up among they hills yonder, in our village there war a mill; it war a water-mill. Well, thou sees, it never went on a Sunday, because it were stopped, for the miller war godly, thou sees; but I recollect one Sunday going along by the side on it, and somehow something had gotten loose, and the wheels were going on, clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter; bless ye, it worn't grindin' nowt, but, there it were, going on as peart as possible, clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter. There was nothing inside of the thing for it to do, and yet it must keep on making that noise, splash, splash, splash, s[illegible] Now, that's just like our minister; he's got nowt inside o' he, but fancies he's grinding all the time, and so he goes on, and he puts me [illegible] of all patience with his clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter; splash, [illegible] splash, splash—lots of noise and nowt to say; now, that's what I [illegible] moof." Whether the critic were too severe or not we cannot say; [illegible] a very fair illustration of what happens when stupidity and c[illegible]

seek to carry away the honours of wisdom and courage. One cannot but say again, "*What good does it do an ass to be called a lion?*" A very good commentary this on the saying we have quoted from Mrs. Poyser.

But indeed this gossip about the men of Gotham, and all the various branches of their great family tree, might be carried on to an almost interminable extent, the stories about them are so numerous, and the parables and proverbs, in which either their fancies or their foibles, their sins or their shortcomings, have been satirized and held up to ridicule are so numerous; and no wonder, for "*Fools grow without watering.*" "*Fools,*" says another proverb, "*are neither planted nor sown, they grow of themselves.*" But it's a very remarkable thing that so many regard the really useful occupations of life with a kind of high contempt; and yet, says another proverb, "*In great pedigrees there are governors and chandlers,*" and the great probability is, that the governors sprang from the chandlers. The great ambition, however, of many is a singular one; it is as if men should rise in the morning and say, "Now, how can I make myself eminently useless to-day? In what way can I so employ my time that it shall be of no good to myself or anybody else?" And there are even parents who bring up their children beneath the lofty and ambitious thought of being good for nothing. Douglas Jerrold's satire in "Punch's Letters to his Son," only puts such very common behaviour and education in a strong light: "*My dear boy, be a bright poker,*" is at once a very sharp proverb and a very expressive parable. We often see by the fire-place two pokers, one black and bent, the other effulgent, speckless, bright steel—one is for use, and the other for ornament. The poor little black poker cracked the coals, and cleared the lower bar, and stirred the fire, and accommodated the tea-kettle to the coals; and the bright poker, while his poor little companion was stoking, and raking, and burning, and banging, doing all the sweating work, was a kind of consecrated thing, and, when the owner of the house went out, it was even sometimes removed from the grate, and swathed in flannel, and oiled, and left to repose in luxurious idleness, while its poor little friend was worked to the stump, and then flung aside for vile old iron. The bright poker lasted out a dozen of the other, doing nothing—lustrous, but merely inactive.

It is surely remarkable that it should have come to pass that it is thought disgraceful for a man to use his own fingers, highly dishonourable for a man to help himself. The worth of the man, or the woman, is supposed to consist in the ability to keep a multitude of helpers; this is the vanity of Society. Yet surely one would suppose that usefulness would be the great criterion of social value—Is the man of any use in the world? But this is not the reasoning in Vanity Fair, where men only "walk in a vain show." Walking through an old hall, we have heard a conversation going on there between a banner and the carpet. The banner, a piece of torn silk, rustling with passion all through his folds, thought it hard he should hang there and never be removed; covered

[illegible] and blown upon by every [illegible] while [illegible] by kings and princes, and high-born [illegible]. [illegible] I am taken up every [illegible] and [illegible] then I am only a carpet. I never [illegible] [illegible] all. I'm only a poor slave, I remove the [illegible] the floor, but your very dust is your [illegible] [illegible] on the blast because you scorn to lie on the [illegible] I add a good deal to the comfort of the p[illegible] [illegible] you have ever added, I believe, [illegible] [illegible] accepting it may be over some [illegible] [illegible] It shocks all my feelings to be [illegible] you are a token of heroism, an[illegible] [illegible] But when we heard th[illegible] [illegible] thought of the heroism of [illegible] [illegible] we thought both might be [illegible] of ambition, and the o[illegible] [illegible] form part of the heraldr[illegible] [illegible] is that to which the [illegible]

V.

'ARABLE CONCERNING LITTLE TAPERS AND THEIR FAR-SEEN BEAMS.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

ADERS, although not well acquainted with the works of Shaks-
eare, may still be familiar with those two beautiful lines,—

> "*How far that little candle throws its beams!*
> *So shines a good deed in a naughty world!*"

iguage and the image are exceedingly graphic and expressive,
monize well with the direction that "*our light should shine before*
so that from the human frame,—as the gleam from the distant win-
eaks of the interior of some house or mansion,—the little light
d may speak of the kindling from the Father of lights. There is
ing very cheerful in a trembling light beheld shining over a waste.
ell we remember, many years since, among the lanes in Gloucester-
hen, in the depths of winter, snow choking up the lanes and ways,
almost lost our own way, the cheerful flashing of the fire-light
e farm-house whither our steps were wending, shining out clearly,
h solitarily, put us quite at our ease, and not only sent a ray of
lness into our doubting heart, but seemed to illuminate the whole
nd dreary scene. Poets and painters have shown the effect of
olitary candles in their pictures and poems. That is very pretty
dsworth's *Michael*, where we read of the old shepherd and his wife
alley of Grasmere—now many a long year ago:—

> "Duly as the light
> Of day grew dim, the housewife hung a lamp;
> Early at evening did it burn,—and late,
> Surviving comrade of uncounted hours;—
> The light was famous in its neighbourhood,
> And was a public symbol of the life
> That thrifty pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
> Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
> Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
> High in Easedale, up to Dunmail Raise,
> And westward to the village near the lake;
> And from this constant light, so regular
> And so far seen, the house itself, by all
> Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
> Both old and young, was named the Evening Star."

[illegible]

putting out some last, trembling, glimmering of hope in a poor heart,—or that from their truth and cheerfulness, a poor, extinguished hope may be rekindled into light, and even comparative happiness and brightness. The Chinese have some good proverbs to this effect: "*Words whispered in the ear may be heard for a thousand miles;*" "*One good word can warm for three winter months;*" "*No single word can be recalled, a swift horse cannot overtake it;*" "*If your words are not good, hold them in;*" and, more to the point of the parable, "*As the light of a single star may tinge the mountains of many regions, so a single expression many lives.*"

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world." No light shines for itself—certainly not for itself alone. The poor candle, indeed, does not know the blessing it confers; but it can scarcely be that any life can give forth a light, however poor and simple, without itself enjoying something of its own blessing; and yet the little light it gives to its own room may be but a small portion of the comfort it confers all around. We may presume that most of our readers are acquainted with the well-known story of the poor old widow on some part of our island coast; she was the widow of a fisherman, and she had seen her husband and her son swallowed up by the cruel waters beneath their own cottage, which stood upon a hanging cliff, over a dangerous part of the approach to the little bay. She lived long after; but, always, through the night she kept a lamp kindled and trimmed to warn mariners away from the spot where she had seen her husband and her n go down. It was a little act; but the nature capable of it could never have been quite unhappy, or, in its grief, quite repining. To live in the bare idea that, possibly, by the little light, some wanderer on the cruel sea of things may be blessed and saved, implies a heart in possession of cheerfulness, hope, and heaven.

Wherever His great words have gone who said, "I am the light of the world, and he that hath faith in Me cannot walk in darkness," innumerable souls have from them kindled their various little tapers, candles, and lamps; some more or less lustrous, some giving forth good and helpful words, some,—as in the noble chronicles of Mr. de Liefde, in his "Charities of Europe,"—giving forth deeds; some as missionaries,—like Judson or Moffat, Williams or Carey,—carrying their lives as lights in dark waste places, but shining out so brilliantly that, in contrast with their frail frames and short lives, we may indeed say, "*How far yon little candle sheds its light!*" And now we have touched a vein on which we may leave the remainder for our readers to expatiate, and to remember that *this* is the true Church history—not the bickerings of Christians, nor the wars of Emperors, Kings, and Popes, not the rise of proud establishments, but the long procession of holy lights, kindled from His radiance who "walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks," to cheer the weary watchers and despairing hearts in the world's deep gloom.

"If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

[illegible]

[illegible] shines like a light over a [illegible] [illegible], perhaps, by its writer, but a true testimony, it [illegible]—the light in the life from whence it came sheds [illegible] to crowds of dark hearts which need so[illegible] [illegible]. This has been the fact with many a true [illegible] word; it ought to make us very careful how we [illegible] we remember that our words may be either as an

putting out some last, trembling, glimmering of hope in a poor heart,—or that from their truth and cheerfulness, a poor, extinguished hope may be rekindled into light, and even comparative happiness and brightness. The Chinese have some good proverbs to this effect: "*Words whispered in the ear may be heard for a thousand miles;*" "*One good word can warm for three winter months;*" "*No single word can be recalled, a swift horse cannot overtake it;*" "*If your words are not good, hold them in;*" and, more to the point of the parable, "*As the light of a single star may tinge the mountains of many regions, so a single expression many lives.*"

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"If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

There are few more cruel things told of cruel human nature than th stories of the Cornish wreckers of a time long since,—and John Wes altered nearly all that,—who were in the habit of hanging out their fa lights along the cliffs, to decoy poor struggling vessels to the spots they would be surely dashed to pieces, the crew and the freight lost, at the mercy of wicked men. But the world around us has deceivers,—men even who are scarcely aware of the depravity of their o motives,—but who hang out their false lights; and it is as nece "take knowledge of them" lest they lead astray, as it is of that friendly beacon which leads into certainty and rest. We all need to b ware of the spiritual wreckers! And if we did not fear that these marks might be too long, we might introduce a paragraph upon t which are called "*corpse-lights*,"—in Wales, "corpse-candles,"— Will-o'-the-wisps, so familiar to dwellers among fen and moor-lands, ing exhalations created from the sedgy swamp dancing to and fro creating the impression of a friendly lantern or kindly light, but only plunge the trustful wanderer into the weedy and stagnant death. Sure such lights find their analogy too amongst us! And, for the best of u it is a necessary injunction not only that our light should shine, but it should "*so shine that men may see our good works, and glorify o Father which is in heaven.*" We are not likely to forget, and indeed it many years since we were sitting by the death-bed of a friend very dea and whose portrait has ever since been on the wall of our home-room we were talking of characters known to us both, and of one who w especially somewhat vain, fussy, and bustling. We said to our departin friend, "Well, it is to be supposed that he is desirous that his lig should shine!" Our friend, who was a humorist and a wit, replied "Yes; but his candle needs snuffing!" It is a great thing, if the lig is to be clear and serviceable, that the flame should be kept in go order. The candle should not gutter; we must take care that there be it neither "a winding-sheet" nor "a thief;" and the wick of the lam must be trimmed, for the oil may dim or drown the light, should it b permitted to overflow. And there is a good deal of care needed here and it is remarkable that in the provisions for the old Temple service, was especially enjoined that *the snuffers should be of pure gold.* Is n this also a parable?

A great motto in life should be, "*Every man mind his own candle;*" every man may be sure he has a candle to mind. That was a fine sent ment of an old lighthouse-keeper, when, on showing some strangers ove the lighthouse, and explaining to them its ways and works, o of condoled with him on his loneliness, his separation from the and the isolation to which he was doomed for so large a t o ole year, he replied, "Why, you see, I remember that the e world are upon me, to see that my light shines out bri Ships are driving up from all quarters of the o of the earth and I say to myself, 'You must

light shines out true and steady, for you don't know what might happen if your light were to go out; remember, the eyes of the world are upon you to mark how you shine!" And we remember a little story of an old friend of ours, far into the valley of years now: When she was a little girl she lived on just such a lighthouse; her father was dead, but her mother,—an old saint who has just gone home, over her ninetieth year,—was permitted still to retain the guardianship of the lighthouse, and trim its friendly fires. Some circumstance had called the mother to the mainland; the young daughter was left in charge, and she fell asleep; and when she awoke, to her horror, she found the light had gone out. It was soon rekindled, but she has told us how fervently she prayed that it might never be found out, and that the extinguished light might never bring her or her mother into disgrace, nor be the means, as it assuredly would have been, of her mother's losing the charge, had it been discovered. It never was discovered; but it is an instructive little story. *Every man mind his own candle,* watch his own lighthouse! Advice how easily given! *how hard,* when sleep or carelessness is upon us, *to take!*

[illegible] AND UNLUCK[illegible]
[illegible], AND SUCCES[illegible]

[illegible] of proverbs we find abo[illegible]
[illegible] have ruled men's bel[illegible]
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would be the fate of the world and the race, if God did not still retain His throne of Umpire over the powers He has created and given. Nothing is more plain than that in man's nature there is an inevitable tendency to anarchy, disobedience, and confusion,—in fact, to licence and to lawlessness, —although these appear by the side of the very instinct which desires order and unity. And God is constantly preserving the moral as well as the material equilibrium of our world. God is constantly reducing human actions to law. Some writers deny freedom to man, from the prevalence of law. This is mere folly; "*The lot in the lap,*" that is the side of freedom; "*the Divine disposal thereof,*" then, is the over-ruling law, preventing freedom from becoming a calamity to the universe. Who is there who has not felt the bondage of the will? That great mystery is, nevertheless, like the mystery of life itself; to express it, is to demonstrate it. What is the human race at the best, but a congregation of handcuffed kings? "*A good archer is not known by his arrows, but by his aim;*" "*A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, ion's heart, and lady's hand; but these all still need a good surgeon.*" "*The lot is cast into the lap,*" but, with the lot in the lap, man sits as if blindfolded, unable to use that,—unable to dispose of that which seems exclusively at his disposal. His hands are free, but he is unable to discover the relations of his lot to the things around him. As we have it in Job, "*The light is given, but the way is hidden.*" True, there are calculation and forethought; but how often an unexpected turn of affairs upsets all, and brings about an entirely uncontemplated end. Man cannot make his moral calculations for a resisting medium; he cannot comprehend moral contingencies, these all indicate freedom. Man can insure against shipwrecks and fires, for these are of natural forces; but he cannot insure against a sudden emotion, a gust of passion, or an unexpected thought. That freedom by which God works, and beyond which He looks, and which He reins and controls, quite contravenes all man's designs; and, hence, how singular it is, that, in all ages, man conceives fairness in blindness. "*Fortune is the blind goddess.*" While *we* direct, it is doubtful; but when we give up the reins, then all is true, equal, and fair; hence the history of the lot. Nature sits like a blindfolded woman, or like a stony Sphinx. Justice has been represented as blindfolded.

Thus the Hebrew proverb rises far higher than the mere Pagan idea of fortune, and weighs the lot against the Disposer of it; or rather, deems no lot happy or adequate which is not governed by a Divine disposition.

One of the pleasantest parables from the pen of a very interesting writer, now almost forgotten,—Jane Taylor,—is that of the Discontented Pendulum. It had ticked the minutes for fifty years, in a respectable old clock in a farmer's kitchen; but one morning, before the family was astir, to the amazement of all the other parts of the useful time-teller, it stood still. The old clock was just upon the point of striking, when all came to a sudden stand. "The truth is," said the pendulum, "I'm tired of this ticking." The dial-plate was enraged, and said, "You ought to

be ashamed of yourself, you lazy wire!" That stung the pendulum. "Lazy wire, indeed! and from you that have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, while I have been at work every minute, shut up in this dark corner. Think of all I go through in twenty-four hours!" The minute-hand was quick at figures, and said, "Yes, eighty-six thousand, four hundred times!" "Exactly so," said the pendulum. "But I'm tired of it; so, thinks I to myself, I'll [illegible]" But all the parts of the clock began to remonstrate with the revolutionary pendulum; and especially the dial said, "But, recollect, that although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are only to execute one at a time, and you always have a moment given to you to swing in." And then the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used their influence, and implored the pendulum to go on. And he took their advice, and began to wag again, and to tick as loudly as ever, and all the works proceeded in their accustomed way; although, when the [illegible] came down to breakfast in the morning, he did wonder that his [illegible] had gained so much time during the night. The purpose of life is fulfilled by remembering that every minute's work has a minute in which to do it.

Method in life is mind in harness. Life is not enough in itself. The human life cannot alone fulfil its end, it needs discipline and endeavour. Fire is good, but fire needs a grate, it needs to be held in; if it burst the grate, it sets the room on fire, the house on fire, the street on fire. Water is good, but water needs bounds and banks; it is glorious as a marching river, it is dreadful as a rebellious and overwhelming flood; it sweeps the field, it sweeps the farm away, trees bow before it, cattle are overwhelmed by it. It is so with life. Life is good; but, to be good, it needs discipline, order, method, arrangement. Life must first own the principle of obedience; and "*He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.*" The beauty, the glory, even the divinity, of life are seen in the method which rules it, that is what we call character. Look at the hand. Scripture speaks of "a *skilful hand*," of the "*hands which have taken*." What a wonderful complicity it is of contrivance and power! Dr. Chalmers somewhere says, that there was more evidence of Divine purpose and method in the arrangement of the wrist than in the movement of the planet in its orbit. We believe there is. What mechanics in the hand! muscles delicately twisted like fibrous rope bound over the bones; the flexor tendons at once giving mechanical momentum, and binding and strapping down the bones, which would, with the wear and tear of life, otherwise fly apart. See the hand! It is always perfect. See it on the bed of death, the hand of the corpse! See it feeble and powerless by the side of the sick, the invalid! See it by the side of the slain! The hand is there perfect. [illegible] scripti[illegible] the contrary, see it informed, see it grasping, see it [illegible] & [illegible] see it alive with sensibility; the mighty [illegible] unmeasured, all those fingers are there; [illegible] ready-by. The hand—the right hand! W[illegible]

what a channel of wisdom, what wizardry in those five fingers! The hand! It reared the Pyramids, it reared the Alhambra, it reared St. Peter's. The hand! It wove the marvels of Tyre and the wonders of the Gobelin tapestry; it twisted the ropes which form the cable of the man of war; it reefs the sails in the tempest and the hurricane. The fingers of beauty wake the magic sounds which slumber in the ivory keys, the tones in the strings of the harp. The breathings of strength by the hand wake the blasts of the bugle to start the slumbering soldier to the bloody field. It is the hand which strikes the marble with the chisel, and says, "My genius has commanded me to say to thee, 'Live.'" It is the hand which sets the canvas all aglow, spreads over it the pathos of De la Roche or Tiedeman, the magnificent insanities of Martin, the grand imaginations of Doré and their mighty dispositions of light and shade, the hallowed wisdom of Holman Hunt, the everything of Turner; but all this is the hand put into discipline. What is there in the hand of Michael Angelo, whose transcendent genius suspended the vast dome of St. Peter's high in the blue sky of Rome? He had only five fingers; idiots have the same number. It is the hand penetrated with soul, informed by obedience. It is thus with life. It may be a spark on a powder-mine, or a flood on a farm; it may be a machine of matchless power. In a word—life, like the human hand, is what we make it.

And then everything in the wisdom of life depends upon the perception of our own powers. The failures in life arise very largely from the fact that men will attempt to carry on a large business with a small capital, or no capital. We do not limit the idea of capital merely to coin, cash, or even credit. Men will try to do what neither gods nor men ever intended they should attempt to do, for which they are fitted neither by muscles nor brains. There is a capital parable which Monier Williams translates from the Panca-tantra in his "Indian Wisdom:"—

The Two-Headed Weaver.

Once upon a time there lived in a certain place a weaver (kaulika) named Manthara, all the wood-work of whose loom one day fell to pieces while he was weaving. Taking his axe (kuthāra), he set off to cut fresh timber to make a new loom, and finding a large sinsapā tree by the sea-side, and thinking to himself, "This will furnish plenty of wood for my purpose," began to fell it. In the tree resided a spirit (vyantara), who exclaimed on the first stroke of the axe, "Hallo, there! what are you about? This tree is my dwelling, and I can't allow you to destroy it; for here I live very happily, inhaling the fresh breezes, cooled by the ocean's spray." The weaver replied, "What am I to do? Unless I get wood, my family must starve. Be quick, then, and look out for another house; for cut your present one down I must, and that too instantly." The spirit replied, "I am really quite pleased with your candour, and you shall have any boon you like to ask for; but you shall

would go home and consi
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for all household expenses; and with the proceeds of the second you'll be able to gain consequence and credit with your tribe, and a respectable position in this world and the next."

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed the husband, mightily pleased with his excellent wife's advice. Forthwith he repaired to the tree, and addressing the spirit, said, "As you have promised to grant me anything I ask for, give me another pair of arms and an additional head." No sooner said than done. In an instant he became equipped with a couple of heads and four arms, and returned home, highly delighted with his new acquisitions. No sooner, however, did the villagers see him, than, greatly alarmed, they exclaimed, "A goblin! a goblin!" and between striking him with sticks and pelting him with stones, they speedily put an end to his existence.

The three grand weapons for conquering life are, beyond a doubt, Tact, Push, and Principle. Of these three, the two first—Tact and Push—have often gone into partnership; but Princ'ple, it has been supposed, would impede and impair the energies of the other two.

Success in life, it has been supposed, must be achieved without "putting too fine a point upon it." We shall refuse to believe it. It ought to be that the aspirings of youth and the ambition of manhood can receive no loftier direction than in the sphere of business. There is, and always has been, public opinion in the world derogatory to labour; and hence comes that curious tyrannicide, and feeling of caste, which in England, to-day, rules us with a rod of iron, making men and women venerable and respectable in the degree in which they find no use for their fingers. Commerce only needs to be allied with Conscience and Charity, to be the most royal force on the face of the earth. Call it labour, call it trade, call it enterprise—what a noble faculty it is, and ever has been! See it in the Middle Ages, how it broke the power of the mailed baron, how it shivered the armed right of mere force, how its white flag of peace eclipsed the blood-red flag of cruel war. Commerce means the art of creating people and feeding them, whilst war means merely aggression, decimation, and pillage. Does not the heart ache to see Germany, with such lessons behind her and such possibilities before her, treading the old bad way of Godless aggrandisement, with her amazing standing army, and the lessons by which peoples rise from freedom, industry, and honest labour, unlearned? It does not lie much in our way to give the highest homage of our nature to men like the late Thomas Brassey; but we had rather, for ourself or for the nation, for the results of time or the awards of eternity, be Thomas Brassey than Prince Bismarck. Commerce is not the divinest force on the earth, but it ought to be, of human forces, one of the most divine. By its power man effects more changes than are effected by any of the great elemental forces of nature. Commerce creates kingdoms, creates navies, throws its lines of rail across deserts, cuts through mountains, spans the waving

torrents by the bridge, calls genius and invention to its aid, sweeps over the impassable slough of despond; by its might and magic it calls up the forms of enchanting architecture where once was a waste. With no taste herself beyond the sensible and the real, all the fine arts follow in her train. Even as all life is conquered by condescension to the meanest of our faculties, and the wise use of appetite is necessary to all the consummate victories of genius. Even as the strength of the chain is not in the strength of the whole chain—is not in the strength of the strongest, but in that of the weakest link of the chain; as the strength of the team is not in the strength of the strongest horse, but in that of the weakest horse of the team; as the strength of a man is not in his noblest passions, but in the relative strength of the most ignoble, or servile passion of his nature,—what his appetites are to him,—so the spirit which governs our commercial transactions is that which gives the character to the whole nation; and a nation noble in its commerce will be noble in all; and a spirit of meanness there will soon infiltrate itself into everything it touches, and its religion and its art and its manners will all fall into the trough and sty of selfishness. Thus, for instance, if the time should ever come when England shall decide that the most profitable way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly, and mendaciously—if, as Carlyle says, the prayer of all shopkeepers, workmen, and competing labourers shall be a heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub, "Oh, help us, thou great Lord of Shoddy, adulteration, and bad faith, help us to do our work with the maximum of slimness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the Devil's sake. Amen." It is easy to see what will be the end of that. Success in such a career as this is only a swift march to the abyss. As Carlyle says again, "Let the bonfires blaze ever so brightly for thy success, I advise thee to halt in God's name. Thy success! Thou poor devil, what will thy success amount to if the thing is unjust? Success! in a few years thou wilt be dead and dark, cold and eyeless, no blaze of bonfires, or ding-dong of bells, or leading articles, visible or audible to thee for ever—what kind of success is that?" Let the noble, and the true, and the genuine rule in the life, and there is not a being in the world for whom we may entertain a higher respect and admiration than for the upright man of business. The man who stands, amidst the perilous exigencies of trade, firm, calm, clear, disinterested,—who, amidst life's reverses can always claim a first-class certificate,—we will honour him, and believe that he, and his, not only swell the trophies and triumphs of the land; but, amidst the sneers of caste and the ignorance of class, can sit within himself, contented, noble, and serene, and wait for the full reward, until, amidst the acclamations of holy spirits, "the Day shall declare it."

Some men have a quite refreshing absence of all principle, almost equal to the coloured man whom Dr. Hall, in his pleasant book of maxims, describes as coming on board the passing steamer near Fort Donelson, and trying to warm himself near the engine—

"Were you in the fight?" Dr. Hall inquired.

"I had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Ran at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa, an' would have run soona, had I know'd it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't my line, sa; cookin's my perfesshun."

"Well! but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side of life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's wuff more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million dollars, ; for what would dat be wurf to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preservashun is de first law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"'Cause, sa, diff'rent men sets diff'rent value upon derselves; my life not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when de power of feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honour are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa."

"If all our soldiers were like you, our Government might have been broken up without resistance."

"Yes, sa; der would have been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life n de scales 'gainst any guverment dat ever existed, for no guverment could replace the loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you been killed?"

"May be not, sa; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

"Then patriotism and honour are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa; I consider dem as among de vanities."

Certainly this worthy might boast a very illustrious ancestor in our old friend, Sir John Falstaff,—but perhaps he would not have far to seek for cousinship in our modern society. The old knight says, "Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour pricks me off when I come on? How then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word honour? Air. A thin reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel ? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the . But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction not suffer it; therefore, I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon, so ends my catechism."

Reasoning this, perhaps, more popular in fact, than is the power express itself with so much humour and so much honesty.

Regarding the lot in life, we should seek to attain the happy medium thought, neither appreciating it too highly, as if it alone were equal life, nor, on the other hand, depreciating it as if no human or Divi purpose could be woven from its texture. There was something v finely instructive in that incident in the life of the glorious David; wh the king was flying into exile from the rebellion of his son, as he w passing, amidst the lamentations of his people, over the brook Kedr there met him Zadok, and the Levites bearing the Ark of the Covenan Then the king said unto Zadok, "Carry back the Ark of God into t city; if I shall find favour in the eyes of the Lord, He will bring m again, and show me both it and His habitation; but if He thus say, 'I have no delight in thee,' behold here am I, let Him do to me as s good unto Him." The words show a noble spirit in the royal exile, an exhibit a fine perception and faith as to the wise disposition of the lot.

There seem to be divided possessions, the possession of goods and th possession of success; there is nature and there is grace, there is fa and Providence. It would almost seem from this as if we might regar certain possessions of ours as not really from God, that is, not directly from Him, not as given to us by intention and preference an mercy. This is "the lot that is cast into the lap," the lot which natur gives, the lot which God almost throws away. This is the possession o human pride, and it is most remarkable that the things which lie beyon human causation are most frequently the motives of human pride—pri of birth, respectability of birth. Men are proud of the accidents o their life, "the lot that is cast into the lap." This it teaches is a lottery, the lottery of nature, but the use and "disposal are Divine." You wa along and look so superciliously upon your companion by your side,— born in a cottage,—while you were born in the manor-house or th hall; it's "the lot in the lap." So also a good constitution is a "lot i the lap." How strong, how robust that iron frame. And so the posse sion of a fortune; and so the possession of genius,—all of these are s many arbitrary and involuntary distinctions, valueless in themselve deriving all their value from Divine disposal: the lot alone does n content, it is the disposition we bring to it. That is a fine saying of Jea Paul Richter, "Enjoy thy existence more than thy manner of existen and let the dearest object of thy consciousness be thy consciousness o life:" we sometimes wish we could go back to the little room we sl in when we were a child, the little shelf of books, the shade of the el elder-tree.

What we are, satisfies us, not what we have. Childhood was a contentments. How softly now the summer sun se[illegible] we have gone [illegible] those old days! How large and sufficient seemed [illegible] chil [illegible] and to play! And the little brook, where we sent [illegible] said nothing, as its waters glided away, [illegible] g

river with the forest of shipping on its bosom, or the great ocean to which it was hasting beyond; and the sweeping upland seemed like a range of hills; and a melodious peacefulness pervaded the whole scene, which, however, carried no consciousness into the heart like that which the memory of it carries now. Yet the world must have had plenty of grief around us; and we heard of it, but heard of it just as we heard and repeated our lessons in the school-room, without *knowing* them; for wide is the difference between hearing, and repeating, and knowing. Such we were; life was in being, simple as the being was, not in possessing or seeking to have. "*To the young,*" says the Persian proverb, "*all life is a fairy tale;*" and an Arabic proverb tells us, that "*The remembrance of youth is a sigh.*"

No; "the lot in the lap" is little. If a poor man should draw some lottery-ticket to entitle him to £10,000, instantly would all his friends congratulate him upon his great fortune.

> "*What is the worth of anything,*
> *But just as much as it will bring?*"

In our boyhood we knew a man who came to a fortune; there was his "lot in the lap." He, in fact, could not use it; it was thrown into his lap. He still continued his nightly visits at the public-house—the sign of "The Mitre and Crown"—and stood treat all round. He had drawn his lot from the urn, and what was its value to him? The value of the lot is in the wise and disposing mind; the gold, without that, is worse than dust, for it may be a devil. God contradicts the lot of life frequently; frequently man seems to possess all, when, in fact, he finds he possesses nothing. Man confounds his possession with his mere environment, that which is around him with that which is in him. "*Not what is biggest, but what is fittest,*" is best. We cry for a larger lot. So a child cries for father's boots—big, but uncomfortable; but when you buy a pair for your child, you would not heed him if he cried for a very large pair. It is not the gift, it is the disposition. A heap of letters in a printing-office is not a book, although it furnishes that of which books are made. It is not health or constitution which forms the end of life, but it is character, and this is pre-eminently the gift of God; character in its highest sense—character which puts the crown upon the brow of weakness, and the absence of which leaves strength lost, ruined, and powerless. Do not tell us of your lot, your glorious lot. An old proverb says, "*Tell me who is your executor.*" Suddenly comes calamity, suddenly rises soul. And, therefore, while you may be unable to find comfort in your lot, you may find it in the Providence which governs it. The Lord disposes. God has never given up His control over the affairs of men; and it is only when He is forgotten that He seems to be far remote from them. It is impossible that He who created could retire from the control or direction of this strange and vast circle of being. God still "sits upon the circle of the earth;" to Him still "the inhabitants

[illegible] as a very little thing [illegible] adequately represent Him in His higher [illegible] — [illegible] neither her ways nor yours are [illegible]

[illegible] of fortune and misfortune, [illegible] whole, to say, Life is what [illegible] seem to contradict this, but [illegible] Apparently, not actually, and [illegible] in life. "*Luck has* [illegible] greater than any circumstance [illegible] soul. A good Dutch pro[illegible] *lost, lost; lost* [illegible] the proverbs teem with [illegible] *nobody, and so* [illegible] *the poor*." "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

We rode: it seemed my spirit flew,
Saw other regions, cities new,
As the world rushed by on either side.
I thought, All labour, yet no less
Bear up beneath their unsuccess.
Look at the end of work, contrast
The petty done, the undone vast,
This present of theirs with the hopeful past.
I hoped she would love me. Here we ride."

This is a wise man's sum of the noble failure of life, the unsuccess which lower and lesser natures call ill-luck and misfortune: there is all the difference between taking a narrow, short, and valley-view of life, and regarding it from the heights and the mountains. And that is an invigorating Hebrew proverb which says, "*When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes.*" "*Ill is the eve of well,*" "*When things come to the worst they will mend,*" "*By dint of going wrong, things come right;*" only it is true, that "*Our worst misfortunes are those which never befall us.*" It is Emerson who says—

"Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From the griefs that never arrived."

And many moralize upon, and tremble at, possibilities to their own lives which are not experiences, or even shudder at the misfortunes which ther around other lots, without meditating how assuredly they are often the results of an inevitable law which they themselves have broken. The Scotch say, "*You put your finger in the fire, and then tell us it was your fortune.*" There is an inertia in some men's natures which bids them ascribe to fate, to the motions of the planets, or to some fortuitous assemblage of chances, what was the result of their own folly or weakness. Shakspeare ridicules this well: "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and stars, as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous by spherical predominance; drunkards and liars by a forced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a Divine thrusting on; an admirable evasion of man, to lay his disposition on the charge of a star!"

There are some proverbs which have a very practical bearing on the e use and control of life, so that it may be saved from the illustration great weakness or great folly. That is a very suggestive one to which have referred, "*The strength of the chain is in the weakest link,*" nd hence it may often happen that what seems to be most despicable is ity the most powerful; not in itself, but from the fact that weak- harnessed to strength, will very often reduce strength to its own el. "*The beast that goes well is never without some one to try his*

[illegible]

[illegible] *apple spoils the companions*," and "*The eagle [illegible] The thread breaks where it is thinnest.*"

[illegible] remember, some five-and-twenty years [illegible] possible to have a very long coach-ride, [illegible] miles from England into South Wales: we [illegible] time rather slowly on our journey; but in the [illegible] place, the name of which was "Cold Blow," at the [illegible] changed horses, and as we mounted to our places, [illegible] said to our neighbour, as we looked upon [illegible] "Now we shall get along." "I don't believe it [illegible] look at that offsider, those other three horses [illegible] by him. They won't be allowed to go a bit faster [illegible] their agility for the journey." And so, indeed, [illegible] upon that pilgrimage, and the strength [illegible] upon the weakness or perversity of the one [illegible] the weakest power; this [illegible] and enfeebles all the other faculties [illegible] impoverished by some alloy [illegible] and enfeebled by some [illegible] the intellect, or a [illegible] of the body, some [illegible] the first seems [illegible] back [illegible]

has a far deeper and higher truth. What a consequence would follow if trains were not *just right* at starting! We see this especially illustrated on some of the great junctions where the lines diverge into manifold directions. Dr. James Hamilton wisely says, "At Preston, at Malines, at many such places, the lines go gently asunder. So fine is the angle that at first the paths are almost parallel, and it seems of small moment which you select. But, a little further on, one of them turns a corner, or dives into a tunnel, and, now that the speed is full, the angle opens up, and, at the rate of a mile a minute, the divided convoy flies asunder. One passenger is on his way to Italy, another to the swamps of Holland. One will step out in the Irish Channel, the other in London. It is not enough that you book for the better country; you must keep the way; and a small deviation may send you entirely wrong. A slight deflection from honesty, a slight divergence from perfect truthfulness, from perfect sobriety, may throw you on a wrong track altogether, and make a failure of that life which should have proved a comfort to your family, a credit to your country, a blessing to mankind. Beware of the bad habit!"

And, no doubt, Cheerfulness is one of those overcoming powers in life before which the most inveterate obstacles give way; or, to change the image, cheerfulness is a good tonic, "*A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.*" So also says Dr. Livingstone, in his first volume of travels, when, in circumstances of the most trying emergency,—weary, worn, destitute, and in a region which could furnish little help,—he quotes the proverb and goes on. And in simple homely life cheerfulness conquers.

The Story of Jerry.

Jerry's countenance was *plainness* to the fullest extent. "Never mind," said Jerry, "I shall not be troubled by the ladies. My face is my ægis." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a conclusion would have been correct, but Jerry was fated to stumble over the solitary exception, inasmuch as a young and rather handsome heiress, forgetting his defects of feature and physiognomy, and seeing only his contented disposition and intellectual worth, fell in love with him one day, and he, very good-naturedly reciprocating the compliment, married her. Proceeding home in a carriage from the church where the union had just en performed, the vehicle upset, threw out the bride, but, what was worst of all, broke a leg of the bridegroom. It was especially *mal-à-propos* to break a limb upon such an occasion, and Jerry had as much reason to pine at the accident as any one similarly situated could have; but he bore it with his usual good nature. "Ah," said he, one day in the last quarter of his damaged honeymoon, in answer to an expression of regret, endearment, and sympathy, which had escaped his young wife, "'tis all for the best, Susy. I desired a little indoor life. Besides, but for this accident, business would not have allowed me so much of your oor ›any. So, ha! ha! upon my word, I look upon it as far from one of most unfortunate events of my life. I do indeed!" Susan's first

child was unfortunately born blind. "Not so *very* fr
said Jerry. "It might have been worse. Let
Providence that the dear little fellow is not club-fo
perhaps remedy his sight; and if it can't—why—
of seeing is so often abused, so often a curse to its
Lot's wife to a lump of salt, you know!" Such is Je
and for all trials, great or small, he makes it appli
a pitcher, a costly one. "Dear me! what a pity!" said
at her own carelessness. "Not a whit," responded
liked that pitcher—such an awkward handle. I'll g
chimneys were contrary. There are few who can k
smoky rooms. Jeremiah, however, after fully asce ning
house the nuisance was incurable, forthwith began to extol
the smoke; and it was not until after he had sold his
residence, and purchased an abode more conducive to com
would allow that smoke was *not* an indispensable c
life. His little blind boy withered and died, like a nless
could lisp "father." Susan had been a second time mo
love for her firstborn burned brightest, for to the pure fis
love, was added interest for the darkness which haunted
continual night. Even so was the poor boy endeared to the
father. Sad indeed, then, was the ceremony with which
sufferer was consigned to the grave, where all become blind
all may see. They returned to their dwelling. The prattle of
less one no longer greeted their foot-fall; all seemed
desolate to Susan, and, sitting down, she hid her face in her
wept. The heart of Jeremiah was sad, but not to abandon
that of his wife. He opened the Bible given to him by his
her death-bed, and drawing his chair near to Susan, read
beautiful chapter wherein our Saviour asks for little children
brought unto Him, "*for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*"
had concluded he closed the book, and, clasping the hand of
affectionately within his own: "Susan," said he, and his voice
like gentle music in her ears, "let us not murmur. God is
merciful. If *he* had lived, it would only have been to grope thr
world. *Now* he is in heaven, where, to all, all is light. Let us
to meet him there." Only a few years afterwards, Jeremiah was
to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property had been in
the stock of the bank, which failed, unable to pay a shilling in
Thus compelled to dispose of his expensive establishment,
style of living altogether, and, with his wife and four child
"short commons," his spirits did not desert him. Said Jerry,
mind!" Two words which he never failed to throw at
every mishap he encountered. "Never mind! I like variety.
idiv arriage; I once broke my leg in one. W
d very much. Come, come, th

ll. It will test the value of my friends. Besides, now I *can* earn r we eat. Ah! it will be a labour of love, and that enriches the I can almost say I am glad this accident has happened; I can d!"

t no one think that our patient friend's philosophy is the apathy of *toic.* It arises from no lack of sensitive and acute feelings, but from nevolent determination to *make the best of everything.* This is the t of his contentment under a load of mishaps and reverses. Ever ing to render all around him happy, he is a sterling friend; never ning at the decrees of Providence, he is a true Christian. And the nce of this spirit of cheerfulness,—let us say the non-possession of it, hy, this is a much more sad calamity than many a deprivation much e seriously deplored. Say a man is blind, we pity him; say a man eaf, we pity him. We grieve over some loss of fortune, or fractured b; but a man without cheerfulness excites no compassion, and yet he o be pitied most of all; there is no rebound in his nature; he always s a coming cloud in the most sunshiny days, and the softest west wind ws east to him, while in adversity he can only feel the paralysis of pair. A cheerless disposition "*is vinegar to the teeth and smoke to eyes.*" It gives hindrance where we might have expected help, like inefficient messenger or a faithless servant to those who send him; vinegar sets the teeth on edge, the smoke makes the eyes smart, and events them from seeing. If there be many such helpers in life, it is ually true that man is very often such a helper to himself. "*Cheer up; d is where He was,*" said an old proverb, which contains at once good eology and good physic.

We all of us know the irrepressible Mark Tapley; but it is John tirling who tells the authentic story of the irresistible old basket-maker arch, shrewd, and good-humoured—on his three-legged stool, with his lack cat by his side, plying away at his work. "How do you get on?" aid the visitor. "Very well, thank you; make it a rule to get on well, —never got on ill in my life, except when that four-wheeled wagon went ver my leg; but the doctor came and cut it off, and set me all to rights n; and I've never wanted shoe or stocking for that leg ever since. l last night, when that other leg gave me a twinge of rheumatics, I ould not help saying, 'Ah! you brute, I wish you were wooden too!'" But not many of us are able to attain to this high philosophy.

Success in life, which ignorance misnames luck, when it is a man's own aking, arises greatly from intensity; that is, that the man knows what intends, and gives himself earnestly and entirely to the pursuit; he man of one idea; he says, with him of old, "*One thing I do;*" he is ke a hound on a keen scent. The nature of the man is absorbed, "*Who unts two hares together, catches neither.*" "Toby," says Dr. Brown, in is "Horæ Subsecivæ,"—speaking of his father's favourite dog of that ame,—"Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up

[illegible] "Not so very unfortunate, after [illegible] Let us thank an omnis[illegible] [illegible] child-favored. Surgery [illegible]—why—why, after all, the fac[illegible] [illegible] a curse to its possessor. It cha[illegible] Such is Jeremiah's philos[illegible] [illegible] applicable. His wife b[illegible] "Dear me, what a pity!" said she, prov[illegible] [illegible] responded Jerry. "I [illegible] [illegible] get another." [illegible] There are few who can keep their patienc[illegible] [illegible] fully ascertaining that, wit[illegible] [illegible] extol the virtue[illegible] [illegible] after he had sold his bacon-mak[illegible] [illegible] to comfort, tha[illegible] [illegible] necessary to civil[illegible] [illegible] like a sunless rose, en[illegible] [illegible] time a mother; bu[illegible] [illegible] flame of mate[illegible] [illegible] haunted his vision li[illegible] [illegible] endeared to the heart of [illegible] [illegible] which the [illegible] [illegible] grave, where all become blind alike—[illegible] [illegible] dwelling. The prattle of the sig[illegible] [illegible] seemed cheerless [illegible] [illegible] face in her hands [illegible] [illegible] but not to abandonment, [illegible] [illegible] mothe[illegible] [illegible] chair near to Susan, read aloud t[illegible] [illegible] for little children to [illegible] [illegible] *of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*" Whe[illegible] [illegible] closed the book, and, clasping the hand of his [illegible] [illegible] voice soun[illegible] [illegible] "let us not murmur. God is just[illegible] [illegible] If *he* had lived, it would only have been to grope through [illegible] [illegible] *Now* he is in heaven, where, to all, all is light. Let us des[illegible] [illegible] there." Only a few years afterwards, Jeremiah was redu[illegible] [illegible] poverty. The bulk of his property had been invested [illegible] [illegible] failed, unable to pay a shilling in the pou[illegible] [illegible] compelled to dispose of his expensive establishment, change [illegible] [illegible] altogether, and, with his wife and four children, tak[illegible] [illegible] his spirits did not desert him. Said Jerry, "N[illegible] [illegible] Two words which he never failed to throw at the [illegible] [illegible] he encountered. "Never mind! I like variety. I [illegible] [illegible] in a carriage; I once broke my leg in one. Walki[illegible] [illegible] very much. Come, come, this is not so!

after all. It will test the value of my friends. Besides, now I *can* earn the bread we eat. Ah! it will be a labour of love, and that enriches the soul! I can almost say I am glad this accident has happened; I can indeed!"

Let no one think that our patient friend's philosophy is the apathy of the *Stoic*. It arises from no lack of sensitive and acute feelings, but from a benevolent determination to *make the best of everything*. This is the secret of his contentment under a load of mishaps and reverses. Ever striving to render all around him happy, he is a sterling friend; never repining at the decrees of Providence, he is a true Christian. And the absence of this spirit of cheerfulness,—let us say the non-possession of it,—why, this is a much more sad calamity than many a deprivation much more seriously deplored. Say a man is blind, we pity him; say a man is deaf, we pity him. We grieve over some loss of fortune, or fractured limb; but a man without cheerfulness excites no compassion, and yet he is to be pitied most of all; there is no rebound in his nature; he always sees a coming cloud in the most sunshiny days, and the softest west wind blows east to him, while in adversity he can only feel the paralysis of despair. A cheerless disposition "*is vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes.*" It gives hindrance where we might have expected help, like an inefficient messenger or a faithless servant to those who send him; the vinegar sets the teeth on edge, the smoke makes the eyes smart, and prevents them from seeing. If there be many such helpers in life, it is equally true that man is very often such a helper to himself. "*Cheer up; God is where He was,*" said an old proverb, which contains at once good theology and good physic.

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[illegible] was and is the [illegible] "[illegible] was the favourite [illegible] it was the great [illegible] varied and full mind, Lord [illegible] "Napoleon never allowed two things [illegible] from his thoughts [illegible] from the dominating idea of the [illegible] possible to preserve in exercise a [illegible] "I have lived long enough," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "to [illegible] Never suffer your [illegible] *The old adage of The many irons in the fire* [illegible] You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and [illegible] that, with all respect to the Doctor, this [illegible] complete. Each iron must do its own work, [illegible] and it would be rather a [illegible] tongs, and poker all employed upon [illegible] Therefore comes into one another [illegible] at any rate proportion the weight [illegible]

the nail. We have most of us some painful experiences arising from this, sometimes in the affections, and sometimes in the circumstances. Life and all its happiness and its hopes have been suspended on the one nail, and it has given way.

Or, as another proverb has it, "*He has put all his eggs into one basket.*' Then, if all the eggs are put into one basket, and the basket is hung on one nail, and that nail gives way, the market for the eggs is altogether gone. He is in a bad case who expected everything from the one thing he has lost; but it is not only not unusual, it is very common for men and women to expect the entire fortune from the one venture, and they throw all on one stake. Even when fortune or expectation is hung on several nails, sometimes they all give way. We remember talking with a rich man, who had his house at Albert Gate, and another at Brighton, and another magnificent house in the country, and a retinue of carriages and servants. Our relative positions gave us the liberty to say to him, "The changes of life are so great, the wheel revolves so swiftly, that even you may need to take care." "Ah, but," he said, "I have so arranged that I can't lose all; I have so disposed of my money that if one investment were to fail I should be safe in several others." Very remarkably, very few weeks had passed after this conversation, and he had lost all, entirely all, by a succession of failures in the great year of panic; every house,—and they were immense houses,—in which he had placed his wealth went down. He had not hung his fortune on one nail, but principally on three. He had apportioned his eggs into three baskets; but they all fell. Men must, as it seems, hang their expectations on conditions. This is the peg, or the nail, and, so long as they do so, the day must at last come when the peg breaks, by the very fact that so heavy a burden has been hung upon it; it was more than the peg could bear, and great was the fall of it. Our friend who suffered in the way we mentioned took it all very heroically. With brave-hearted cheerfulness he set to work and began again; but, in most cases, such failures of life and heart take the entire spring from life. A death, an earthquake swallowing up the property—beneath such panics, if spared to gaze round upon the wreck and ruin, the heart says, "Wherefore should I look up again? Why should I begin again?" So Dr. Southey, in one of his letters, like many another father, pours out passionate grief over the death of a little daughter, declaring that he will never be "taken in" that way again, that he will never love again so vehemently. So many have thought; it was his way of saying that the fall from the one nail had so stunned him that he despaired of looking up again; but such calamities even are survived, and men follow in the same chase as ardently as ever. It must be admitted, however, that sometimes life fails altogether, or survives the shock but for a very short time. We have often seen how, when the one staff of the heart is broken; the heart is broken too; and when life has lost the fair things on which it depended, and in which it trusted, we have seen the erect, proud, and stately man shamble along a little while, becoming

[illegible] and [illegible] poor [illegible] and fragile all.—a mere mockery of the [illegible] —he lies [illegible] his obscure grave.

[illegible] considerable number of those whose failure in life seems to [illegible] not merely because they have [illegible] weakness must always excite pity, [illegible] because they have simply been worshipped [illegible] false, fair or foul. An old saying says, [illegible] he has, and they "witness their [illegible] witnesses. [illegible] for a good one. A martyr [illegible] witness [illegible] and surely there are crowds who witness for the devil [illegible] it is not always either easy or [illegible] the devil. The sermon is popularly supposed to be only [illegible] in this life, but this is a great mistake. There are [illegible] martyrs. There are martyrs who are expiating their profession and sermon in every variety of pain and penalty: some in a body racked or a life of misery from the indulgence of their excesses, some in a life of poverty—they have squandered their fortune and nothing is left but the bag and vain regrets; some in exile and banishment far from their country and their friends, through a brief yet full period of earthly sermon, and thus, in many ways, "the devil has his martyrs." Men sink fast, and when their service turns into a [illegible] of suffering they possibly feel that they have been ill-used at the hands of fortune, and treat the affair as a proof of that chance and ill-luck which they had supposed always to rule among the affairs of men. "So [illegible] *them.*" Often it happens that the occasion and opportunity prove the man, and at the same time displace him. There is an old story, it comes from the East, and is like the well-known fable of the "Ass in the Lion's Skin."

The Story of Blueskin.

A jackal, in a fix, we forget which, was the most impudent, prying, and pragmatical of all his tribe. He had an immense conceit of himself, he was always thrusting his nose into everybody's business. His meddling propensities were perpetually getting him into trouble, but nothing could cure him. He would peep and pry into every corner, fish out what secrets he could, and then magnify his own importance by the knowledge his secretive cunning had acquired. One day, while furtively prowling about in search for something new, he entered the shop of a dyer, sniffing and reconnoitering. He at last attempted to peep into a large jar of [illegible] He fell in, and got his hide completely dyed blue. He scrambled out however, and managed to escape to the woods, where he no sooner appeared [illegible] than he created no little surprise, almost a consternation, among respectable animals his fellow-creatures, who knew not what to [illegible] such a very extraordinary nondescript. However, it is [illegible], in the [illegible] of beasts as in the world of men, there is nothing [illegible] by, [illegible] a decided novelty. He moved the wonder a [illegible] all

quadrupeds. Nothing had been seen like him so startlingly fine before. In a short time the wicked old blueskin was chosen king of the forest, although he knew as much about governing as an oyster knows about running a race. No matter, having attained to this great dignity, his head became completely turned, and he began to imagine himself in reality a quadruped of great genius. Whenever he went abroad he was received with shouts of "Blueskin for ever! Hurrah for Blueskin!" In short, what will you have of it? Totally forgetting that his wondrous dignity was only skin deep, and that he was a poor dolt of a jackal at bottom, he resolved to muster an army and conquer the world. So, getting his rank and file together, he put himself at their head and set out; but before he had completed a day's march there came a violent rain, and, no shelter being at hand, his majesty got so soundly drenched that his hide was washed clean, and the cheat discovered. Hereupon the beasts, enraged at the sham, fell upon him tooth and claw; one gave him a poke, and another a scratch, and his majesty, king, conqueror, and generalissimo, was fain to scamper off to the woods in double quick time, carrying with him no remnant of his dignity but a skin full of sore bones, and the knowledge that he was one of the sorriest varlets that ever wagged a tail.

The fable is not without its analogies in our modern society. Are we not often disposed to say, "*Off with your finery, that I may see you*"? Sparrows are hopping about us on all sides painted like humming-birds or king-fishers. And sometimes a worthy man may well thank God for the showers of poverty which wash his feathers; we did not know him so well before, now we can estimate him, and understand that his worth was *not* merely exterior. Wealth, personal or national, is not to be depreciated, but appraised at its proper value. Money, like food, depends upon the man by whom it is used for its value. A bad stomach cannot digest and use good food, and a bad man cannot digest and use his wealth well. Money is not its own end, it is like bricks, which need good architects and builders to make them of any value; but men perpetually confound instruments with objects and ends. We need not envy the rich man his wealth, but we may, and we have sometimes envied him those emotions which may be his when he reflects upon the diffusion of happiness around him from a wise and unparsimonious hand. It need give little regret if, where this has never been realized, the man suddenly elevated as suddenly falls back again. "*Fortune is round,*" says the Dutch proverb, "*it makes one a king, and another a dunghill.*" It is the quiet spirit which reads a higher purpose in life than the mere whirl of the wheel.

> "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
> With that wild wheel we go not up nor down;
> Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great."

A good and true man will always, even amidst the adversities of life, be able to sustain himself by an inward consciousness; even when affairs

[illegible] at the darkest and the nerves quiver, the heart may be strong, as he said [illegible] *I be not ashamed.*" It will be so when words are carefully ruled and made the signs of truth and sincerness and not as they are too frequently, the marks of falsehood and deceit. [illegible] of the word *as of a wet eel by the* [illegible] it is sure that is to slip through the fingers—a picture of an untrustworthy man. There are men who seldom speak without a double meaning; to them the Spirit says, "[illegible] of double meanings," who use all their words so that they seem to lurk in ambush for some future opportunity. There are men who may be even true to the word but utterly false to the spirit; such men and their words are like slippery eels; the words are like cunningly contrived nets, they catch the unwary, while their framers are never likely to be caught.

A story is told of a merchant who desired to insure a vessel and its freightage. She had not been heard of for some time; and this, while it was the reason with him for insuring, formed a reason with the broker for caution: he promised, however, to execute the policy, but meanwhile intended to delay it as long as possible for the purpose of inquiry. The merchant had not long left the broker's office before he heard the vessel was lost, and he sent along his clerk to say he had heard of the vessel, and so the policy need not be executed: the other, supposing the vessel had been spoken with, and that all was safe, contrived to shuffle the papers, unseen by the clerk, signed the policy, and handed it to him, saying, "I had executed it." This was exactly what the other wished; and so this pair of slippery eels contrived to dodge round each other.

And foolish words are as much to be reprobated as malignant words. Almost it seems as if some persons must garnish their speech with unmeaning vapidity, must indulge either in blustering oaths or in vacant talk, signifying nothing; perhaps, indeed, in the recording angel's book a good deal of the pious talk of saintly people fares no better than the sinful talk of the wicked ones. Dean Ramsay, in his "Scottish Characteristics," tells the story of some lady who, speaking of a brother much addicted to the shocking habit of swearing in conversation, said, "Our John sweers awfu', and we try to correct him; but," she added, in a candid and apologetic tone, "nae doubt it *is* a set-off to conversation." And so many, it would seem, have absurdly thought.

In the Diary of Crabbe Robinson there occurs an anecdote of the remarkable preacher and great humorist, the Rev. Robert Robinson of Cambridge. "I met him," said some person in recording the story, "when I was a young man, and when my tone of conversation was the universal among young officers; and I talked in a very free tone with this Mr. Robinson. I did not take him for a clergyman, though he was dressed in black, for he was by no means solemn; on the contrary, he told several droll stories; but there was one very odd thing about he continually interlarded his conversation and stories with an ex tion, '*Bottles and corks!*' This seemed so strange that I could n

at last asking him why he did so, saying they did not improve his story at all. 'Don't they?' said Mr. Robinson, 'I am glad to know that, for I merely used those words by way of experiment.' 'Experiment,' said I; 'how do you mean that?' 'Why, I will tell you. I rather pride myself on story-telling, and wish to make my stories as good as they can be. Now I observed that you told several pleasant stories, and that you continually made use of such exclamations as "G——d d——n it," "B——t me," etc., etc. Now I can't use such words, for they are irreverent towards the Almighty, and, I believe, actually sinful; therefore I wanted to try whether I could not find words that would answer the purpose as well, and be quite innocent at the same time.' All this," said the officer, "was said in so good-humoured a tone that I could not possibly take offence, though apt enough to do so. The reproof had an effect on me, and very much contributed to my breaking myself of the habit of profane swearing."

There is a proverb which says, "*Lies have short legs;*" although Sir James Stephen said he recollected hearing Mr. Wilberforce say, "We talk of the power of truth; I hope it has some power, but I am shocked by the power of falsehood!" And, indeed,—although it will appear at last that nothing really survives but truth and rectitude in character and in principle,—we perhaps somewhat underrate the power of falsehood. It has power, although its power is usually derived from its relation to or simulation of truth; it can use the implements and instrumentalities of truth for doing its own work; it can play the hypocrite so admirably, that in virtue of this a lie may live long. No doubt at last, as the proverb says, "*Lies melt like snow;*" but, short-legged as they are, and dissolving as they are, they can run a long way, and, when they melt, sometimes leave very dirty water behind them. Respectability may sometimes do a great deal towards giving currency to a falsehood. The noblest man, perhaps the most unselfish of all those who laboured to destroy the horrid slave-trade, was Thomas Clarkson. He not only laboured with amazing industry and intrepidity, but he devoted large sums of money to the great object of his life and to his benevolent ambition. He earnestly wrought upon and persuaded Wilberforce to adopt the cause of the slave in the House of Commons. Yet when the late Bishop of Winchester and his brother wrote the life of their father, they sought to brighten *his* reputation, which was quite needless, by representing Thomas Clarkson as the paid agent of men for carrying out that idea of which he indeed was the great originator. In his case a crowd of illustrious friends,—friends such as Lord Brougham,—soon rectified this mistake; and, in subsequent editions, the two Wilberforces were compelled to withdraw their attack upon Mr. Clarkson; and, indeed, the allegations could never have had any foundation at all excepting in their own imaginations. Here was "*a lie with short legs,*" but some seem to be longer. In Lord Macaulay's "History of England," some characters are effectually and, apparently, immortally blackened; among others, that illustrious character

[illegible] as the darkness, and [illegible]
[illegible] said, "Let my [illegible]
[illegible] will be as when wo[illegible]
[illegible] and wherness, and [illegible]
[illegible] and folly. "Th[illegible]
[illegible] shall;" it is sure, the[illegible]
[illegible] unintentionally mea[illegible]
[illegible] meaning, to whom [illegible]
[illegible] their words so that [illegible]
[illegible] tunity. There are [illegible]
[illegible] to the spirit; and [illegible]
[illegible] are like cunning [illegible]
[illegible] framers are ne[illegible]

A story is [illegible]
[illegible] freightage. [illegible]
[illegible] was one reas[illegible]
[illegible] for caution; [illegible]
[illegible] intended [illegible]
[illegible] merchant [illegible]
[illegible] was look[illegible]
[illegible] and so [illegible]
[illegible] had be[illegible]
[illegible] papers [illegible]
[illegible] ing, [illegible]
[illegible] so [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

No, I will not go." The husband thought to also a hypocrite ?" He remembered his father's one. About half a year afterwards he said to her, iness, and must go on a long journey; be so kind to go." She did so, and the next day he bade sooner had he ridden a few miles than he turned inn where he was not known. When it was quite his house, and by means of a second key that he in. He surprised her paramour in the house. As she cried to her lover, "Take your sword and cut the he contrived to escape. He rushed out of the house; ning to his inn he threw himself down upon the pave- with grief, and at last fell asleep. That same night it king's palace was broken into and some costly jewellery an alarm in the palace, and the king commanded to search the town from house to house. His servants he town, and soon found the wretched husband lying in as seized and shut up; and as, in spite of the torture, y who he was and how he came to be lying in the street, d to death. But he thought, "I had rather die than own e. What is life to me ?" He was taken to the place of king's confessor—a monk of eminence—walked beside d him hardly to come into the bosom of the Church before so to die happy. He remained silent. The procession ss by a dunghill that lay in the road, and round the edge s were crawling. "Go round the dunghill," cried the ecutioner, "go round, and don't crush the worms." "Ah!" isoner, "a hypocrite!" And he forthwith called to the I will confess. I and this monk committed the theft to- monk turned pale, but he was arrested, and together with ought back before the king; and his cell was searched and d in it. Then the prisoner confessed that he had known monk, but that when he had seen him so hard to himself ionate to the worms, he had seemed to hear his father's last d had done what he had done. Therefore to the present to hypocrites, to those who kiss their prayer-books and onestly, *Ei, ei, zertret mer die Wörmcher nit.*" "Ah! ah! worms."*

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und Redensarten deutsch-jüdischer Vorzeit. Von Abraham urt-am-Main: Keller. 1860.

VII.

CONCERNING CATSPAWS.

THE story is a very old one which has made this word, "catspaw," proverbial and parabolic. In some old time a monkey took a liking and fancy for certain roasting chestnuts; but the difficulty was to get them, or hold of them, without some injury done to his own paws: but the cat, herself comfortably enjoying the warmth of the fire, suggested to the monkey the possibility of employing her paws for his purposes. Possibly the story may be true, probably false. True or false, through all ages and in all countries, in ancient and in modern times, the story has found its fulfilment in the history of mankind. The proverb is matched by an older one, "*To draw the snake out of the hole with another's hand.*" The story itself seems an amusing one, and men have been disposed to derive amusement from the mishaps of their fellows; and some of the most entertaining stories in the world have for their burden a kind of rejoicing at the clever and shrewd wit of those who have thereby taken in their neighbours. One of the oldest and most famous books of Germany, "The Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owlglass," is devoted to this merry view of human nature, as a thing to be played tricks with, cozened, cheated, and imposed upon; and there seem to be multitudes of men in the world who have not attained to a higher conception; and a world of proverbs and parables seem to be of this reflection for their moral. Hamlet perceived this, and in one of the most expressive parts of the drama, the poet has represented him as assisting the purpose of Rozencrantz and Guildenstern to use him as a catspaw:—

"*Ham.*—Will you play upon this pipe?

"*Guild.*—My lord, I cannot.

"*Ham.*—I pray you——

"*Guild.*—Believe me, I cannot.

"*Ham.*—I do beseech you.

"*Guild.*—I know no touch of it, my lord.

"*Ham.*—'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discoursé excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

"*Guild.*—But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

"*Ham.*—Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet you cannot make it. Why, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? *Call me what instrument you will, though you may fret me, you cannot play upon me.*"

There are natures which live in cunning. The proverb says, "*The scorpion sleeps under the flat stone.*" They are perpetually on the watch for catspaws; and there are others who, in their simplicity and careless inability either to read or to cope with mankind, seem to furnish themselves a ready, and not unwilling, prey to the adroit sharpers. It has been said, "*What the seal is to the Greenlander, the reindeer to the Laplander, or the camel to the Arab, cunning is to the base; they cannot live without it.*" Artfully they seem to walk through society, as along the shores of a great river, fishing with double hooks and gilded flies. The description of these gentry in the prophet Habakkuk is admirable, and proverbial as admirable, "They take up men as fishes of the sea, as creeping things that have no ruler over them; they catch them in their net, and gather them in their drag; then they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag, because by them they are made fat and their meat is plenteous;" or, not to be profane, to turn back to our first image, it is if the monkey kissed his own paw, and sacrificed to it, and worshipped it because it had been so serviceable to him in providing him with chestnuts. So many a clever fellow reverences his own craft, chuckles over it, and thinks there is nothing like it in the world.

Goldsmith, as all our readers will remember, has a very pleasant and often-quoted fable of—

The Giant and the Dwarf,

Who were great friends and went forth together to seek adventures. In their first encounter with some Saracens the dwarf, who was very courageous, struck an angry blow, which was answered to him by the loss of an n. The giant, however, came to his assistance, and the Saracens got ıe worst of it. The giant cheered on his little friend, and they went ɔrth again in search of more adventures, and presently met with some vd and rapacious fellows bearing away a damsel. The indignation of he dwarf was fired. Again he struck the first blow, and this time lost an ye. The giant came to his rescue, and the wicked ravishers fled. The oung lady, in the fulness of her gratitude, fell in love with the giant and rried him. But still on their way, in search of adventures, they fell ı with a band of robbers. The giant enjoyed this immensely. "Come long, my little hero," he said; and the dwarf, plunging in the thick of conflict, was so fortunate in the glorious encounter as to lose a leg. Jump up, my little friend," said the giant; "one victory more, and we l be glorious for ever." "No," said the dwarf, "I declare off; I've

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[illegible]

ither Austria or Russia. It was supposed that even this sharp-sighted iece of majesty had been duped, until it was discovered that his portion ould command the Vistula, and by this he could at any time shut up the ommerce of either of his rivals; and while he could himself convey all inds of merchandise to the furthest parts of his own country, he could t any time paralyse the entire commerce of his enemies in the interior.

Such are those instances of which we speak, as "*Diamond cut Diamond;*" when the catspaw turns out to be something quite different from hat it was supposed to be, as in the following singular circumstance ith which we remember to have met. It is not long since a jeweller was pplied to by a nice-looking man to make a gold ring for him, having in a blade, very delicate and keen, concealed, except on a narrow scrutiny, nd opening with a spring. A bargain was made to furnish it for about even or eight pounds. On the appointed day the purchaser appeared, id the stipulated price, which was fobbed very complacently, and with n air of high satisfaction the nice-looking man put it on his finger. he jeweller, of course very innocently, asked what he wanted to do th such an article; to which the reply was, "To cut open pockets ith." "Ah," replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement, "how can ou do such things with such an instrument and not be detected?" The erformer replied that his art consisted in diverting the attention of eople from everything that looked like design upon them; that he ibbed his forehead, adjusted his hat, etc., and that discovery came too ite. He bade him good morning, and went his way. Shortly after, the weller, as he walked round the counter, was accosted by the clerk: Why, what is the matter with your pantaloons? How came you to ear them so?" "Nothing that I know of," was the answer. "Where?" Why, just look." When, lo! his pocket was found to have been cut ut by the "artist," with his new instrument, and his pocket-book gone, not only the money just paid, but with some hundred pounds in beside.

T e are natures which love mischief for its own sake. Show them iat an equal profit is to be made, and they prefer the roundabout olicy; they like a torturing, puzzling, perplexing path. We have erhaps already quoted a saying of Coleridge, "A rogue is a roundabout ool—a fool in circumbendibus;" hence that other proverb, "*Stolen aters are sweet.*" Things are enjoyed from the mere fact of their ring been knavishly come at. There is a story told of a Russian rince who, as he was travelling in his carriage with his servant, for hom he had considerable regard, said to him confidentially, "Why do ou rob me so?" "My prince," replied the servant, quite taken aback r the moment, "I must have my pleasures; the fatigues of your vi require recreation. I have imbibed from your presence rather ive tastes. I should have no genius for composing a dish, unless my faculties with a little music, and I always arrange my ideas put in order by the motion of a comfortable carriage. What

[illegible] A fox-hunt is exciting [illegible] compared with hunting [illegible] dark ways of our huge social forest. [illegible] are no longer the innocent puss of the fire-place, [illegible] to the whim of a mischief-making monkey, but the [illegible] creature, cat-like, following up the victim to its

Some time since, a paper appeared in the *Spectator*, entitled, "The swindler considered as an Artist." It is a very suggestive topic; it a topic full of interest; and in our day innumerable instances have curred of men who have taxed their genius to the utmost; and, in an rtistic point of view, that genius has sometimes, in courts of law or in other places, excited the highest admiration. The poor genius, it is true, got the worst of it; but it was impossible not to remark the adroit cleverness, equal by a subtle tact to the most marvellous emergencies. e *Spectator* recommended the swindlers to form themselves into an Academy, in which, with the least possible danger to, and possibility of detection of, the movements of their own paws, they might exercise mselves in society. Some of the achievements of murder suggested to De Quincey whether it should not be regarded as a branch of the e arts. It seems swindling might, with much more propriety, be ded as a branch of the fine arts. What an illustration is the nce we have just given from the history of the jeweller! One ce occurred some years since, in which swindling was, by the iable professor, carried to so finely artistic and safe a point of proure, that it has been suggested he deserved, in the event of the rmation of such an Academy, to be elected as its president. He opened account with a bank in the City, and commenced a practice of paying in his office balance every evening and drawing it out every morning. He did not like, he said, to leave so much money, usually some thousands, in the office. The practice, though unusual, was tolerated for some eks, and on the last day the cheque presented as usual. It was not l it had been paid and the money lost that the clerk discovered the h had not been paid in as usual. The drawer had relied, with a rious knowledge of human nature, on the influence of habit, and the dislike of men to display unnecessary suspicion, and the dislike of all banks to do anything so violent as refuse an unsuspected customer's cheque. On the other hand, the swindler knew perfectly well that, if the cheque were refused, it would be in the ordinary way—by a mere memorandum of insufficient effects; and when it was paid, he was only in the position of a customer who had overdrawn, and was liable to civil process. This was a great artist. There was no bungling, undering, or clumsiness; and the circumstance has this further to commend it to our attention—that it is marvellously like a great deal of that over-reaching which passes in the casuistry of society beneath complimentary epithet of *tact*. Mr. Layard gives us a curious llustration of an attempt by Mahomed Pasha to revive and regenerate old custom as he was on his road to his pashalic. This was the revival of a tax called "*tooth-money!*" and the amiable method and pretext for its enforcement was the collection of it from all the places through which he passed, especially where he had to stay a night and ke of food; and it was paid in compensation for the wear and of the pasha's teeth in the mastication of his food. It sounds to

[illegible] strange enough; but cunning and tyranny have [illegible] to protests, apologies, and casuistical arguments [illegible] enforcement of their demands. There are perhaps many practices [illegible] law, even in our own country, which might strike a stranger as no [illegible] more absurd than the tax of the "tooth-money" in the [illegible] There is a marvellous casuistry in the art of cheating, and we [illegible] be almost afraid to trace the catspaw principle through society [illegible] have heard it gravely argued that the morality of Christianity [illegible] thing, and business morality is another. It is perhaps not quite [illegible] easy as some people suppose to draw a sharp line of distinction between honesty and dishonesty. Through a private telegram a merch[illegible] that a particular article has dropped in the market, so he sells [illegible] stock; or perhaps it may be some large company, so he gets rid of [illegible] shares. This is all considered fair in business. On the other [illegible] if, by the same medium of a private telegram, he hears of the ships, and insures them after the intelligence has reached him, this considered theft. The one is a legal and the other an illegal [illegible] the catspaw; but before the golden rule and moral code, it would [illegible] very difficult to draw a distinction between the two. These are of the [illegible] of society which are not pleasant, but they seem also so [illegible] practices that it would be a folly indeed to close the eyes upon [illegible] and avow ourselves insensible to their existence.

It is a mournful thought, but a true one, that men in society [illegible] to engage perpetually, whose business it is to attempt to und[illegible] others and even reach for themselves. It was so from of old. [illegible] very law of trade is given by Solomon, "*It is naught, it is naught,* [illegible] *he boasteth.*" Or, as the [illegible] proverb more fully says, "[illegible] *a thing buys it;*" and [illegible] proverb says, "[illegible] *bargain;*" and a [illegible] proverb says, "[illegible]" It was said of [illegible] [illegible] of anything of which [illegible] that a man dreamed that [illegible] had [illegible] answer to consult him as to the [illegible] and the soothsayer told him that it por[illegible] of the egg representing silver, [illegible] interpretation. [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] saying became your [illegible] character before him [illegible] what he remains [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the doctor who killed them." And so the old proverb is true, "*The grave covers many a doctor's mistake.*" "*A bargain is a bargain,*" covers many a transaction at which no tradesman could blush, and over which no lawyer could quibble, but which never could find a sanction in equity.

Walking through the streets of Norwich the other day with a dear friend well known there, we passed one of those quaint old haunts, half book, half curiosity shops, concerning which our friend told us a story. There, only a short time before, one of those cunning hunters who know the value of so many things, had detected in his explorings among the dusty old shelves, a bundle of black letter in an old worn leather cover. He inquired into the price of it. Well, the tradesman scarcely knew; he had been told it was valuable—perhaps the purchaser knew the value of it better than he did. How much might he think it would be worth? Well, purchaser hardly knew; he had a taste for that kind of thing. The seller must be able to know what he had given for it, and be able to set a price upon it. No, he was not; he hardly knew how he came by it. It was in a quantity of old rubbish. He had been told it was valuable by some people who seemed to know. Would he give a pound for it? It seemed a great deal, he admitted. The purchaser would gladly have given one, or many pounds for it; but the price was ultimately fixed at fifteen shillings. The purchaser took his prize away with him to London. He was well known in the old city, and often boasted after of the lucky transaction of that morning. He sold that worthless-looking bundle of black letter for one hundred and fifty pounds. It was a complete and original copy of one of Caxton's first impressions. Now, would he not have been a foolish man had he returned to the seller any portion, say a third, of the spoil? It would have been a most untradesmanlike proceeding; nor would it have been well had he manifested any great anxiety to gain the treasure, by giving instantly the sum suggested; in fact, the dealer of the old curiosity shop became an admirable catspaw. We often wonder whether Equity will ever come back either to the Church or to the world. We do not know where she lives now, or we would cheerfully go some distance out of our way to call upon her and solicit her return. Is her residence anywhere on this earth at all? Twelve inches make one foot, and sixteen ounces our ordinary pound; twelve pence make one shilling, and twenty shillings make a sovereign; and these weights and measures seem all right enough; but how hypothetical they all look when we come to weigh them against real value. So that while we are engaged in crying "Oh, fie!" "Oh, dear, what a naughty person!" "Oh, how very wicked!" as we discover our neighbour's delinquencies, we have to watch ourselves very narrowly, or, with a most engaging ease, we enact the part of the monkey, contriving to keep half an ounce out of the sixteen, or a penny out of the shilling. This is the social and political economy of the catspaw.

We talk of catspaws as though puss were simply the stupid tool in the

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feared than to be loved." In the next chapter he tells us that a prince, "as he must act the part of a beast sometimes, should make the fox and the lion his patterns." And he goes on to show how the lion's strength should be eked out by the fox's cunning. To enforce such principles as these, this great writer exercised his genius; in fact, his whole scheme, as we have said, is the enunciation of the philosophy of the catspaw in the hands of the monkey.

Political history is very much the story of catspaws; statesmen have devised a thousand pretexts for the taxing of their subjects. As the traveller goes up and down the Rhine, and as at Bingen he recollects the old story of the "Mouse-tower," a tower which, if not sufficiently attractive in itself, is made quite famous by the grim verses of Southey; and as, lower down, he passes the ruins of Katzenelbogen, few realize the meaning of the cat and the mouse story there. The truth is, the Mouse-tower was the "tower of taxes," from the old German word for tax. Those old Barons of the Rhine permitted no boat or vessel to pass along without levying a *muss*, or tax; until, a little lower down, was reared another fortress, the "cat's-elbow" (katzenelbogen), a punning phrase, implying the determination to destroy the power and rapacity of the mouse. But the history of the Middle Ages is full of instances in which, by clever manipulation of words, the people were strangely defrauded; and it has always been great thing, in the clever use of the catspaw, to contrive to re-baptize ıd to sanctify words. Thus, for instance, *robbery*, which seems a plain enough word, call it *chivalry*, what a very different idea it conveys. Certainly, we have ideas of what we call chivalry—a high-spirited scorn of low, base, mean actions; but the story of Chivalry was the story of plunder, ıd beneath the shelter of this sonorous and high-sounding term the castles the high roads of the Middle Ages became the seat and centre of every fraud and crime. An Archbishop of Metz having built a castle, and being ked how he could garrison it, and support the men necessary for the rison, simply pointed to the four roads which unite the neighbourhood. ıhus in that day, highway robbery was hallowed by giving it knightly furniture, and calling it by another name. There were certain phrases used, such as "passage money," and "transit duty." The same thing continued; and often it has been the case that over some evil custom, ıme atrocious injustice and wrong, has been spread the white vest of ıme holy-looking word; and beneath that, it has not merely been the ɔase that the wrong has been permitted, it has even seemed a beautiful very lovable thing. Look round; it is in this way we make catspaws ɔf words. "*When the Devil prays, he wishes to deceive you.*" Men who tempt thus to conceal their purposes, do they really deceive themselves? Do they think there is no Infinite Eye which perceives? This we cannot '; but certain it is, that, by a clever sleight-of-hand of words, the muludes have ever been deceived; and patriotism, religion, freedom, and a thousand other such words, have been made vehicles for the most stupendous crimes; while some have a more melodramatic character;

Wolf in sheep's clothing, a blood-thirsty hypocrite, wearing the garb innocence; the Ass in the lion's skin, a quack trying to terrify by ming the appearance of the forest monarch; the Ox, a stupid com-place; the only innocent being in the writer's apologue is a fool, idiotic Lamb." The philosophy of catspaws and Mr. Thackeray's s of life are not badly summed in the rhyming proverb of Goethe:—

> *"'Tis a very good world that we live in,*
> *To lend, or to spend, or to give in;*
> *But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,*
> *'Tis the very worst world, sir, that ever was known."*

ome people have represented, and not altogether without reason, the re literature of proverbs as representing the philosophy of the use of paws,—that is, as illustrating the hard, average, every-day morality of ety,—a literature in which there is no sentiment and no sweetness; rrow, cold, and selfish view of the relations of men to each other. *ing, is fishing,"* says the Italian proverb. *"To one who has a pie in oven,"* says the French, *"you may give a bit of cake;"* and the liard says, *"People don't give a black-pudding to him who kills no ;"* and again, in the same spirit, *"If you go to feast with the wolf, bring dog;"* and, *"Whom the cat flatters, she also scratches."* An Arab erb says, *"Be neither honey, lest men lick thee up, nor poison, lest spit thee out."* The Persian is also the transcript of it, *"Be not all r, or the world will swallow thee up; be not all wormwood, or the l will spit thee out."* The Egyptian says, *"Kiss the hand thou canst ite;"* and another, *"Kiss the hand thou canst not cut off."* In all e proverbs the recommendation is simply, as it has been truly said, ook after number one. Even the negroes have, as Captain Burton rs, a good many proverbs of this order, and some which exhibit a vledge of the same laws of trade to which we have already referred— *The trader never says he has sold all his goods; he only says trade is a better;"* and again, quite in the same spirit of our remarks, *"When mouse laughs at the cat, there is a hole;"* and again, *"Though a mouse as large as a bullock, it would be the slave of the cat."* And this is exactly to describe the relations between weakness and strength, to show that some are almost, in the nature of things, predestined e the foils and tools of others.

'e are walking amidst the treasures of proverb and parable, and, efore, may select one from Lord Lytton, which, not ignoring the dreadful, seems to present a truer estimate:—" If, reader, you have looked through a solar microscope at the monsters in a drop of r, perhaps you have wondered to yourself how things so terrible been hitherto unknown to you; you have felt a loathing at the id element you hitherto deemed so pure; you have half fancied that would cease to be a water-drinker. Yet the next day you have for-en the grim life that started before you, with its countless shapes, in teeming globule; and, if so tempted by your thirst, you have not

[illegible] myriads of the horrible [illegible]
[illegible] other in the liquid you [illegible]
[illegible] and master element call[illegible]
[illegible] on the sofa of your [illegible]
[illegible] you look through the [illegible]
[illegible] waters that heave around [illegible]
[illegible] earth, that moisten every [illegible]
[illegible] touch.—you are startled [illegible]
[illegible] things be? I never dre[illegible]
[illegible] to me was non-existe[illegible]
[illegible] The next day the [illegible]
[illegible] the globule. Can sci[illegible]

[illegible] of life in which it is poss[illegible]
[illegible] may present such a class[illegible]
[illegible] all knave—a monkey [illegible]
[illegible] helpless lamb, ready fr[illegible]
[illegible] of aggressor.
[illegible] expressed above. [illegible]
[illegible] in the present [illegible]
[illegible] write an essay on b[illegible]
[illegible] of political economy. [illegible]
[illegible] Present," the a[illegible]
[illegible] certainly the adver[illegible]
[illegible] them in the [illegible]
[illegible] against it. [illegible]
[illegible] a very serious [illegible]
[illegible] almost exhibiting [illegible]
[illegible] of anything is [illegible]
[illegible] of capital [illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] in the [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] and

is to get it. But courage! the advertising sheet is the paw which draws forth the golden prize from the hot ashes. Special articles abound everywhere; every dealer has something which is better than every other thing of the same description sold by everybody else; and the largest sale, and the largest circulation guarantees that article as triumphantly the best in the whole market. So it must come about, that conscience limps in the rear.

Mr. Conscience courted Miss Competition one day, and said, "My dear, I should like to marry you; I should like to set up housekeeping, with you for my housekeeper. But Competition asked Conscience to make a statement of all his prospects, assets, and effects; and the possessions of Conscience have always been very modest and limited—enough for needs, but seldom enough for luxuries and great extravagances. Miss Competition likes her chariot, at any rate her brougham, her town and country house, her box at the opera, her *carte blanche* for all the demands of fashion, and especially, as the "Open, sesame!" to all, a good account at the banker's; so she told our poor friend, Mr. Conscience, that she really could not think of it; and we saw her marriage announced, some time since, with Special Article, Esq. We do not know that as yet they have regretted their union; we think we see signs of the probability some day. But Conscience has continued a poor fellow ever since, for Conscience, foolish fellow, sets himself altogether against catspaws. Oh! we should be charged with being very cynical were we to attempt to enter the secret recesses of trade, and to disclose the principles and the practices which go to make up what is called, in many a department, a brisk business; but it seems, as we glance round society, that Mandeville's "Fables of the Bees; or, Private Vices, Public Benefits," finds its apology and its exemplification more extensively than in almost any preceding age of the world. His theories horrified the religious of his time, and have been the subject of commentary and condemnation ever since, as when he says:—

> "Others followed mysteries
> To which few folks bind 'prentices;
> That want no stock but that of brass,
> And may set up without a cross;
> As sharpers, parasites, pimps, players,
> Pickpockets, coiners, quacks, soothsayers,
> And all those that, in enmity
> With downright working, cunningly
> Convert to their own use the labour
> Of their good-natured heedless neighbour.
> These were called knaves; but, bar the name,
> The grave industries were the same.
> All trades and places knew some cheat;
> No calling was without deceit."

that much that is most excellent in appearance and description is the Wise Man would call silvered earthenware, as he says, "Burning

[illegible]—that is, [illegible] lips, eloquent, high-coloured descriptions, and [illegible] [illegible] *are like a potsherd* [illegible] —a [illegible] of gaudy earthenware made to look as if it were [illegible] as metal; it is a style of earthenware gone out of [illegible]. We [illegible] we could say the analogy no longer holds good; for when we were [illegible] it was often to be seen, some worthless piece of pottery [illegible] with silver. So, often, eloquent words and [illegible] thoughts [illegible] made to give a false glitter to the brittle, [illegible] and the false. Burning words—that is, warm, glowing and highly-wrought sentiments—only the silver plating of speech, covering that which was a mere [illegible], an empty and unearnest sound. I [illegible] what an extent this hieroglyphic might apply in an age,—we will not say [illegible] stereotype and veneer of shiddy or devil's dust, and cruel adulteration of [illegible]—of so much false sentiment, not only amidst things of [illegible] but even of sacred things, so that we may close our present strain of reflection by saying, that "[illegible] *will never use catspaws.*" It may be some such reflection as this, which makes the reference to clean hands so common in Scripture. "Who shall stand in the holy place of the Lord?" says the Psalmist. "*He that hath clean hands.*" This may be the meaning of "washing the hands in innocency," and in that most significant proverb, "*He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.*" Dr. Kitto, in his "Bible Illustrations," mentions a little boy, who was seen to wash his hands a great many times in a day. It is, to be sure, a praiseworthy exercise; but the great frequency with which he went to a hollow stone by the well on the old farm, led his elder brother Henry to ask him, why he washed his hands so often. "Because I want to be strong." "Do you think that washing your hands will make you strong?" "Yes." At evening, as the two boys were sitting in the porch of the farm-house, listening to the notes of the Whip-poor-will (it seems to be an American story), Henry asked John why he thought that washing his hands would give him strength. "Because I read it in the Bible." "But where did you find the passage?" So John got down the Bible, and read the latter part of the ninth verse of the seventeenth chapter of Job: "*He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.*" This is rather a pretty mistake in the little fellow, and certainly not so mischievous as some which Biblical critics and others have been guilty of in the construction they have put upon many passages of Scripture. The ancient people made very much of clean hands, figuratively; and as the hand stands for the character, the will and its performances, it is not difficult to perceive that, by the proverb we have quoted, they intended to teach us that the upright, innocent, and righteous should by the every act strengthen themselves—the Septuagint reads, "shall be in boldness." And truly a pure cause gives great confidence, as our laureate says of Sir Galahad,—

> "His strength was as the strength of ten,
> Because his heart was pure."

"*Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.*" Surely the sense of infirmity must paralyse the hand and arm of the man whose motives are impure, and whose cause is unjust. Very often, in the history of men and things, it is this cleanness of the hands which has given victory to a debated cause; while, again, sometimes we have seen how, deprived of victory, the most just and righteous cause has for a time been compelled to retreat into obscurity, or to suffer manifold indignities, malignities, and persecutions. But, even then, the assurance of right has given nerve to the character, and has armed it to bear and to endure where there has not been sufficient power to win. But it may be thought that multitudes, even of people apparently most religiously disposed, never think of the grimy hand when they engage in the black base transaction. It is enough that weakness, simplicity, ignorance, have served the purposes of powerful craft and cunning—craft which has concealed its intentions, and now triumphs over subjected simplicity.

And here, again, we come upon the point of the reflection, some paragraphs since; no doubt, many a wit wants sharpening upon the hone of bitter knowledge. But, once more we repeat, it by no means follows that therefore all are simply sharpers, or food for sharpers; nor have we any doubt that, in the long run,—and all things are to be estimated by what they are in the long run,—there is a wise simplicity that wins, and there is a foolish cunning which has to confess itself foiled, and fails.

We have said that it is not always either mere cruelty or a disposition for mischief in its uglier attributes, which stretches forth a kind of monkey hand, and for its own purposes uses a catspaw. Even while we are closing this chapter, a humorous illustration, which we trust is not beneath its dignity, is related to us by a good friend of ours. It is an incident which happened years ago in the history of a worthy citizen of the good city of Norwich. Members of the Society of Friends are not usually made the subjects of funny jokes; but the worthy citizen of whom we speak had a neighbour, a Quaker, very disposed to be rather troublesome with his questions as to our old friend's business; and sometimes it became annoying, and even seemed impertinent. They met one day, and the Quaker in his usual tone said, "Well, John, where art thee going? What art thee about to-day?" "Why," said the other, "I am going to see something that perhaps you never saw in your life." "Ah, what is that, friend John? I have seen a great many strange things in my life." "Well, the truth is," said the other, "I am going to see a cherry-coloured pig." "Indeed, friend, thee sayest truly; I never have seen a cherry-coloured pig, and should much like to see one." "Well," said his neighbour, "if you come with me I will show you one." "Yes, friend," said the Quaker, "I will go with thee with pleasure." But the walk was a very long one, beneath the broiling sun, and along a hot, dusty road, to a farm, indeed, at a distance of some three or four miles. The Quaker often complained of the length of the journey, and, we may suppose, even doubted in himself, many times on the way, whether the singular sight

[illegible] would be a sufficient compensation for the [illegible] At last it came to an end. The citizen [illegible] the farmer boldly enough: "Farmer [illegible] my friend, who is desirous of [illegible] Farmer looked surprised, and ex[illegible] He can go and look at them." So to [illegible] of fat grunters. "Why, [illegible] black ones!" "Well," sai[illegible] black-heart cherries?" [illegible] was out of temper; and in [illegible] This was not unnatural [illegible] was the exclamation [illegible] a different accou[illegible] say that, after this, the [illegible]

VIII.

CONCERNING THE USES OF SUFFERING.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

would seem that Shakspeare, in most of those pieces which are called comedies, intends to teach the refining and elevating power ırrow, suffering, and pain, the hallowing influence of temporal afflic- ; we may read it in the *Tempest,* in the *Winter's Tale,* in *As You Like It, easure for Measure,* and others. Sorrow and suffering are never their end; indeed, this seems to be Shakspeare's idea of Comedy—man, ı opposing circumstances, rising triumphant over them; all adverse ı ministering to lift a faithful spirit. The idea of a comedy, is a ng together, its etymology is the same as that of our word com- ;e, both signify a coming together; and, in the comedy especially, ave the idea of all meeting together, a consentaneous marching to ıtiful and triumphant close. It does not seem thus while the trial ;he pain are proceeding; "no affliction" can then seem "joyous, but 'ous; nevertheless, afterwards, it yields the peaceable fruit," when pirit is able to exclaim, "*Sweet are the uses of adversity.*" It is a ; saying, it is a wonderful faith which is able to say it. Longfellow, me of his sweetest verses, has said:—

life of ours is a wild Æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
; under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.
th alone can interpret life; and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma
pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma."

ı lines may remind us that it is through the avenues of suffering ıief the great lessons of faith in immortality make themselves felt.

Newman has pointed this out in the *Grammar of Assent,* and ıon ted the wise and witty French essayist, Montaigne,—who was ı with a good estate, health, leisure, an easy temper, literary and a sufficiency of books, and could afford to play with life and .byss into which it leads us,—with the poor factory girl in Mrs. l's powerful story, *North and South.*

think," says the poor dying girl in the tale, "if this should be the ſ all; and if all I have been born for is just to work my heart and ıway, and to sicken i' this dree place, wi' them mill-noises in my ears ıer, until I could scream out for them to stop and let me have a little

[illegible] and w[illegible] the [illegible]uff filling my lungs, until I thirst [illegible] for [illegible] long deep breath o' the clear air; and my mother gone, [illegible] never able to tell her again how I loved her, and o' all my trouble[illegible] think, if this life is the end, and that there's no God to wipe away [illegible] tears from all eyes, I could go mad!"

This is taking a long margin, when we draw in the great lesson [illegible] mortality to cover the bitterness and inequalities of time; and, perh[illegible] it may be doubted whether adversity ever really sweetens, unless in [illegible] bitter cup is pressed out some drops from the immortal essence. [illegible] sovereign lenitive for suffering, its divinest use, is in the assurance [illegible] an infinitely Blessed and Benevolent Will rules all, and that some[illegible] attuning our harsh nature to become a chord for the utterance of a di[illegible] music which shall compensate for all the ills of time.

It is dreadful to think how some natures are doomed to suffer. [illegible] Jacox, that omnivorous reader and most pleasing moralist, amongst [illegible] many little interesting essays, has one on the "Blasphemy of Despair" [illegible] kind of commentary on the way in which poor human nature, [illegible] exquisite reach of its agony and distress, will often "charge G[illegible] ishly," and desire, perhaps, even to "curse God and die." There [illegible] scene in Mr. Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington*, a scene between a husb[illegible] and wife, where the wife is, as we believe the wife has usually bee[illegible] restraining angel. They and their children are starving. She says [illegible]

"James, we must pray to Heaven to look down upon us and upo[illegible] children." "You forget," says the man sullenly, "our street is [illegible] narrow, and the opposite houses are very high." "James!" "[illegible] can Heaven be expected to see what honest folks endure in so dark [illegible] as this?" cries the man fiercely, though a much-enduring man hi[illegible] "James!" again exclaims the wife, with reproachful fear and [illegible] "what words are these?" The man gets up from his pen-wor[illegible] [illegible] the door: "Have we given honesty a fair tr[illegible] [illegible] "Yes, [illegible]" "No!" says the woman, without a moment[illegible] [illegible] "but we die as we have lived. Heaven is higher than [illegible] [illegible]," she says, lest the words of her husband should ha[illegible] [illegible] the sky is above the earth, and Heaven is higher [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

by the cruelty of husbands, to a course of exquisite torture, when ›eling was stretched upon the rack; and who does not know to . extent the milder and more amiable form of cruelty, the mere y of starvation and the blow, obtain among us? Oh, throughout ntry and this world there are innumerable women who never sink e pillow at night, or lift their heads in the morning, but through ıg tears they lift up their pitying eyes to Heaven, they wring their .nd exclaim: "How long, O Lord! how long?" There is a terrible ıe of crimes, impeaching mankind against womankind, waiting for ıent; and whatever the "conditional immortality" people may t may be fairly hoped that, in the long run, the great judgment l upon the heads of sinners whose brutal hand or artistic science lty have violated the holiness of a wife's love, or shattered the ce of their children's natures.

, certainly, so far as the awards of time give to us the power of nt, in many instances it seems impossible to say,—

"*Sweet are the uses of adversity.*"

is something in success," wrote Laman Blanchard to Douglas , "that is necessary to the softening and the sweetening of the best- natures." And some lives never know success. The trials and ı of life often harden, but especially when it is not perceived ıre is some real connection between what is suffered and, not what n done, but what is to be done in us and for us. The old harsh was, "Either this man sinned or his parents;" and the scarlet f vengeance puts its stamp upon the life. The sweeter thought, *ses of adversity*, is, that there is a value attached to human suffer- it is the tuning of the instrument, the education of the perfect ı imperfect sympathies, as Mrs. Norton very sweetly says:—

> "All that our wisdom knows, or ever can,
> Is this: that God hath pity upon man;
> And where His Spirit shines in Holy Writ,
> The great word *Comforter* comes after it."

lady through life must, in innumerable ways, have been a great ; a sweet and lovely woman, a woman of great pride, a woman of enius, in how many ways her spirit was tortured and humbled. 'ering, in her instance, surely brought forth its sweet uses in that ıl poem, "The Lady of La Garaye," from which we have quoted rue and tender lines. She seems to realize the truth of a very ittle parable from a small volume which certainly ought to be :nown. *

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al Fables, Apologues, and Allegories, in Prose and Verse. By E. B. 1869.

[illegible] the pressure of his great distress. [illegible] unchastened, indulge in [illegible] and conversation by w[illegible] [illegible] great is the difference between real and [illegible] meaning the crown of thorns, the piercing [illegible] and sorrow in which the mourners are like mutes, "by profession," or, as the author of "Elsie Venner" says of son[illegible] the intensity of whose grief can be judged by the depth of cra[illegible] dress and the breadth of the black border on their note paper. [illegible] those who estimate the value of all affections from the merely se[illegible] like Sir Godfrey Kneller; when, at table, he referred to a haunch [illegible] just presented to him, he said of the donor, "Ah, there is a g[illegible] He loves me. See what beautiful fat is in his venison."

There is another kind of sorrow and adversity, of a higher a[illegible] order than this, but still neither of the highest nor the deepest [illegible] sometimes falls upon gentle natures, they accept suffering ve[illegible] and unrepiningly, unmurmuringly they order [illegible] air [illegible] it of sack[illegible]

distress were to send him in a dinner, if he heard of a poor woman or sick man hungering and deserving in the next street, he would send the inner in to them." Here was the Duke in exile; and upon such gentle holy, seraphic natures it is true,—

"*Sweet are the uses of adversity.*"

One of the chiefest uses of adversity is, that it gives such a charm of ympathy, such a power of consolation to a character. There is a free- sonry among sufferers; those who have not themselves suffered, want *the accent*, the tender touch, the insight which sorrow and experience impart. This is, as the Apostle said, "that we may be able to comfort others by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted." This is the true art of ministration. No doubt it was in such a human need as this that the Confessional had its origin. As it is used now, with its grates and grills, it seems a truly inhuman thing; but it originated in a deep human want, the need of the heart to tell out its griefs, but to tell m out to ears made sympathetic through the sorrows of the heart lso, the sufferer winning sympathy from one who has suffered. Instead of this, how miserable the machinery of the Confessional—the proud and priestly imposition of *penance* as a solace for griefs!

"*Sweet are the uses of adversity*"

hen they minister to a mind diseased, when they help another sufferer endure, when they are like a fragrance from some bruised plant, some recious gum or flower. So, often has it been that a life seemed as if most thrown away, broken upon some great sorrow; and yet there has e forth from it an abiding ineffable sweetness, like a fragrance filling room where the vase had been broken and the rose-leaves scattered on floor.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

And the uses of adversity have yet a higher sweetness. If we are able to rceive that suffering consecrates life and makes it venerable and beautiful, surely need not feel surprised that it is eminently so with God. The cessful life is admirable. We press round the victor, the man who, by genius, his tumultuous eloquence, his prescience, or his strength, has ade a way for himself among men; but the emotion we feel as we rvey a great sufferer, one with a capacity for suffering,—which is really onymous with suffering, for, if a man have not the capacity to feel, you rain sorrow round him or upon him, but why should we give him our mpathy?—the man met by sorrows, calling him up to the Tabor of sfiguration, he is eminently venerable, and in such a presence rude- s and impertinence even become silent and reverential. Is not suf- ring, then, the Divine alembic by which, all over the earth, God distils e precious essences of immortality? Is not this the reason why the ferer becomes precious in His sight?

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible] poor [illegible] to sacrifice [illegible] offer [illegible]

[illegible] mourning [illegible] sacrifices [illegible] heart, O God. Then [illegible] prostrate himself before the priest [illegible] offering?" [illegible] poor widow and her children [illegible] offer but the two pigeons which were [illegible] 'Bring, then,' said the priest, 'an ephah of the [illegible] my father,' said the old man, 'this day my sickness [illegible] only enough for my own starving children; I have not even [illegible] Why, then, art thou come to me?' said the priest. [illegible] I heard them singing, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit [illegible] accept my sacrifice if I say, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." And the priest lifted the old man from the ground, and he said [illegible] thou art blessed, my son; it is the offering which is better than [illegible] of oil.'"

If this be so, that sorrow is accepted as sacrifice, and turns [illegible] eternal joy, then indeed,

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

But, indeed, "the sweet uses of adversity" are not always seen [illegible] very sweet, nay, the Scripture says, "No affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous."

A Legend from the Tell Country.

They tell a story at Altdorf, in the great Tell Country in Switzerland, of a pair who came to a fatal misunderstanding through pride and [illegible] They were married, and the wife was very rich, the daughter [illegible] in the neighbourhood; and the husband was poor—a young man [illegible] before his marriage he had been only a boatman [illegible] the wife proud of her possessions, and her husband felt and [illegible] proud. They had one child, a boy, and both their hearts [illegible] boy. One day when [illegible] had said some bitter words, he [illegible] "[illegible] now worth a boat. I can [illegible] you. Be sure, I will [illegible] today." "Yes [illegible] with me, and [illegible]"

[illegible] husband with a great deal of meekness [illegible] and [illegible] her arms [illegible] but she [illegible]

herself to this. She only convulsively hugged the child to her heart. "Good-bye, Helena," said Arnold, the husband; and he looked at her even with supplicating tenderness. She hesitated for a moment, and then turned back into her *châlet*, a rich woman, but a desolate one, in a desolate home. And now she could pour out a passion of tears, but of pride and wilfulness rather than penitence and love. And the man and his little son walked away to Fluellen, where he intended to take old Siegfried's boat to his own village, down the lake, on the other side; and the little man chattered very lovingly to his father on the way, not suspecting what a fatal leave-taking that had been. Now there are two winds, either of which is calamity enough on any of those lakes among the great Swiss mountains—the *fohne*, which is the south wind, and which sometimes blows with great violence for some days together; and the *bise*, which is the north wind: their rage sometimes rises very unexpectedly. When Arnold reached Fluellen the boatmen prophesied that there were tempests in t air. There were signs of the *fohne*, but Arnold would go on; at any they could reach Brünnen before the full force of the blast. So they rted; very soon the waves became white with foam, the tempest was on waters. Still they were hoping to reach a safe point by Grütli when, the horror of the boatman, a cold blast struck full in their face, and Arnold said, "It is the *bise!*" There was verily a battle of the winds on the waters. Wonderful exertions were put forth, but it seemed all in vain; t y were seen from the shore, but help was impossible from thence. It a tempest which appears to have been one of the traditional memories the scenery and villages of that neighbourhood. The boat was dashed ldly on the rocks, some of the boatmen were lost. Arnold was saved; t little boy went down, and the father and mother saw him no more. was a fearful time when the parents met, for they did meet again; and n they met, it was on the woman's lips to say, "You are his murderer," but she checked herself, and there came a time of awful reconciliation, though it may be very safely questioned whether an entire reconciliation be ever possible after such a grief. A child lost in such a fashion will be her like a pale spectre standing between the two, and separating, than a uniting memory, attracting. However that may be, such is one of the stories which haunt the shores of Switzerland's lovely lake.

An interesting friend,—once a popular minister, and who has recently ne home,—told us once with pleasant emphasis,—

The Story of an Experience with a German Scholar

om he met, and with whom he spent some time, in a little village in Rhine country. Our friend found in the German a delightful com- ion: he was a rare scholar, and, like German scholars in general, his wledge was not only vast, but many-sided. Science, history, meta- he seemed at home and accomplished in all; but he was a devout believing Roman Catholic. The time came when they had to part, and

It was a sweet story, and we have told it as nearly as possible as our friend told it to us. Some rigid Protestants, perhaps, may demur to the story; we shall only say, Thus it was that a lost heart was found, and Protestants may go and do likewise if they can.

The pleasant parablist of *The Camomiles,* whom we quoted a page or two since, gives us another parable, which may not inaptly come in here.

The Shattered Harp.

"Alas!" said a Pedal Harp, an accident having thrown it on the floor and broken some of its strings.

"What a terrible blow!" said the Looking Glass on the wall, which witnessed the misfortune.

"I am ruined! totally ruined!" cried the Harp.

"And your music always so sweet," tenderly said the Glass.

"It is all ended now!" mournfully replied the Harp.

"What a sad loss it will prove to us!" said the Glass.

"Broken strings can never be played upon. Alas! I am no longer a harp!" it said, with sorrow.

But a strong arm lifted it from its prostrate position. Its injuries e repaired; new strings were affixed; the fingers struck them; the tones swelled and trembled.

"Even as sweet as ever!" exclaimed the Looking Glass with delight.

"Yes! I am still a HARP!" it echoed with joy.

IX.

[illegible] AND DIVINE [illegible].

[illegible] SHAKSPEARE.

[illegible]

[illegible] have been, and are, more frequently [illegible] to be sought that their meaning is [illegible] rather than the beauty of [illegible] commentators [illegible] make a pretty [illegible] in the slightest example [illegible] Shakspeare. Levels at [illegible] Shakspeare's judgment. It is a [illegible] a man's making of [illegible] sees in [illegible] to shewing [illegible] what he intended to write [illegible] making him [illegible] — [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the making of a skewer! Perhaps, rather, he thought of the strong woodman, or the forester, going forth with axe or hatchet among the trees, striking at the immense girth of the ancient forest monarch, till, after long, painfully-repeated strokes, it fell beneath the hewer; and then the process of the saw, the chopper, the centre-bit, until, by-and-by, the piece was shaped, which, beneath the touch of some wonderful turner or wood-carver, might become efflorescent in some such ineffable and wonderful gems of wood as we have seen in Belgian churches. Or, perhaps, as he thought of the infinite moulding Providence, which in His will and intention governs the human will, there rose before him the image of an immense mountain of marble, to which the unconscious and even ignorant labourer went forth, to quarry from its depths and hew from the all-oblivious darkness the huge blocks; then, to drag them to the study of some Michael Angelo,—ages had to elapse before it could be said,—or Thorwaldsen; then, after all the rough-hewings, the sculptor putting upon the dead stone his divine shapings, gradually unswathing the cere-cloth and shroud of stone, until there stepped forth from the ceremental marble the finish of his own idea. We think that such, perhaps, were the thoughts of Shakspeare, rather than of woolstaplers' and butchers' skewers, as he said,—

> "*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*
> *Rough-hew them how we will.*"

The expression is all Shakspeare's own; but the doctrine, how greatly Scriptural it is! What a crowd of texts have the same ring!

"*Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?*" that is, see the ultimate end to which he is tending.

"*He leadeth the blind by a way that they know not, and by paths which they have not known.*"

"*The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.*"

"*The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposal thereof is of the Lord.*"

"*He shall choose our inheritance for us.*"

Mr. Birch spends a great many pages to show that, to Shakspeare's mind, "divinity" was a convertible term for necessity, and that the mind of the poet never rose above *fate*, chance, fortune; and that even that other great saying from the same piece,—

> "*There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow,*"—

is to be translated in the same way. Put consciousness into all these terms, and say, as Schiller so finely says in one of his smaller poems,—"There is an infinite will, itself unswayed, which rules and directs to its own issues all the swaying and rocking to and fro of human wills and affairs; an infinite loving consciousness which folds all things in its embrace,—

> "From seeming evil still educing good,
> And better thence again, in infinite
> Progression,"

and the nonsense of Mr. Birch falls very harmlessly, and unmeaningly on the thoughtful ear.

While we read this text of Shakspeare, we are reminded of a passage from Professor Huxley's *Lay Sermons*, in which he affirms that the life, fortune, and happiness of every one of us, and of those who are connected with us, must depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. He says:—

"It is a game which has been played for untold ages; the chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us; we know that his play is always fair, just, and patient, but also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength; and one who plays ill is checkmated, without haste, but without remorse."

Ah! poor human race! and oh, most unblessed "divinity," if this be all! Shakspeare for ever, against the Evangel of Despair!

But human life is full of illustrations of the truth of our text. Notably in the instance of Samuel Johnson,—poor Samuel Johnson,—he only wanted to be a successful schoolmaster, at Edial in Staffordshire; there he proposed to initiate young gentlemen in the mysteries of the Greek and Latin languages, and he failed altogether; and, walking to London, he must have had many a dark thought upon his melancholy heart; he and Garrick, a pair of poor adventurers, entering the cruel London the same night, as Rogers says,—

> "Wealth and fame
> Awaiting one, even at the gate; neglect
> And want the other."

But the failure at Edial, and the neglect, and the want, were the rough hewings to the shapings of a divine end. The successful schoolmaster of Edial would never have been seen leaning in that attitude of majestic repose, in the sculpture of Bacon, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Do we not remember Thomas Carlyle's commentary upon all this?

"Had his Edial enterprise prospered, how different might the issue have been! Johnson had lived a life of unnoticed nobleness, or sunk into some amorphous Dr. Parr, of no avail to us; Bozzy would have dwindled into official insignificance, or risen by some other elevation. But Edial enterprise did not prosper; destiny had other work appointed Samuel Johnson, and young gentlemen got board were they could where find it. This man was to become a teacher of grown gen in the most surprising way; a man of letters, and ruler of B

Nation for some time; not of their bodies merely, but of their minds; not *over* them but *in* them."

And it is the same great teacher who remarks on what we and the world at large would have lost but for the circumstances which thrust Shakspeare himself out of Stratford-on-Avon. Fancy him in that case, the well-to-do son of a well-to-do burgess, a wool-stapler there. But the rough hewings sent him forth,—no doubt through many days of difficulty and poverty,—to become the subject of divine shapings. The library of biography is very large; look through its pages, and what a multitude of such instances you shall find.

But the two famous lines are only the context and close following upon others which increase the fulness of the meaning:—

> "*Let us know*
> *Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,*
> *When our dear plots do pall; and that should teach us,*
> *There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*
> *Rough-hew them how we will.*"

What a great, what a cheerful view of life it is! that even our impetuosity and unreasoning rashness are subject to a "divinity" which shapes them; that, as our poet says again,—

> "*We are in God's hands!*"

and again,—

> "*Heaven has an end in all.*"

The rashness of passion, in its grander moods; even the blunders of statesmen, generals, reformers, as instanced in Cromwell, Luther, Nelson, and others; what instances we have of a subtle wisdom which met them and controlled them. "*Our deeds are ours, their ends none of our own;*" and the story of the world illustrates how, even *all ends accomplished turn to means* for something more, and how, as Robert Browning finely says,—

> "The real way seems made up of all the ways."

This invisible spirit of the universe, what should it be? What can it be, but the "divinity" of our poet? Him we reverently name God! What an infinite vintage there is in things, and eminently in *souls!* We are surprised at issues, in some wonderful evolution from nature, or some singular and unexpected pathway which science has taken, which is only the elimination of the powers and properties of nature, and we transfer the surprise we feel to God, and suppose that He is surprised also. No! He always "sits upon the circle of the earth," taking in its whole round, "taking up the isles as very little things," and, as men of science demonstrate, literally, "weighing the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance."

And the proof that the Infinite Mind is not surprised, is, that mind is evolved; it would be as wise to suppose that Thorwaldsen was surprised when some beautiful woman stepped forth from the stone; he

[illegible] she should come. The [illegible] is, as Shakspeare has said, that human "[illegible]" [illegible] with Divine shapings, and that God is not only able to employ His own power but even man's free will; and even when the last "[illegible]" is committed, and the life seems to be wasted and thrown away, and Providence foiled, Scripture teaches us that the "[illegible]" shall still serve us well: for what saith the Scripture?

"Arise, and go down to the potter's house! Then I went down to the potter's house, and behold, he wrought a work on the wheel, and the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hands of the potter."

Will, did the potter confess himself foiled, and cast his clay out into the field to be trodden under foot of men, and seek, in insane passion, to annihilate his obstinate clay? No! we read,—

"So he made it again another vessel, as seemed good for the potter to make it: then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, Behold! as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in My hand!"

God gives men many chances in life: it is neither all fate nor all free will. God reserves to Himself the right, neither in time nor eternity, to be foiled in the Divine shape which He intended in creation. Mr. Birch may tell us that fate and chance and necessity are the equivalents of "divinity"; and we can very well afford to smile, we hope with some modesty, at this kind of card-shuffling of words. But there is one word Shakspeare has not used, however he might have relished it, which we could never find to be equivalent to any idea, either in the life of nature, nations, or men. 'Tis not a *happenity* that "shapes our end." The odd and grotesque blundering of things together, and especially human life, is too Divine a sequence for that. Perhaps there are not many who say able so confidently as he, to use the great St. Augustine's words,—

"Lord, when I look upon mine own life, it seems Thou hast *led* me so tenderly and carefully. Thou canst have attended to none else; but when I see how wonderfully Thou hast led the world, and art leading it, I am amazed that Thou hast had time to attend to such as I!"

And like to this is the expression of John Flavel, in the quaint old Puritan phraseology, "*The man who watches for Providence will never want a Providence to watch.*"

For the comprehension and understanding of life, and the Divine way in the shaping of it, the Psalmist said three things were necessary. "Who is *wise*;"—the man with an open heart, an unprejudiced and affectionate heart;—"and will *observe* these things;"—the man with the clear, shrewd, noticing eye;—"even he shall *understand*." He shall put this and that together, and shall find,—

> "*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*
> *Rough-hew them how we will.*"

> "*When our dear plots do pall,*"

[illegible] not say, Shakspeare does not use the

"plot" in its evil or invidious sense; he means our *plans*, our schemes of life, our—what we meant to be, our thoughts of what we *ought* to be; these are of the nature of our "*indiscretions*," and in their failure they perhaps serve us so far that they bring us to a quite unexpected end. Providence seems to take very circuitous routes; and yet, at the end we are impressed by the directness of the aim which held all along through the indirectness of the path; it is long before we learn the use and limitations of our own freedom; and life has attained something when it does not so much desire more freedom, as feel,—

"Tired with the weight of too much liberty."

We strike abroad wildly; by-and-by we learn that there is a Presence walking by our side, restraining our efforts to attain to that to which we are unequal. Therefore it was that the ancients supposed, in their rude way, that infinite Justice ruled in the chance-like divisions of *the lot*, and figured Equity as a blindfolded woman holding the scales, teaching that there is a *soul* in things, which directs them. Oh, amidst much cruelty and oppression and fraud, how wonderfully things come right in the end, even as we see it. What an assurance that this infinite soul of man —man everywhere—the most wicked and vile, as well as the most holy and pure, has the hand of infinite arbitration over him, and that the roughest hewings here will issue in shapings which all souls will acknowledge somewhere else to be divine. We have quoted Professor Huxley before. That seemed an odd wish of his, some years since, yet perhaps many of us have at times felt with him :—

"I protest," he said, "that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true, and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock, and wound up every morning before I get out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer."

We might venture to suggest whether some devout minds have not felt and found prayer to be just such a clock.

"*Prayer*," of which the old proverb speaks as, "*the key which opens—the lock which closes the day*."

When a man shows a noble nature, even in a saying with which we have no moral sympathy, we can but give him our high regard, while we express our dissent; such is, however, not the view of our text, and, as Huxley seems unhappily to know, not the rule of life; for right or for wrong, we are doomed to these rough hewings of ours; we are something more than a bundle of sensations or instincts, tied round by a cord of necessity, and "the way of life is *above* to the wise."

It is impossible not to feel the reflection of this great text of our poet upon the ominous struggle through which some parts of Europe are passing now, and to receive the faith of cheerfulness and hope it presents, although we have to sum all in the language of our Laureate :—

"The drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?

> [illegible] the sins are many, the world is wide.
> [illegible] Shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?
> [illegible] be ruled with rod or with knout?
> [illegible] *He that made it will guide.*"

In the great world of Providence, our eye is constantly arrested by [illegible] workings. It takes a life,—sometimes many lives [illegible] to see that they were all preliminaries to Divine [illegible] a parable, exceedingly well known, and with [illegible] Tennyson's finest poem. The beautiful poem is [illegible] if they know it, our readers will not be sorry [illegible]

The Parable of the Hermit and the Angel.

A devout hermit lived in a cave, near which a shepherd folded his flock. Many of his sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master as being concerned in the theft. The hermit, seeing [illegible] began to suspect the existence of a Divine Providence, and resolved no longer to perplex himself with the useless sorrows of those who lived in the world. In travelling from his [illegible] he was met by an angel in the figure of a man, who said, "I am an angel, and am sent by God to be your companion on the road." They entered [illegible] and begged for lodging at the house of a knight who entertained them with a splendid supper. In the night the angel rose from his bed and strangled the knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for [illegible] but was afraid to make any remonstrance to his companion. Next morning they went to another city. Here they were [illegible] received in the house of an opulent citizen; but, in the night the angel rose and stole a golden cup of inestimable value. The hermit now concluded that his companion was a bad angel. In travelling toward the next morning, they passed over a bridge; about the middle of which they met a poor man, of whom the angel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening they arrived at the house of a rich man, and begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen. The hermit wondered that the cup, which was stolen from their friend and benefactor, should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be [illegible] convinced that his companion was the devil, and begged to go no further. But the angel said, "Hear me, and depart. When you lived in your hermitage a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocent of the supposed offence; but, had he not been then killed, he would have relapsed into sin, in which he would have died impenitent. His [illegible] the murder by dedicating the remainder of [illegible] to acts of charity. I strangled the child of the [illegible]

but, know, that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for this child, as to neglect those acts of public munificence for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hospitable citizen; but, know, that from a life of the strictest temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard, and is now the most abstemious of men. I threw the poor man into the water, he was then honest and religious; but, know, had he walked one half a mile further, he would have murdered a man in a mortal state of sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man who refused to take us beneath his roof; he has therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer the pains of hell for his inhospitality." The hermit fell prostrate at the angel's feet, and requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of God's government.

This is the fable of Parnell's Hermit, which that elegant yet impressive iter has heightened with many masterly touches of poetical colouring, ıd a happier arrangement of circumstances. Among other proofs which ight be mentioned of Parnell's genius and address in treating this ıbject, by reserving the discovery of the angel to a critical period at t close of the fable, he has found means to introduce a beautiful description and an interesting surprise. In this poem the last instance of the angel's seeming injustice is that of pushing the guide from the bridge into the river. At this the hermit is unable to suppress his indignation,—

> "Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
> He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries,
> 'Detested wretch!'—But scarce his speech began,
> When the strange partner seemed no longer man:
> His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
> His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
> Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
> Celestial odours fill the purple air:
> And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
> Wide at his back their gradual plumes display,
> The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
> And moves in all the majesty of light."

The same apologue occurs, with some slight additions and variations for the worse, in Howell's *Letters;* Howell professes to have taken it from the speculative Sir Philip Herbert's *Conceptions;* these Letters were published between 1647 and 1650. It is also found in the *Divine Dialogues* of Dr. Henry More, who has illustrated its important moral with the following fine reflections:—

"The affairs of this world are like a curious but intricately contrived comedy; and we cannot judge of the tendency of what is past, or acting at present, before the entrance of the last act, which shall bring in righteousness in triumph: who, though she hath abided many a brunt,

[illegible] as [illegible] and lightly used hitherto in the world [illegible] desires, we shall see the knight overcome [illegible] reason we are so much pleased with [illegible] of the poets, but that here, as Aristotle [illegible] as they should be; but in the true history [illegible] are recorded indeed as they are, but [illegible] as they should be? When [illegible] shall see that come to pass, that [illegible] the most ingenious plays and [illegible] at last comes to the crown, the [illegible] stopped. And for my own part, I don't [illegible] to pass in the close of the world. But [illegible] upon every enormity before that time [illegible] the stage before the entrance into the fifth act, [illegible] remedy, and to prevent the solemnity [illegible] particular executions."

[illegible] followed the story as it is told by [illegible] less imagination than learning. [illegible] written in Spanish. This we [illegible] between the Spaniards and [illegible] to confirm the suspicion that it was [illegible] of the story we have followed that [illegible] with some additions from the [illegible] Volume of Westward's [illegible] Poetry."

X.

NCERNING THE SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

HAT is a very old proverb which says, "*There is a skeleton in every house.*" It is said to take its origin from a very old Italian story, ch is so old that it may, or it may not, be true.

Where do you keep your Skeleton?

n Italian countess who was a widow had a son exceedingly beloved; was very good, and he was the only son of his mother. He was ying at a distant university, when he was smitten with consumption; oved his mother so much that he feared, although he desired, to : the news to her—and he did it in a strange way. He begged her, · love to him, to send to him a shirt made by the happiest lady l her acquaintance in Naples; he told her of his illness, but quite ed the gravity of it, and his immediate danger. The lady thought request odd, but what will not a loving mother do? She was a t lady; she made the round of her acquaintance, but she found every one had a full share of troubles; she despaired of finding a y woman. At last, however, she heard of *one*, who, to all appear, was rich, calm, smiling, a most quiet-spirited, cheerful, and con- lady. To her the countess went, and, with many apologies, her wish. "Spare your apologies," said the lady. "Oh, how sh *I* could fulfil your wishes; but I am the most miserable woman ll Naples!" So saying, she led the countess to a distant room of palace, unlocked the door, and drew a curtain, and so disclosed, to horror of her visitor, a skeleton suspended from a beam. The led countess inquired what this might mean; and the lady ex- ned: "When I was married I did not love my husband. I loved her, but I was compelled to marry; and after my marriage he m I loved came once to see me, and to bid me farewell. He had evil intention, but my husband rushed into the room, drew his d, and thrust him through the heart; and, not only so, he caused to be hung up here, and he has compelled me to come and visit his ains every day. To the world I have a cheerful aspect, and seem to ossessed of all the comforts of life; but you may judge how far I rve the reputation which has brought you to me, when you know that ve this skeleton in the house!" The countess returned to her own e, quite in despair of fulfilling the wish of her son. "Alas," she said,

[illegible] marquis and of [illegible] famous personages whose robes had rustled along [illegible] the fair dames whose feet had trodden those floors. But, [illegible] was dropped in her prattle; and pretty much she must have [illegible] the gentleman said to her, "And now, madam, if you [illegible] the closet where you keep the skeleton?" The q[illegible] shadow over the hall, and effectually [illegible] They did not see the closet, and in [illegible] catalogue: but the [illegible] always when he thought of [illegible] the cool and shady trees, the gleaming [illegible] dappled deer in the scan[illegible] passing and re[illegible]ing to [illegible] the little iar[illegible] closet which [illegible] owner [illegible] and when all [illegible] housekeeper."

Thackeray's imagination. And yet, perhaps, he was right after all. Lives may be innocent, households free from the terrors which result from great trangressions; but free from *fear?* No! Free from *memory?* No!

We often speak of Death as the "King of Terrors;" but Death may be charmed; Death may lose his power to terrify and to appal; Death himself is not the most terrible skeleton in the house. Some have received sentence of death; a short time since they started back as they saw the ominous streak of blood, and received the warning that, however they might travel to and fro, to milder skies and kindlier climates, they must always be accompanied by the skeleton. Even in these cases, however, it is merciful to notice how, as the steps of the invalid drew near to the cemetery, kind forgetfulness seemed to dissipate the terror from the mind of the sufferer; it is the watcher, the probable survivor, to whom the skeleton is terrible. Some time since we were staying in a *pension* in Bex, in the valley of the Rhone. Our interests were drawn to a pair, a fine-looking man in the prime of life, an Englishman; he had married a young Frenchwoman of Marseilles; but his was a doomed life; there were the heavy, tearing cough, and the incessant weariness, and all the signs of consumption drawing near to its last stage. One day we were all talking together of some things we should do six months after, whither we should go, and what places we should see. The poor invalid said, with a tolerably contented smile, that he believed he should die before six months. The eyes of his wife overflowed with tears; it was possible to read all the sharp agony tearing at her heart, as she said, putting on a smile too, "Oh, no; not die! not die!" It was pitiful to see, it is pitiful to remember; she tried to cheat herself, but it was easy to understand the skeleton was always present to her thoughts. Where are they now?—the six months have long passed. Doubtless the skeleton has long ere now stepped from the closet of fear, and safely locked itself in the closet of memory. The "King of Terrors" is the chief terror, whatever that terror may be, which governs the life. The chief terror; but there is always a skeleton in the home of a bad man. What a skeleton : some undiscovered sin, some crime or sin which perils character, sition, and every reputation! There are skeletons in households, wellers in unsuspected closets, of which the master or the mistress tertains the fear that they may break forth from their concealment, l stride through all its passages and rooms, and grin, in the victory of desolation, over all that seemed radiant and happy and fair. What terror, what a perpetual terror, reigns over the life of a man who nows that he has committed some crime; "and the *murder at last will ut;*" those forged notes, those cooked accounts, cannot long escape etection; and that forged bill is nearly due. Try to drown the remorse the terror as he will in parties, in champagne, or spirits, ever and anon, ore him starts up the skeleton. As he steps into his carriage, others only the obsequious footman standing to open or close the door; he a skeleton in livery. As he takes his seat, there is the skeleton—no

[illegible] immediately, however slowly he may [illegible] politely turns and grins upon him [illegible] of night, the shadow of the policeman [illegible] imagined himself suspected, that the eyes of men [illegible] upon him, that his steps are dodged and haunted. The step [illegible] the chink of the bones of the skeleton. He has carried [illegible] of deception and fraud; his clever adroitness has [illegible] the cloak of mystery in which he has wrapped himself [illegible] complete that no one has suspected him of having a secret [illegible] sometimes he knows well the closet in which lurks the skeleton [illegible] he has the key to it beside himself—he and the skeleton: the [illegible] key on its side, and he dreads lest the terrible thing shall [illegible] and burst forth from concealment. Ah, could he but escape [illegible] whither fly where the gaunt terror shall not pursue him? How [illegible] he plant these swindled accumulations, so that he may avail [illegible] of them? Whither fly? to Europe? to America? to Spain? [illegible] are occupied, and he has few sleeping ones; for as he [illegible] he hears in the night the step of the skeleton foot striding [illegible] the passages, and he feels that sentence is passed, only execution is [illegible] and, in the midst of his terrors, or his dreams, a bony grasp [illegible] he turns to look, alas! yes, it is all hopeless now; [illegible] from the closet, and carried wife and family, reputation [illegible] and life, all away into captivity. There is the fulfilment of the [illegible] "His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle [illegible] shall bring him to the king of terrors. It shall dwell in his tabernacle [illegible] because it is none of his."

Not quite so fearful, not altogether so terrible a skeleton, but still [illegible] much more material, is the Skeleton of Debt. If a man manage his affairs [illegible] to live in the case of twenty, a hundred, or a thousand a year beyond [illegible] income, he finds, in the course of a little time, [illegible] Debt is a tremendous tyrant; and however [illegible] may be postponed, and the account dodged, [illegible] himself, the reckoning day comes at [illegible] and they are more frequently called [illegible] A man very frequently does not know what a [illegible] skeleton has become. When [illegible] closet, it seemed a little baby skeleton [illegible] and it is not often that when it [illegible] easy and pleasant manner. [illegible] We never lived there, but [illegible] that the creditors of [illegible] determined to [illegible] arrears, and [illegible] Dukedom—but they [illegible] all the bills were paid; we [illegible] to his Grace the Duke. We [illegible]

hat skeleton seemed to him a very grim and remorseless monster. To is it seemed we had never heard of a more cheerful-looking, jolly, and leasant-spoken kind of skeleton; it is not often that the skeleton of lebt puts on such smiling features, and that his bones tumble to pieces o easily and so happily.

But well says the old proverb, "*A pig bought on credit grunts all the ear;*" and again, "*It is hard to pay for bread that has been eaten.*" One of the pleasantest meetings we ever had in our life was at the house of—

Our old Friend, Tim Hathaway.

We had a very pressing invitation to spend an evening with Tim d three or four pleasant companions; we did not know that there was any special purpose in the meeting; we loved Tim, he was a ine free-hearted, intelligent, and generous fellow, who, one would ave said, ought always to be as happy as this ill-conditioned world ll let a man be. Our evening wore on in an innocent and cheer-ul manner; but, at its close, after we had partaken of Tim's good hings, he said, "My friends, I believe you all like me, and I like ou, I am very happy just now; I have called you to rejoice with me ver the finding a piece of silver I had lost; the fact is, I cannot ell you for how many years I have had a fright on me of a skeleton n my house. I've looked at my wife; there she is, and she knows it, I have been afraid that, by-and-bye, that skeleton would get her n its grip. I've looked at my children, bless them; they are all up stairs eep in bed; but I tell you I have often wept with fear as I thought I saw its bony paw upon them. I have been for years, I tell you, fighting th a skeleton, and now I have got the better of it." We looked at one nother and at Tim, and half fancied the poor old boy was getting wrong n his head. Not a bit of it; he continued, "I have been for years fighting with debt; that has been my skeleton; for you know, friends, "*Debt is an evil conscience,*" and the French say, "*Money borrowed is soon sorrowed,*" d, "*Borrowing brings care;*" and another says, "*Pay what you owe, d get well of your malady;*" and now I feel tolerably well, thank you; for what with time, and faith, and hard work, I have taken the bony creature and thrown him out of doors. Bless the Lord! within the last few months I have got free from every difficulty; I don't owe a soul on earth a penny, and I won't again if I can help it; so I have asked you, my true old friends, to come and rejoice with me in this quiet way over the knocking down of that skeleton." You may be sure we did; but we thought, and have often thought since, for *one* Tim Hathaway who triumphs, there are *thousands* who feel, their whole life long, the knuckles of the skeleton breaking every bone in their body.

Such are some of the skeletons in the more secular closets of our eholds; and the words, hitherto, speak to the more prudential side

and sin, in Scripture, has [illegible]
[illegible] crime and the unpaid debt. I
[illegible] of this, he is ready to exclaim, "I
[illegible] *in the light of Thy co*
[illegible] there is a nest in the heart which contains
[illegible] the steps for years, of whi
[illegible] *against me*, [illegible] *met*
[illegible] the skeletons of the heart sprinkled
[illegible] *God of judgment*." And
[illegible] the memory of the old sin and th
[illegible] the terrors of judgment.

There was a man who went to and was settled in, a country town, a
[illegible] and prudent; and became, in the course of year
[illegible] of the town. And one day, while he was seated on the ben
there was brought before him a man who, it was plainly proved, h
murdered his master. But what was the amazement of the court, wh
the mayor descended from the bench, and took his place at the bar, a
declared how he had been guilty, long years before, of just such a cri
and how his conscience could no longer be still, but demanded
expiation—for all sin demands expiation, compensation; and now
declared that, in that confession, he found peace, although it doom
him to the gaol and to the scaffold. So there comes to many a li
moment when conscience can be still no longer, and that Scriptur
fulfilled, "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" Conscience exclaims
want peace; I want purity; I want a Saviour; I want a retreat;
thunders roll over me; the lightnings glare. See, the skeleton co
Death, "the king of terrors," with all his judgments!

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

That is a strong and striking word of the Apostle, where he speak
some "who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to b
ago." We shall in a few pages tell more particularly the story
Mazarin, the great minister of France, the successor of Richelieu,
shuddered at the thought that death would one day take from him a
[illegible] of wealth and of art. There was his skeleton! Ah,
[illegible] and mighty capitalist, knowest thou of such an
[illegible] another,—and this, of Mazarin, calls to m

actly unlike it, but teaching pretty much the same lesson,—it is of Dr. ohnson. It was when David Garrick invited him to his mansion in ie country. He conducted him over the richly-furnished rooms of his ouse, through the shaded walks and alcoves, and round the gleaming ake. Exceedingly well satisfied with what he had received from fortune, ie little man, with complacency, rubbing his hands, said to his old riend, "Well, Doctor, what do you think of all this?" The Doctor was a mood to answer very leisurely just then. He sat down on some seat, designed in the great grounds, and said, "I have been thinking about it, David; I have been thinking about it, and I think it is the having all these things about him that makes it so hard for a man to die." It inly was not the answer Garrick expected, who, no doubt, anticipated me well-turned compliment upon his own shrewdness and cleverness in bringing all those things together. But the poor, great, glorious Johnson's ittle house had two or three skeleton closets; and the melancholy man will generally have a quick eye to detect where his friend locks up his secret fears; and we are all of us ready to re-echo Mazarin's mournful l , or jeremiad, "*Il faut quitter tout cela!*"—I must leave *all* that! I ust leave all *that!*

So some men, and women too, continue to echo their fears as they walk along life's road. It may be even through a splendid abode that they trail behind them a great dread. Perhaps, however, this may be e rarest form, the most shadowy and spectral, which the skeleton imes. Some have it in the function of a nervous sensibility, and there are few of such to whom death is not, as Job says, the "King of Terrors." "*He,*" says Carlyle, "*who fears not death, will start at no shadows.*" But the pressure of the things of life, the invasion of imperative and commanding cares, prevent many from stepping aside to look into that closet, id to feel the terrors of that apparition; and then, when the King of Terrors starts up, and the man has to die, and has not made his peace th his Infinite Creditor,—

> "All evils then seem light, compared
> With the approach of Death;
> 'Tis Judgment shakes him; there's the fear
> That prompts the wish to stay,—
> He has incurred a long arrear,
> And must despair to pay.
> Pay? Follow Christ, and *all* is paid,
> *His* death your peace secures;
> Think of the grave where He was laid,
> And calm descend to *yours*."

But is there any household without its skeleton? "*Every life,*" it has been said, "*has a limp in it.*" "*Every life has a lame limb.*" An inious writer has compared life to one riding a mettlesome steed by onlight; there are shadows at every turn, and things irksome and ating. Few lives, if they would confess it, would acknowledge them-

of life. But there are not only the great and undiscovered sins, there is the unconfessed, the unforgiven sin: some remorse, some memory, like that of the Psalmist in the thirty-second Psalm, in which the writer likens himself to one suffering over some unconfessed or unforgiven sin, to a man in a state of fever. "*When I kept silence*,"—made no confession before Thee of my guiltiness.—"*Thy hand was heavy upon me*"—my skin became parched and dry with fear for my unacknowledged sin.—"*I [illegible] Thee, the Mighty, have I not hid, and I [illegible] sin.*" And sin, in Scripture, has given to it the character of the undiscovered crime and the unpaid debt. Then when the man becomes aware of this, he is ready to exclaim, "*I [illegible] Thee, my secret sins in the light of Thy [illegible]*" To how many there is a closet in the heart which contains the skeleton—some memory which has dogged the steps for years, of which the man says, "*Thou [illegible] things against me, and caused me [illegible] the sins of my youth*," the skeletons of the heart, unsprinkled from an evil conscience. And, "*Our God is a God of judgment!*" And perhaps, all sleeps for a season,—the memory of the old sin, and the thought of the terrors of judgment.

There was a man who went to, and was settled in, a country town, and he was saving, thrifty, and prudent; and became, in the course of years, mayor of the town. And, one day, while he was seated on the bench, there was brought before him a man who, it was plainly proved, had murdered his master. But what was the amazement of the court, when the mayor descended from the bench, and took his place at the bar, and declared how he had been guilty, long years before, of just such a crime, and how his conscience could no longer be still, but demanded its expiation—for all sin demands expiation, compensation; and now he declared that, in that confession, he found peace, although it doomed him to the gaol and to the scaffold. So there comes to many a life a moment when conscience can be still no longer, and that Scripture is fulfilled, "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*" Conscience exclaims, "I want peace; I want purity; I want a Saviour; I want a retreat: the thunders roll over me; the lightnings glare. See, the skeleton comes! Death, "the king of terrors," with all his judgments!

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

That is a strong and striking word of the Apostle, where he speaks of some "who through fear of death are all their lifetime subject to bondage." We shall in a few pages tell more particularly the story. Mazarin, the great minister of France, the successor of Richelieu, shuddered at the thought that death would one day take from him all his accumulations of wealth and of art. There was his skeleton! Ah, great [illegible] prince and mighty capitalist, knowest thou of such an [illegible] suggests another,—and this, of Mazarin, calls to m

exactly unlike it, but teaching pretty much the same lesson,—it is of Dr. Johnson. It was when David Garrick invited him to his mansion in the country. He conducted him over the richly-furnished rooms of his house, through the shaded walks and alcoves, and round the gleaming lake. Exceedingly well satisfied with what he had received from fortune, the little man, with complacency, rubbing his hands, said to his old friend, "Well, Doctor, what do you think of all this?" The Doctor was in a mood to answer very leisurely just then. He sat down on some seat, designed in the great grounds, and said, "I have been thinking about it, David; I have been thinking about it, and I think it is the having all these things about him that makes it so hard for a man to die." It certainly was not the answer Garrick expected, who, no doubt, anticipated some well-turned compliment upon his own shrewdness and cleverness in bringing all those things together. But the poor, great, glorious Johnson's little house had two or three skeleton closets; and the melancholy man will generally have a quick eye to detect where his friend locks up his secret fears; and we are all of us ready to re-echo Mazarin's mournful elegy, or jeremiad, "*Il faut quitter tout cela!*"—I must leave *all* that! I must leave all *that!*

So some men, and women too, continue to echo their fears as they walk along life's road. It may be even through a splendid abode that they trail behind them a great dread. Perhaps, however, this may be the rarest form, the most shadowy and spectral, which the skeleton assumes. Some have it in the function of a nervous sensibility, and there are few of such to whom death is not, as Job says, the "King of Terrors." "*He,*" says Carlyle, "*who fears not death, will start at no shadows.*" But the pressure of the things of life, the invasion of imperative and commanding cares, prevent many from stepping aside to look into that closet, and to feel the terrors of that apparition; and then, when the King of Terrors starts up, and the man has to die, and has not made his peace with his Infinite Creditor,—

> "All evils then seem light, compared
> With the approach of Death;
> 'Tis Judgment shakes him; there's the fear
> That prompts the wish to stay,—
> He has incurred a long arrear,
> And must despair to pay.
> Pay? Follow Christ, and *all* is paid,
> *His* death your peace secures;
> Think of the grave where He was laid,
> And calm descend to *yours*."

But is there any household without its skeleton? "*Every life,*" it has been said, "*has a limp in it.*" "*Every life has a lame limb.*" An ingenious writer has compared life to one riding a mettlesome steed by moonlight; there are shadows at every turn, and things irksome and irritating. Few lives, if they would confess it, would acknowledge them-

"I FEEL LIKE OTHER'S PITY."

[illegible] and most are far from the noblest who will [illegible] completeness; and, even to the [illegible] knowledge of the most terrible skeleton.

> "[illegible] each his sufferings. All are men
> [illegible] to groan:
> The [illegible] another's pain,
> The [illegible] for their own."

[illegible] let us try to "bear each other's burdens" [illegible] and we all need Heaven to make compensation [illegible]

[illegible] have mostly been occasioned by the recollection [illegible] have called into existence by their own [illegible]—the skeleton of remorse, the skeleton of [illegible] power delegated by circumstance, once [illegible] seem to whisper along the lives of [illegible] "There are!" But treat life as we may, it is [illegible] without finding that, in the long run [illegible] spare room, or find a closet, for the skeleton [illegible] we scarcely need to set up housekeeping. The old proverb says [illegible] *wept when I was born, and every day shows why,*" and again, "*Every* [illegible] *is weary, the poor in working, the rich in keeping, and the good in* [illegible] *ing.*" "*I might have been,*" is the elegy poured forth by many a [illegible] and innocent heart, as it contrasts life's reality with youth's ideals [illegible] ideas.

> "'I might have been,' they are but simple words,
> And yet they make the sum of thy bewailing;
> They are the echoes of those finer chords
> Whose music we deplore when unavailing."

How many a wife, her life one long-enduring struggle, mourns [illegible] the estranged affections and moral ruin of her husband, and bathes [illegible] pillow nightly in unavailing tears, and forebodes the ruin of herself [illegible] children. How many a husband returns to his home, or leaves it [illegible] to bear upon his heart, amidst all the conflicts of life, the knowledge [illegible] his life is fading away in disappointment, disease, or pain. Such [illegible] various, immensely beyond our power to catalogue, are the skeletons [illegible] hearts and homes.

But no doubt the power of the skeleton is chiefly in the secrecy, [illegible] there is the knowledge of it and the fear to speak of it. It has [illegible] lost its power when two can visit it together, survey it, talk it over [illegible] put the light of the Cross in the room over it, kneel down and [illegible] before it, and take precautions against it. There are such closets [illegible] husband and wife visit together, although they hold painful and [illegible] conversations before it. Life is not in that case hard, nor all its [illegible] beneath the conditions of fear. In such instances the [illegible] locked apart in a secret chamber, nor is there that [illegible] the skeleton should become articulated and a[illegible]

and stride through the chambers, "a king of terrors." The grief is sanctified, and the skeleton elevated into a cross, its arms extend, and it becomes divine, "like the form of the Son of Man" beheld walking, with the Hebrew children, through the fire. This is far from true of all. Some things can only be done once, and then they write a broad arrow of judgment on the life; they are irremediable; they are followed by a haunting doom of remorse. Even for such "there is forgiveness with God that He may be sought unto." But, for others, mutual confidence may disarm the skeleton, and shed a flood of light around the cruel thing, so that it seems to lose something of its bare, sharp hardness, and hath round it an aureole of even earthly hope and beauty, and "*weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*" A friend of ours went to dine with a celebrated man; after dinner a form was wheeled into the room, it was an idiot daughter. The father would always have her in every day for twenty years; she was a child twenty years old, and her one enjoyment, to be brought into that room and to know her father. We knew another, one of the most celebrated men of our time, who, ıatever the company might be at his house, always, at a certain hour, ı away to spend an hour in play with an idiot son. When that son died, the father almost broke his heart over the loss of his unconscious boy. How we draw the curtains of revering mystery round such sacred closets. We feel as if such cross-bearers were of a higher nature than ourselves; and their grief and their gloom acquire a dignity of holiness, and we know that the form so full of grief on earth has attracted them to a higher rank in heaven; and the skeleton itself puts on resurrection garments of beauty for them in the life to come.

Among proverbs few have a more pathetic note than the Spanish one,

"When the House is Finished, the Hearse Stands at the Door."

This may be illustrated in many an affecting instance. Yet there is a comfortable ring in it, inasmuch as it seems to teach that we are "immortal until our work is done." On the other hand, how many are the instances w n, even in a beautiful, natural, and quite unboastful spirit, a man has d, "Soul, take thine ease,"—the difficulties of life overcome, cares which had been long haunting a pair, scattered, the young family grown up and ttled, the pleasant couple having reached only the silver age, no especial infirmity perceived, they have looked forward to some years of more unruffled enjoyment, and have thought of a not undeserved repose,—and ddenly, all unexpectedly, "*the hearse is at the door*"! Sometimes life s not gone on so far; there had been some sharp ruts without which no life can advance very far; but it seemed that this life had won its end ery early. Oh, so many instances! A few years since we stayed at the ouse of a charming young couple; charming children round the table; h husband and wife were rich; the husband, a noble-looking man; wife, a lovely creature in the earliest days of matronhood. We

[illegible] the better for [illegible]
[illegible] home for another [illegible]
[illegible] remains still in the [illegible]
[illegible] in the pleasant [illegible]
[illegible] days, when they were cheerful [illegible]
[illegible] in the art of memory, not as
[illegible] looking back upon a past
[illegible] them. The hearse had, in so unexpected
[illegible] had driven away only to return
[illegible] in so many ways. Sometimes [illegible]
the case of a wife and mother, the darling and hope of the house
sometimes in the case of a father, a husband, its staff and its stay;
[illegible] in the case of a son, the joy and pride of the parents, an affec-

all that they can expect or desire in social regard or esteem, suddenly one is struck down by a singular accident, and it is found that another is the subject of some unsuspected but incurable disease. We are writing ourselves melancholy with the mere procession of lost friends passing before us. The physician who, of all men living in his town, it seemed could least be spared; high in reputation, with heart and hand and pocket "open as day to melting charity"; perpetually in his carriage on his way to minister—not like a hireling, but like an angel—to disease and pain; a grand and noble creature, apparently everything gained in life that life and Providence could confer; and then, suddenly, while yet, as it seemed, in the fulness of life and the height of usefulness, the black hearse drives up before his mansion, and he is gone, only to live in the love of lives he had saved and hands he had grasped.

The instances almost sound like elegies over realized and living hopes, but it ought not to be so. After all, the satisfaction of life to a Christian mind is, that it only completes itself up to a certain point here; and that attained, if it pass to another sphere, it is to take up what seems to be completed to the higher circle where,—

"Parted lovers bind the broken ring."

were one of the first guests in the newly-built house—an English mansion, indeed, it was scarcely finished, the builders were still at the stables and outhouses. With relatives and friends around us, we had a fine conversational evening, and then we broke up and parted. Ah! and only a very short time after, "*the hearse was at the door,*" and the house was left desolate to the young widow.

It is many years since we spent a week with some friends to whom it seemed as if Providence had given everything. Parties were made to receive us; the brother of our host, with his wife, a bright, accomplished pair, parents of bright children, were with us; the house was full of guests and of enjoyment; everything that health, wealth, and taste could bring seemed grouped in the circle; it appeared as if to all present life had very little more that it could offer; but only a few weeks and "the *hearse was at the door.*" Not only for the bright young wife, but for two of her children as well.

Sometimes the tremendous shadow of the black hearse comes from the other quarter. Yet young, husband and wife say, "We have enough and more than enough for ourselves and for our children; why should we weary ourselves with the risks and cares and troubles of business? Let us leave the City; let us build for ourselves a pleasant home amid the fields and green lanes; and, by-and-bye, one or the other of our children will be glad to find the comfortable house,—all the better for having been warmed with our love for some years,—a home for another generation." And a few years go on, and the pair, perhaps still in the prime of life, find themselves childless and solitary; but not in the pleasant hopeful solitude of the young honeymoon days, when they were cheerfully looking forward; but clinging to each other on the raft of memory, not less but or near to each other than before, but looking back upon a past when their children were about them. The hearse had, in so unexpected a manner, driven up to the door, and had driven away only to return again.

The proverb seems to fulfil itself in so many ways. Sometimes it is the case of a wife and mother, the darling and hope of the household; sometimes in the case of a father, a husband, its staff and its stay; sometimes in the case of a son, the joy and pride of the parents, an affectionate heart, a bright intelligence, carrying away the prizes at school and afterwards at college, the glory of tutors as well as the gladness of home. We knew just such an instance. The Christmas hours were coming; the family ring was to complete itself in innocent family conviviality; the parents were sent for, by telegraph, to the University, hurrying off—what a journey through the long night!—only in time, if in time, the last passionate look upon the ebbing life; travelling back with the loved body in their charge, and then, in a day or two, *the hearse stood at the door!*

Such stories are all true, and endless as they are true. Men who achieved their fortune surrounded by a large circle of friends, who

all that they can expect or desire in social regard or esteem, suddenly one is struck down by a singular accident, and it is found that another is the subject of some unsuspected but incurable disease. We are writing ourselves melancholy with the mere procession of lost friends passing before us. The physician who, of all men living in his town, it seemed could least be spared; high in reputation, with heart and hand and pocket "open as day to melting charity"; perpetually in his carriage on his way to minister—not like a hireling, but like an angel—to disease and pain; a grand and noble creature, apparently everything gained in life that life and Providence could confer; and then, suddenly, while yet, as it seemed, in the fulness of life and the height of usefulness, the black hearse drives up before his mansion, and he is gone, only to live in the love of lives he had saved and hands he had grasped.

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X.

THE DISPUTE CONCERNING THE SHADOW OF THE ASS.

THE Greeks had a proverb which ran thus: "To dispute about the shadow of an ass." This took rise from an anecdote Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians in which he was pleading in defence of a criminal, in which they were [illegible] "A traveller," he said, "once went from [illegible] to Megara on a hired ass. It happened to be the time of the dog-days, and he was much exposed to the unmingled heat of the sun, and finding no more as a bush under which to take shelter he thought it meet to descend from the ass and seat himself underneath it. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected that it was necessary to him that, when he let the animal, the use of its shadow was not included in the bargain. The dispute at last grew so warm it got to blows, and finally gave rise to an action at law." After he had so much, Demosthenes continued the defence of his client; the auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were extremely anxious to know how the judges had decided on so singular a cause. Upon this the orator commented severely on their childish injustice in devoting attention a paltry story about an ass's shadow, while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. In that day, when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects, rather than great and important ones, he was said "*to dispute on the shadow of an ass.*"

And much of the folly of life may be described thus. The dispute upon the shadow of the ass goes on still. The attention we give to things great and worthy, bears no proportion to that which we give to the insignificant. Shadows enchant us, substances are forgotten; we live in Vanity Fair, we walk through its booths and bazaars cheered and delighted. Tinsel is more weighty than gold, and zinc a more attractive metal than silver. Of all the things for which we live and work, and sigh and cry, how many are absolutely necessary to our happiness! We make our whims our monarchs, we become servants to our luxury weighs more than comfort, and the desire for ease is more attractive to us than duty. We are sceptical about real things, and credulous about doubtful things; we do not know happiness when we

living among us. Do we not also deserve the old tale to be thrown at us? Are we not disputing also about the shadow of an ass?

A friend has just told us a story, which we may have heard before, of two brothers, lazy fellows, who began a recreation, in their laziness, of dreaming, and ended by disputing. They were lying together on the pleasant grass; said one to the other, "What would you like, if you had your wish?" Whereto he replied, "I would like to have meadows as large as those skies over our heads. Now, what would you wish?" "Ah," said the other, "I should like to have as many sheep as there are stars to be seen upon a bright night." "Yes, but," continued his comrade, "where would you keep them?" Now this was puzzling. At last he said, "Well, I should send some of them into your meadows." "No, but you wouldn't though," said the other. "Who would hinder me?" rejoined his companion. "I would, to be sure, the meadows would be mine." So now the dispute began, and to it they went; and we believe the story says that one of them killed the other before the argument came to an end. Well, if this parable illustrate the proverb of Demosthenes, in how many melancholy instances it also finds illustrations. There are many fables like it, history gives many instances of it, and daily life furnishes us with examples enough. There are many proverbs which point to the folly of useless dreaming and useless doing. "*It is bad combing where there is no hair;*" "*It is of no use making shoes for geese;*" "*It is of no use casting nets into a river where there are no fish;*" and this often quoted one, "*You twist a rope of sand.*"

The parable of Demosthenes is susceptible of further illustration. Vanity extends to intellectual as well as to material labour. How much time has been wasted over empty criticism? How much discussion over barren and unproductive words—discussions by which neither the disputants nor the auditors could be possibly benefited? How much of the literary labour of mankind has had any direct or indirect bearing on the happiness of the world? Amongst the proud monuments which adorn the cemeteries of the world, how many deserve to be spoken of as attempts to lengthen the shadow of the ass? The vain speculations of idle minds have enlisted long ranks of men in the cause of attack or defence. It would be a sound piece of advice, whether you are giving exclusive attention to the hustings and the Parliamentary chamber, to the counter, or to the Exchange—whether you hang breathlessly upon the words of an orator—whether he pronounces those words from the platform or the pulpit—whether you pride yourself upon the long dignity of ancestral descent, or roll in the carriage of worldly ease, in money, in books, in labour, or in trade, in the shop, and family—Beware of *the shadow of the ass!*

It was our dear old friend, Dogberry, who grieved that, although he d been called an ass, it still had not been set down in black and white. W n Conrad says, "Away, away; you are an ass, you are an ass," g ry replies, "Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not

[illegible] Oh that he were here to write me down an [illegible] remember that I am an ass. Though it is not w[illegible] that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art [illegible] by good witness. I am a wise [illegible] and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a householder [illegible] as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and [illegible] and a rich fellow enough—go to; and [illegible] and he that hath two gowns and everything handsome [illegible] Bear him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [illegible]

Poor Dogberry! he seems to have many representatives in these [illegible] Many also, like him, seem disposed to turn the very alphabet itself [illegible] shadow of an ass. It has been suggested to us, although man is [illegible] of any caudal appendage,—we say denuded of it, for [illegible] have stoutly maintained that man must have had one [illegible] know that many deserve to have one still,—the alphabet [illegible] be regarded in the light of a tail. It is curious what [illegible] some men will play, even what money they will spend [illegible] they may affix a few letters, like cabalistic hieroglyphs, at the end [illegible] name. True enough, there are degrees which it is a dignity [illegible] man to wear when they have been honestly attained, and when they [illegible] marks of real ability. Moreover, to schoolmasters and others, a [illegible] conferred by a respectable University is a piece of real property; [illegible] what a despicable thing is he who trades and traffics in this [illegible] and tools after his own name his tail of letters! The fact is, the [illegible] Dogberry Platitude has almost exhausted the alphabet in the way [illegible] appendage. We are sure we have seen the half of an honest [illegible] occupied by signs of the most perplexing description—M.A., [illegible] D.D.F.H., LL.D., D.D., Mus.D., R.A., F.R.S., M.R.I.L., F.R.E.S., F.[illegible] F.L.S., F.G.S., F.A.S., F.Z.S. And then, after these alphabetic varia[illegible] the game of perplexity really begins in a long concatenation of [illegible] pending fellowships with societies known or unknown, most likely known, from half the cities beneath the moon. Some of these gentlemen are not contented unless they trail the shadow of the ass behind them [illegible] the shape of divers hoods as they ascend into the pulpit; and we [illegible] actually known a flight of pulpit-stairs altered so that the distinguished shadow might more distinctly be seen in the slow and graceful ascent. Some one writes concerning such gentlemen—

> "Oh, know you the Doctor Platitude,
> That Theologaster,* sound and good,
> With his recent diplomas full in view
> From the new-founded college of Timbuctoo;

---

* The reader may look in vain, perhaps, in some dictionaries for this word; if it has not a place in the lexicon it has in the history of theologies; it is a term used by the learned Melancthon to describe an ignorant pretender to [illegible] and answers to our *poetaster*, an ignorant pretender to poetry.

With his rich selection of words so sound,
Forming a hogshead, huge and round,
A hogshead huge, though it doth not appear
That the vessel hath spirits, or wine, or beer,
Or even water; the vessel, I think,
Is made to sound, not to hold any drink?
Hence it follows of course, as a reason good,
That Doctor Platitude's skull is of wood,
And another reason the thing affords
For Doctor Platitude's love of boards;
Boards and wood are abundant here
When the deeds of Platitude appear,—
Which also suggests why we find a forest,
Bewildering and dark, when our needs are sorest.
Oh, my dear Doctor Platitude,
Nothing about thee seemeth good,
Good in a sort of a kind of way,
But wanting life, and light, and day;
Like things, very good, if you like to see 'em
In the glass-cases of a museum;
But the bird won't sing, nor the insect fly,
And the branch won't bud, and the life's gone by,
There's nothing in your creed to die,—
For, life and death, they have both gone by,
And all that religion hopes and sees
Is turned to a beautiful song of degrees
Of B.A.s, and M.A.s, and LL.B.s,
And, best of all, the diplomas new
From the learned college of Timbuctoo.
In all that he says is a hollow ring;
For the first time, I find, I doubt the thing;
And I've wind on the stomach instead of a wing
On the soul; and heavy and sour,
These are the things in the doctor's power;
So I'd rather stay outside the doctor's church,
Or build with David's sparrow my perch,
For the least living thing more joy affords
Than the hugest dead, and, *of all*, dead words.
So farewell, dear Doctor Platitude,
Thou Theologaster sound and good!"

ell, these rhymes seem a little to illustrate what the old proverb ıt when it said, *"A fool, unless he knows Latin, is never a great fool."* readers have heard of that great German worthy, Tyll Owlglass? incomparable character he, and a far greater professor of his art our well-known Mr. Joseph Miller; he was, in fact, a droll who was doing and saying things which, while they left him looking like a invariably left those on whom he had played his prank looking much so. We read how, "Once Owlglass gat him as far as Paris at a ın when the examination was going forward at the University. So ent therein; and behold, a doctor on a stool sat and looked upon ; he was a great doctor, and he said unto Owlglass, 'What wouldst have? Dost thou desire to say aught unto me?' Then Owlglass

[illegible] and read from it with [illegible]
[illegible] and stare with [illegible]
[illegible] and reproved them for giving
[illegible] when they were utterly unable to understand [illegible]
[illegible] to hear when explaining the doctrines of
[illegible] "*But folly in a bony dog;*" and pr[illegible]y in
[illegible] or studies we cannot comprehend,
[illegible] the shadow of the ass. It is a proverb of very wide
[illegible] the practical mistakes of life; something like it is that shrewd,-
[illegible] that wonderful, parable in "My Novel," wl[illegible]
[illegible] against wasting the one opportunity of our e[illegible]
[illegible] fishing in the Brent for the one-ey[illegible] perch.

time he has turned upon me his one eye. I had the offer of a ion in Jamaica; I could not go while I left the perch here in ph. I had the offer of an appointment in India; but I could not he ocean between myself and that perch. And once a week, from ıary to December, I come hither. If I should catch that perch, the business of my life will be gone." It was a strange story. "What ıge person!" said one of his listeners. "I think he is a very wise said another. A strange story, but surely to be comprehended by whom it will be necessary to comprehend. A parable from our illustrating the parable of Demosthenes, and showing how many a y practically spends his days and loses all his opportunities fishing e one-eyed perch, or disputing on the shadow of an ass. May we verses again? Then an old writer says—

> "Against our peace we arm our will,
> Against our plenty something still,
> For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
> To me, to thee, to him are wanting.
> That cruel something, unpossessed,
> Corrodes and leavens all the rest;
> That something, if we could obtain,
> Would soon create a future pain."

a wonder that we have not more common sense among us. We t know that we can any of us laugh at our neighbours very right- r; we have all done a good deal of business in buildings, which we sought to cement with very loose mortar, "*arena sine calce*"— *without lime*. The want of the world, it has been said, is common ; but then, who shall say what is the meaning of common sense? been said, "*An ounce of common sense is worth a hundredweight of* but, as we said, the difficulty is to find that common sense. "*Pru-*" says the proverb, "*Prudence is the shield that covers all.*" "*I m dwell with prudence,*" but "*Crooked trees give crooked shadows;*" can all remember where, once upon a time, we cast a crooked w. A story, not too well known, comes to our memory.

The President Montesquieu and Lord Chesterfield

acquainted as they were travelling to Italy. On the road to dispute about the merits of their two nations. My allowed that the French had more wit than the English, but hey had no common sense. The President agreed to this; but could not settle the difference between wit and common sense. the dispute was ended they arrived at Venice. Here the t went about everywhere, saw everything, asked questions, and to everybody, and at night noted down his observations. An or two after, a Frenchman, shabbily dressed, came into his room ddressed him thus: "Sir, I am a countryman of yours. I have here these twenty years, but I have always kept my friendship

[illegible] "[illegible]," said the President; "[illegible] when it hangs only by a [illegible]," said the Earl, "who is this man who has so g[illegible] himself to danger to save you from it? This seems [illegible] He may be a Frenchman; but the love of one's cou[illegible] to travel into dangers which lie out of their way, [illegible] a person who is unknown to them. This man [illegible] you?" "No." "Was he badly dressed?" "[illegible]," "Did he ask you for money?" "Not a farthing." [illegible] extraordinary. But whence did he learn all [illegible] "Oh! I don't know at all; perhaps from the inqu[illegible]" "Mound!" said the Earl, "that council is the m[illegible]

every time he has turned upon me his one eye. I had the offer of a situation in Jamaica; I could not go while I left the perch here in triumph. I had the offer of an appointment in India; but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch. And once a week, from February to December, I come hither. If I should catch that perch, the great business of my life will be gone." It was a strange story. "What a strange person!" said one of his listeners. "I think he is a very wise one," said another. A strange story, but surely to be comprehended by all to whom it will be necessary to comprehend. A parable from our times illustrating the parable of Demosthenes, and showing how many a Burley practically spends his days and loses all his opportunities fishing for the one-eyed perch, or disputing on the shadow of an ass. May we quote verses again? Then an old writer says—

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[illegible]

[illegible] "Perhaps not," said [illegible] "Can we suppose a foreigner to be a spy, and that spy clad [illegible] beggar, while he is employed in a calling for which [illegible] must be well [illegible] and, again, the spy betrays his master to you at [illegible] hazard of [illegible] strangled, if you inform against him, or if he is [illegible] ected [illegible] assisted you to escape. It's all a joke, depend u[illegible] it, my [illegible] "What can it be, then?" said the President. "I [illegible] ing al[illegible] said the Earl. Having puzzled themselves to [illegible] se, t[illegible] still persisted in leaving the place imme[illegible] f, [illegible] L [illegible] [illegible] walking about the room, apparently in [illegible]

nd putting his hand to his forehead, as if a sudden thought had struck im, said, very gravely, "President, listen to me. An idea has just come nto my head. Yes, that must be the man; I have not the least doubt bout it." "What man?" said the President; "if you know who he is, ray tell me quickly." "Oh, yes," was the answer; "I know him well nough. He was sent by one Lord Chesterfield, who wished to prove to ou by experience that, '*An ounce of common sense is worth a hundred-ight of wit.*'" The President never forgave him for the joke.

Now this anecdote not only illustrates the great distinction between he two great peoples, the English and French, but it will guide also to ome knowledge of the meaning of this much desiderated thing—common ense. It is obvious that there are two ways or methods with wisdom. There is wisdom resulting from experience or reflection. It generally omes late in life, sometimes too late to effect much good for its owner. There is another kind of wisdom which results from perception. The een mind instantly reaches conclusions, not by hasty generalization, but y judicious comparison. In the story we have just related, the great robability is, that a common-sense Englishman would have put the uestions with which Chesterfield tantalized his friend. He would not ave leaped so rapidly as Montesquieu to the flames with his papers. He would have judged and compared. Now, the greatest want of man-ind is a habit of observation, a power of reading the meaning of little hings, of forming a judgment upon trifles. We frequently hear of men aking a *common-sense view of matters*, of making a common-sense speech, f a common-sense book. If this language were translated, it would erhaps mean that such-and-such observations were addressed to the niversal perceptions of men, to the understanding; in fine, they were dressed to the sense, they were vested in sensible language or imagery, d were founded on what all men would feel to be true without any long alysis or reflection. Coleridge, our great thinker and teacher, makes distinction,—and a little reflection (for this does not belong to those per-eived by common sense) will show the reader that it is a very natural and ecessary distinction,—between the understanding and reason. "*Reason* s the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and sub-tance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves." On the other hand, the *judgments of the understanding* are binding only n relation to the objects of our senses, which we reflect under the forms f the understanding. It is, as Leighton rightly defines it, "the faculty f judging according to the sense." This is common sense. It is certain that there are two kinds of knowledge; they may be perhaps denominated perceptions and previsions, or intuitions. Some objects are self-luminous; tl y shine by their own light, and can only be perceived by light reflected m themselves. But other objects are perceived by light reflected from mind. Some things are unanimously agreed upon by the universal imony of mankind, because they can only be beheld in one light; but

objects that depend for their definiteness upon the amount of illumination in the mind may be variously described, because beheld through various atmospheres; and this may be the reason why men are agreed upon objects that may be seen, felt, or heard, but are not agreed upon things which must be perceived by faith, or by the higher reason. After all, common sense principally consists in a nice, concise, discriminating calculation of cause and effect, putting these in all the concerns of life in their proper relation to each other. Some who have done this very accurately in the higher regions of thought have been entirely unable to do it in the ordinary affairs of life. Their abstraction, or attention to matters of mental interest, called them away from objects nearer home, and this has very often given to highly distinguished men a laughable and most incongruous notoriety, making their general character to contrast strangely with some exceptional incident. We may perhaps afford some pleasantry to these pages if we take two or three illustrative instances. Mr. Cottle, in his "Memorials of Coleridge," presents to us the ludicrous picture of three of the greatest poets of the age—Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey—in a puzzle together, in the vain attempt to take off a horse's collar. They could all solve problems in mathemat science, they all had Divine intuitions; but here they were fairly wo l. "I led the horse to the stable," says Mr. Cottle, himself too a poet, "when a great perplexity arose. I removed the harness without d culty, but after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the cc In despair I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but, after several unsucc efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether imp ble. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more groomi skill than his predecessors, for, after twisting the poor horse's ne to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout dropsy) since the collar was put on; for he said 'it was a downrigh impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so row collar!' Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and, unc ing the cause of our consternation, 'La, master!' said she, 'you c about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when, tur ing the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a mo our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh t were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not atta There is a ludicrous circumstance related in the letters of Ho pole, also tending to illustrate the same dreamy obliviousness of minds to what might be supposed to be most simple and obvi must add," says Horace Walpole, "a curious story, which I surprise your Italian surgeons as much as it amazed the faculty h sailor who had broken his leg was advised to communicate his Royal Society. The account he gave was, that, having fa op of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it w

oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and, I suppose, a corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg really had been broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how *they* should cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it does appear beyond a doubt that the man spoke the truth. It is a little uncharitable, but I fear that there are surgeons who might not like the abbreviations of attendance and expense. But on the other hand you will be charmed with the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor. In a postscript to his last letter, he added these words: 'I forgot to tell your honours that *the leg was a wooden one!*' What would one have given, to have been present and seen the foolish faces of the wise assembly?"

And the anecdote of Charles II. and the Royal Society is well known. "Why is it, my lords and gentlemen," said he, "that if you fill a vessel with water to the very brim, so that it will not hold a single drop more, yet putting a turbot into the water it will not overflow the vessel?" Many were the sage conjectures; that the fish would drink as much water as compensated for its own bulk, condensing the water to that amount; that the air-bladder had something to do with the phenomena, and a hundred others which were propounded and abandoned in their turn, much to the amusement of the merry monarch. At length Mr. Wren (afterwards Sir Christopher) modestly asked, "But is your majesty sure such would be the case?" "Ay, there," exclaimed his majesty, laughing, "you have it. Always, gentlemen, find out if a thing be true before you proceed to account for it; then I shall not be ashamed of the charter I have given you." Mr. Gulliver must have had in his mind some such vain excursions of the fancy when, in his voyage to Laputa, he was permitted to see the grand academy of Lagado; but future pages may perhaps tell this story. Dean Swift must have had a keen sense of the disputes which have gone on beneath the shadow of the ass; but we are not to conceal from ourselves that it is often from the most unlikely topics of inquiry that the most important discoveries connected with the advancement of science have originated. All is not foolish which looks so. A fop laughed as he passed by the garden of a gentleman and saw him engaged in blowing soap-bubbles; but a passer-by reproved the sneerer, and told him that he saw Sir Isaac Newton watching certain prismatic effects and lyzing through them the laws of light.

ny persons appear to have disdained the lessons of common sense;

they have slighted and have been ashamed to look for the humble cause lying near them, even at their feet; yet we may be sure that to slight these humble lessons is to slight our own happiness. It is evident that God has made the happiness of most people to depend upon the simple fulfilment of the ordinary round of duties—duties clear and legible, and very easy to be apprehended and understood. Man is kindly endowed by the All Good Father with eyes, ears, touch, taste, and smell. These are common senses: they are the property of all, or nearly all, human beings. Suppose a man to cut these common sensations off from himself, he destroys the means of his happiness, he robs himself of the great auxiliaries to his enjoyment. There is a muscular sense which is the common property of mankind, and the exceptions to its enjoyment are perhaps rarer than those to the other senses. There is the sense that delights in motion; it loves to exercise itself by leaping, running, walking; it feels pleasure in exposure to the elements, if such exposure call for the exertion of the muscular nature. Suppose a man to cut himself off from these enjoyments, from his common sense; now, are there not other sensations which we all share in common with the whole human family? For instance, are not the commandments of God, in His g moral law, addressed to common perceptions; do they not find a in our higher and most intuitive faculties, as in the more ordinary mations of the mind? The sentiment of self-preservation, the sent of society, the sentiments of religion, of justice, of order, of propriety, these are everywhere developed. Over some minds a veil has been preventing their full recognition, but still they are in the heart and of man; they are everywhere engraven, and a departure from t too, is a departure from the common sense of mankind. Well y it be said, that the lives of nearly all of us, in our present state of are robberies upon common sense? As we should say that those best met their original design which are excited in health and life, eye, and ear, and taste, and touch, and smell were each active, and healthy and all harmonious; so that seems to be the healthy state of in which all its senses are exercised in due and proper balance, things are cared for in their proper proportions, and estimated at real and proper value. In such a state as this, men will not dispute concerning the shadow of an ass, or spend their days and years in for the one-eyed perch.

Some misunderstanding in reference to the meaning of the word common sense has originated from our good friend the practical It is very usual to hear people express themselves as if common signified the renunciation of every idea above the simple knowled twenty shillings make a pound. "I'm a common-sense sort of a I'm none of your theorists; I'm a practical man." But we ve these "practical men" sometimes, of all men, the fur from common sense; for common sense does not mean li y, less, mental inactivity; it perhaps does not signify prof

implies acuteness. The practical man is very often a man who cannot be certain of anything beyond his nose, and does not believe his nose is upon his face, unless he squints, to be certain that it is there; the common-sense man occupies a medium place between thick-skinned, stolid ignorance and erudite philosophy; for the first, he is far too sensible,—for the last, he has no time nor opportunity. Perhaps common-sense men have been the greatest theorists; for theories have only been the illustration and amplification of data built on facts. The province of these perceptive faculties we denominate common sense; it is to observe facts, and to make inferences from them, and to apply those inferences to the great and various concerns of life. Practical men look at the facts before them, and never go beyond. A "practical man" would never notice any analogy from the boiling kettle, which might expand itself into the idea of a steam engine. A practical man walking through the market of his country town sees no resemblance between it and the great markets of the world; but the common-sense man perceives readily the meaning of the whole laws of trade; he comprehends, from the necessities of his own markets, the necessity of freedom for trade everywhere, learns the supreme importance of leaving it to its own resources. In fact, common sense looks at nature everywhere, and putting two ideas together, it says, I can make *this* thought do *that* work. For common sense does not so much reflect and reason, as we have said above; *it sees and applies.* It does not read homilies, and make sermons, and deliver speeches; it seeks *to do* and *to be.* It is eminently the practical angel of life; its office is not to make orations and poems, but to make ploughs and ploughshares; not to construct a camera obscura or a panorama, but a diving-bell or a steam-ship; and it would enumerate amongst its apostles and devotees, not Seneca nor Spinoza, still less names even far loftier than these; but Caxton, and Watt, and Franklin, and Bacon. "*The wise man's eyes are in his head.*" Common sense enlightens those eyes by caution, prudence, calculation, self-preservation, watchfulness. Perhaps it is the utilitarian element of the soul, fronting it everywhere with the proportion of price to value; but it is, undoubtedly, that element which gives to the mind its self-respect, to the body ease and comfort, which strews life with enjoyments and surrounds the avenues of home, if not with the graces, with the proprieties and order which smooth over the ruggedness of daily toil, and twines its wreaths around the higher hopes and ambitions, to which life is but a prelude and a preparation.

In the course of these papers we have referred to the almost invariable bearing of proverbs on the practical aspects of life. How seldom they indulge in dreams or speculations! These pursuits of the mind are left to the imaginative and poetic faculties of our nature; and it is to be hoped they will never cease to find appropriate exercise, fields for flight, d substance for food; but it is common sense which uses words as helves for the axe of a keen practical wit, like that proverbial saying old, "*But will they carry the Thames with them?*"

It was Charles the First, we believe, who sent a message by a courtier to the City of London, that so great was his displeasure against the City that he had a mind to divert both the terms and Parliaments to Oxford, when one of the aldermen of the City said, "But will he turn the channel of the Thames? *will he take away the Thames with him?* If not, we shall do well enough." And truly there are times when, amidst the envy and anger of men, we may ask, for our own satisfaction, the same question. There are some things of which malice cannot deprive us. Always it remains true that "*A good man shall be satisfied from himself.*" "*In time of famine he shall be satisfied.*" "*Thou shalt make them to drink of the river of Thy pleasures.*" "*If I have lost my ring, I have not lost my fingers.*" "*What the wind gathers, the wind scatters.*" And "*What is found in the highway may be lost in the highway.*" We remember hearing Mr. Cobden once, when some of the large landowners had almost threatened that if the anti-Corn-Law measures were passed, they would be compelled to live out of England, reply, "But will they take the land with them." And it was almost a paraphrase of the speech of the old alderman in the time of Charles the First. The speeches of folly can often only be answered by some such pert rejoinder, setting the folly in a strong light. Words seem often to be used as heedlessly as hurriedly; it is not only true, "*In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin,*" but almost in proportion to their rapidity will be their senselessness. "*The horse-shoe that clatters wants a nail.*" This proverb seems to be spoken of those talkative persons and vain boasters who, by their loud speech, give the assurance that they have no great stock on hand; it is no good sign either to horse or rider when the horse-shoe clatters; and the old proverb says, "*It is well to do all the good we talk of, but it is not well to talk of all the good we do.*" "*This is much cry and little wool, as the old enemy said when he was shearing the pigs.*" And although another proverb says, "*Every man is his own trumpeter,*" those lips which never erred warned us against "*sounding a trumpet before us as the hypocrites do.*" And another proverb says, "*Answer a fool according to his folly.*"

When that eminent man, Robert Robinson, first went to Cam[illegible] he was exceedingly annoyed by some of the younger gownsmen. D[illegible] was subject to much scorn, persecution, and satire in those days. [illegible] succeeded, however, in effecting a change, and frequently had the opp[illegible]tunity of replying to the irritating insects, as in the following instance: A wager was laid among a party of undergraduates. One of the[illegible] wagered that he would take his station with a large ear trumpet in [illegible] hand, on the steps of the pulpit, and remain there till the end of [illegible] service. Accordingly he mounted the steps, put the trumpet to his [illegible] and played the part of a deaf man with all possible gravity; his frie[illegible] were in the aisles below, tittering at the hoax; the congr[illegible]ation [illegible]candalized, but the preacher alone seemed insensible to w[illegible] [illegible]n. The sermon was on God's mercy. Pursuing his reflecti[illegible] [illegible]time, at length the preacher said, "Not only, my Christian fi[illegible]

the mercy of God extend to the most enormous of criminals, so that none, however guilty, may not, if duly penitent, be partakers of the Divine grace, but also there are none so low, so mean, so worthless as not to be objects of God's fatherly solicitude and care; indeed, I do hope that it may one day be extended to,"—and leaning over the pulpit, he stretched out his arm to its utmost length, placing his hand on the head of the gownsman,—"even this silly boy." It is said the wager was lost, for the trumpet fell, and the discomfited stripling himself soon vanished from the scene.

[illegible] He stopped at every [illegible] these things! Can [illegible] [illegible] I am [illegible] story. It is related in various [illegible] have attempted to improve it, but appear really [illegible] weakened the almost ghastly impression. One account [illegible] "Pointing Bacchus, he broke out, 'Look at that Correggio!—[illegible] Titian!—that matchless deluge of Caracci! Ah, my friend [illegible] quit them all! Farewell, dear pictures, that I loved so dearly, [illegible] that have cost me so much!'" More thrilling, by far, is the impression conveyed by the spectacle of the solitary, withered, grey-haired, slipped old statesman, tottering along, soliloquizing, unaware of the ears [illegible] the [illegible] of the screen; pausing now before a Caracci, and now before Correggio, and muttering, unconscious that any one heard him, "*Il faut quitter tout cela!*" "I must leave all that! I must leave all that!" [illegible] was two months in this state. Beneath his fatal malady he grew [illegible] and weaker, so that it is exceedingly probable that he, who tottered [illegible] hither when able to see his favourites, when unable to rise, would [illegible] them brought to him that he might look his last upon beloved [illegible] which, as he said, "had given him so much trouble to acquire, [illegible] cost him so much." It is one of those great homilies, unc[illegible] [illegible] by men who have attained to a very illustrious em[illegible]

the close have not been very well satisfied with the price they paid for their bargain. The great writer to whose verses we have referred in our first lines, has drawn his moral from the incident:

> "Then, slowly as he tottered by,
> The old man unresigned,
> Sighed forth, 'Alas! and must I die,
> And leave such life behind?
> The beautiful, from which I part,
> Alone defies decay!'
> Still, while he sighed the eternal Art
> Smiled down upon the clay."

We can scarcely give to the dying statesman, from any knowledge that we possess, the honour even of such a consolation as that attributed to him by the poet. It seems like the expression of mere disappointment and regret—a grief-ful farewell upon the parting with possessions which had been loved so much.

It is not, however, the only occasion in which the sense of the age of a great picture has forced itself upon the mind of the spectator, as quite affecting when contrasted with his own evanescence. There are several such instances. Samuel Rogers gives one: "'You admire that picture,' said an old Dominican to me at Padua, as I stood contemplating a 'Last Supper' in the refectory of his convent, the figures as large as life. 'I have sat at my meals before it for seven-and-forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place among us—so many have come and gone in the time, that, when I look upon the company there, upon those who are sitting at that table, silent as they are, I am sometimes inclined to think that we, and not they, are the shadows.'" And truly the same reflection has passed through our own mind as we have sat before the great picture of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" in Milan, theme of so much criticism, of such interminable conversations, of so many anecdotes, of such a constantly-succeeding crowd of spectators, that the story of the picture forms a history by itself, and suggests to the mind the reflection that, while we come and go, there is somebody who stays; and it seems to be only this sense of rest in the abiding which can lift the spirit over a melancholy requiem like that of Mazarin, "I must leave all that!" Mazarin, in the scene, brings before us the spectacle of a mind brooding suspiciously over its possessions, with a sense of the doubtfulness of its investments. These pieces of furniture, these costly pictures, are the coupons of the life's investment. What have they realized? and what will they realize?

The story brings to memory another great, and often-quoted instance from the closing days of a great statesman—that eminent master of the arts, in literature and the fashions of the courtly world, Lord Chesterfield. A short time before his death, he wrote in a letter, "I have run the silly round of business and pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility,

and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is in truth, very low; whereas those who have not experienced them always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with the glare; but I have seen behind the scenes. I have seen all the mean pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machine. I have seen and smelled the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. When I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of the romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream."

The secret of all this is, that the price exacted was too high. There is an old proverb, "*The game is not worth the candle;*" and it seems to be a proverb exactly fitting the experience of Lord Chesterfield. The gamester looks upon his winnings, and in bitter disappointment he confesses that all he has won is not equal in value to the mere candle by the light of which the miserable game was carried on. In this spirit some have even regretted that they ever were born. Well known as are these words of Lord Chesterfield, we have not hesitated to quote them. His life reads such a mighty lesson; with all their wisdom, his letters form such a moral tariff of falsehood and shallowness. Yet it is most affecting to find him paid back in his own coin by the son for whom he had written these directions; to whom, in his later years, he had always written as "My dear friend," as if clutching at something more than the mere natural relationship; and upon whose sudden death he received the first announcement from that son's widow, of whose very existence, with her two sons, and of the relationship, the earl had been kept in entire ignorance, notwithstanding his incessant and apparently confidential intercourse with his son. How well had that son learned the lessons of dissimulation he had received! It is apparent not only in the letters we have quoted; but a number beside, in those closing years, as edited by Earl Stanhope, reveal the same dissatisfied heart; and what an abundant revelation the life and letters of Chesterfield give of a nature fitted, if not for the very best, yet for how much better things than he ever did, or which he ever attained.

The number has greatly increased recently of persons who appear to have fallen into the sad vein of disappointment expressed by Chesterfield and others. A young man writes a book—a fairly large and substantial volume, beneath the title, "Is Life Worth Living?" What is called pessimism, that is, the philosophy of despair, appears to have a crowd of disciples. Two distinguished philosophers of Germany, Hartmann and Schopenhauer, find their works translated, and their doctrines received by a large class of disciples in our country; they preach pessimism—it is the sin of our being and, the higher the being, t

the misery. It is noticeable that this philosophy, as in the case of its German teachers, is held for the most part by the idle lovers of pleasure—the spoiled subjects of *ennui*. Those of us who have something to do, those of us even who have had something to suffer, do not reason with life, or about life, thus; it is rather reasoned that the very consciousness of life is joy—that work itself is one of the very liveliest fountains of enjoyment, and the joys of creation more than redeem the pains of labour; as the poet, Browning, says,—

> "How good is this life—the mere living! How fit to employ
> All the heart, and the soul, and the senses for ever in joy!"

Lord Byron has expressed himself sometimes as if Chesterfield's had been his own melancholy but very deliberate conviction. Thus, when he says:—

> "Count all the joys thy hours have seen;
> Count all thy days from anguish free;
> Then know, whatever thou hast been,
> 'Twere something better not to be."

And the verses, which are understood to be the last which fell from his pen, have been well described as the confession of one who, "having spent all, began to be in want:"

> "My days are in the yellow leaf;
> The flowers, the fruits of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone!
>
> "The fire that on my bosom preys,
> Is lone as some volcanic isle;
> No torch is lighted at its blaze—
> A funeral pile!"

Surely such expressions and instances imply and explicitly declare that, whatever the joy, it was bought too dear. The gain was very far inferior to the extravagant outlay. This is indeed what it is to "lose the soul." And what said the lips of the Divine Teacher? "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Surely, when a man comes to know that his soul is gone, that he has parted from all that was best in himself, as he looks upon the exchange, he must feel that he has made what may truly be called a fearfully bad bargain.

There is a story told of the founder of a sect only too eminent and influential, how he followed up a man, eminent for genius, learning, wit, and pleasure, weaving the question round him like a charm. Whether they followed in their walk the winding of the river or the path of the r t; whatever the topic of their conversation or discourse, it was ıys closed by the awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he n the whole world and lose his own soul?" He to whom these words e ı lressed was a public teacher of philosophy. His friend eulogized ıus and eloquence, and introduced to him scholars, attracted to his r by his fame; and he repeated to him the panegyrics he had heard

pronounced on his merit; but, as he did so, he checked the rising exultation by the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The eloquent teacher belonged to a noble family, but it fell into comparative poverty; and he himself was improvident, and compelled to seek and find assistance from his really poorer friend, and the assistance was readily given. But with the help came also the ever-unvarying, pertinacious question, in the same earnest and solemn cadence, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And at last, before the steady persistency of the ever-renewed question, the heart and the life yielded and gave way, and fell into the grasp of the mighty proselyte. The question was wise—it must be always wise—"What shall it profit?"

It is told of the peasant poet, John Clare, whose life began in sorrow and ended in despair, how, when he was a child, a little boy, he started off on a long chase to find the horizon—the place yonder, where the heaven touched the earth, and it only receded farther and farther away from him. He could neither find the place on which the rainbow rested nor the spot where the heavens touched the earth. The poor found hunger, and a night without a bed in the dark fields; the next day a smart thrashing, when he reached home. This w the of all his toil and pain. He did not find the spot where the touched the earth, until nearly seventy years after, when he sank cold rigidity of death.

The end of that boyhood's quest was not worth the ardu But is not this the painful moral of many lives, the ever-renewed on the vanity of human wishes? And we well remember wl a boy, seeing two children on their way from school, on one brig winter morning, full of hilarity and fun and laughter, running b on their way, and thoughtlessly chasing, and attempting to h own shadows. It seemed almost a suggestive parable then; t, in after, we came to find the true exposition of the parabolic sc saying of that great orator and statesman, Edmund Burke, *shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!*" We think of Duchess of Marlborough, the widow of the great Duke, and character of amazing will, dying at eighty-four. When her d her she must be blistered or she would die, she cried out, "I w blistered, and I won't die!" She was right at that time; her end was inevitable, she sank into a misanthropy in which quite oblivious of all the mercies which had attended her in her and exclaimed, "I think one can't leave the world at a better now, when there is no such thing as real friendship, truth, justice or indeed, anything that is agreeable in life!"

Most of these high-born children, the sons and ghters of and fashion, suggest moralities like those we e n indi the best it is like a wreath upon a coffin. Few w more beautiful, brilliant, and beloved, than

Duchess of Devonshire; yet it is the story of a very unhappy life. She was almost suddenly struck down; but the point of our allusion to her is in the incident shortly after her funeral. The celebrated old gossip, Nathaniel Wraxall, visited the vault where the remains of the once eminently lovely woman lay mouldering. There was a bouquet on her coffin, itself withered and almost reduced to dust. Inquiring about it of the woman who kept the church, she said, "That nosegay was brought here by the Countess of Desborough, who intended to place it on the coffin of her sister; but as she approached the vault her agony became so great that she could not proceed; she knelt down on the stones of the church above, as nearly over the place where the coffin rests in the vault below as I could direct. There she deposited the flowers, directing me to complete the task to which she was quite unequal; and I fulfilled her wishes."

These chaplets of affection on tombs are far more affecting than Mazarin's farewell to his pictures, or Chesterfield's plaintive elegy over his vanished pleasures.

In these illustrations of the "*Vanitas vanitatum,*" we have kept near to the more tender lights reflected from the lesson: the vanities of coarse pleasures we have not so particularly instanced. Scarcely any case to which we could refer is so striking in this order as that of Sheridan—that man of almost peerless genius, of whom Byron said:—

> "Nature framed but one such man,
> And broke the die, in moulding Sheridan."

He really was a creature of transcendent power—at the court, the table, in the House, on the stage, in his wonderful comedies, in his impeachment Warren Hastings, when Pitt moved that the House should retire at e, that they might have time to recover from the enchantment of the eloquence which had overwhelmed them. It has been truly said that Sheridan was ruined by success, and that he illustrates the necessity for that prayer, "In the time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us!" Poor Sheridan! Then contrast the great and matchless orator in all his rength, and the wit in all his vivacity, with the poor, disreputable, licentious old man on his death-bed: a writ served upon him, and he about to be carried off to prison, dying, but saved in this instance by his hysician; after death, when lying in state, the poor body seized; a writ eposited on the corpse for five hundred pounds; the poor body redeemed y Samuel Rogers, and then borne to Westminster Abbey by royal dukes, ishops and earls for pall-bearers, followed by a mighty cavalcade of nobles id peers. Surely over such a life, and death, and funeral as this, the Vise Man would say, "*Vanitas vanitatum!* this also is vanity!"

Few stories of the tender kind are more affecting than that of the great nan, Edmund Burke, whose words we quoted above. He lived in his n, o pears to have been worthy of all his father's affection; and t regarded him with hopeful and passionate pride, the son, on

the other hand, regarded his father as one of the first, if not the first. character in modern history. For this son the old man had enlarged, and made more worthily commodious, his house at Beaconsfield; for this son he was contented to look forward to the honour of elevation to the peerage. Suddenly his son was snatched away from him, and the old man, bowed and broken, felt all the truth of that great saying of his, in its fulness. "*What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue!*" He never could bear afterwards to look towards Beaconsfield Church, where his son was interred. The writs were made out for his peerage, but he grat and affectingly declined the honour the king would have conferred him; he did not desire it for himself, and he, for whom he would have received it with pleasure, was gone. Once or twice he roused himself; and in his "Letter to a Noble Lord," upon the attacks which were upon him for his vehement opposition to the principles of the Fr Revolution, he speaks with perhaps all the wit and splendour of days; but he says, "I have nothing to hope or fear in this world; storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks wh late hurricane scattered about me. I am stripped of my honours; torn up by the roots." He speaks of "the sorrows of a de man;" and referring to the attacks made upon him, says, "I I have none to 'meet my enemies in the gate;' I greatly deceive if, in this hard season of life, I would give a peck of refuse wheat that is called fame and honour in the world." This is, however, a story than that we have told already of Chesterfield and his son: no breaking of confidence, nothing to loosen the strong links of a the worst that could be done was done by death, and, in such i the heart bleeds, but hope and faith in future reunions are stren And this ought to be the true compensation for tears shed over all treating pleasures; we have only purchased too dearly when the we have purchased do not receive the smile of "the hope that ashamed," and "the faith which is the substance of the things for."

Probably our readers have seen some strange lyrical verses of G which, even in a translation, are very musical and effective, "Vanitas":—

> "I've set my heart upon nothing, you see,
> Hurrah!
> And so the world goes well with me,
> Hurrah!
> And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
> Why, let him take hold, and drain this wine,
> These mouldy lees of wine."

And then the old Epicurean poet sin in se
set his heart upon wealth, women, travel,
t in each of these exercises of the ;
breaks out again –

"Now, I've set my heart upon nothing, you see,
Hurrah!
And I find the whole world belongs to me,
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old cask we'll have one good bout—
Come, drink the old lees all out!"

s is a y appropriate lyric from the same pen which had said—
in e—"Having drunk the wine, let us eat the glass." But we
; a fair representation of the whole philosophy of the great

at a fruitful text this proverb, "*Vanitas vanitatum!*" Vanity of
es. "*I must leave all that!*" What a number of topics collateral
train of thought we have not touched! how we might spend pages
in recalling names, once immense in their significance, all forgotten
"How few," says Jeremy Taylor, "have heard of the name of
tapadino Ragium." He was the mighty king of Narsinga. An
man in a village in the West of England was told one day that
ing of Prussia was dead; it was the great Frederick. "The old
a," says Dr. Southey, who tells the story, "lifted up her eyes, and
'Is 'a—is 'a! The Lord ha' mercy! Well, well! the King o'
And who's he?'" The question might be asked of many a
very famous indeed in its day, "*Who's he?*" And there is a text
notable sermon! "*Who's he?*" Dr. Johnson tells a story of a man
as nding in an inn kitchen, with his back to the fire. He said
s ding next to him, "Do you know, sir, who I am?" "No,
ve not that advantage." "Sir," said the man, "I am the great
y, who invented the flood-gate iron." Alas! it is all the same—
Twalmley, Frederick the Great, and Veneatapadino Ragium.
nder vein, says Edmund Spenser:—

"Look back, who list, upon the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become;
Where be those learned wits, and antique sages
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And make one bound of the earth and of their reign?"

re is a story told of a certain old Lippo Topi, who he was we know
nly that when he was dying, making and reading his will to his
ors, he bequeathed certain immense sums of money to various per-
nd purposes. He was pressed to tell where these immense sums
to be found; but he only replied, "*Qui sta il punto.*" "There's
t." The droll practical joke of this odd person suggests itself
What is the point of all these musings and meditations and
otes of the disappointed pleasure-seekers and vanished eminences?
be that man is more evanescent than his works? Is it not that

immortal eyes look out upon all these fading phantoms, straining with immortal longings for that which answers to the imperishable within. and reminding us of some of the fine words of the great old Norwich physician, "There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality"? "Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us, for man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave; solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature." And then he gives that exquisite and often-quoted passage, "To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who had not rather be the good thief than Pilate?"

That great satirist, Thackeray, in his powerful work "Vanity Fair," has a chapter,—which is not only one of the most pathetic pieces of writing in our language, but a most striking lay sermon,—entitled "In which Two Lights are Put Out." They are the lights of the poor old unsuccessful man, old Joseph Sedley; and Mr. Osborne, the man of large successes and amazing wealth. The poor old man, dying meditating on his helpless condition; no chance of any revenge against Fortune, which had got the better of him; no name nor money to bequeath; a spent out, bootless life of defeat and disappointment; still closing humbly, forgivingly, prayerfully, hopefully; and passing away thinking, "To-morrow, success or failure won't matter much; and the sun will rise, and all the myriads of mankind go to their work or pleasure as usual; but I shall be out of the turmoil." And old on the other hand, leaving, indeed, all his wealth to his survi dying as he had lived, the same hard, proud millionaire. And contrasting the last with the first, this great master of most and pathetic tenderness breaks forth: "Yes; I think that will b better ending of the two. Suppose you are particularly rich a to-do, and say on that last day, 'I am very rich; I am tole known; I have lived all my life in the best society, and, th k l come of a most respectable family; I have served my coun king with honour; I was in Parliament for several years, where, I say, my speeches were listened to, and pretty well received; I don't any man a shilling; on the contrary, I lent my old college friend, Lazarus, fifty pounds, for which my executors won't press him. my daughters with ten thousand pounds a-piece—very good por girls; I bequeath my plate and furniture, my house in er with a handsome jointure, to my widow for her life; and property, besides money in the funds and my cellar of well wines in Baker Street, to my son; I leave twenty pounds a y valet; and I defy any man, after I am gone, to find anything my character.' Or, suppose, on the other hand, your sw a different sort of dirge, and you say, 'I am a poor, appointed old fellow; and I have made an utter failure

I was not endowed either with brains or with good fortune, and confess that I have made a hundred mistakes and blunders; I own to have forgotten my duty many a time; I can't pay what I owe; on my last bed I lie, utterly helpless and humble; and I pray forgiveness for my weakness, and throw myself, with a contrite heart, at the feet of the Divine mercy!' Which of these two speeches, think you, would be the best oration for your own funeral? Old Sedley made the last, and, in that humble frame of mind, holding by the hand of his daughter, life and disappointment and vanity sunk away from under him."

Very suggestive indeed this, of the true end of our remarks, if the cherished pictures of the mind are the hints of what are to be our companions in immortality. "*Blessed are they,*" says the sweet old German proverb, "*who have their home-sickness, for verily they shall go home.*" And thus it is that there have been many, most eminent in fame and affection, who have found the abiding when dreams and possessions have been dissolving.

How affecting must it have been to hear, some time before his death, t great Sir Walter Scott saying, "The grave the last sleep? No; it the last and final wakening!" And then, while dying, deriving sure from hearing his little grandchild repeating some of Dr. Watts's hymns by his chair, asking Lockhart, his son, to read to him. "And I asked him from what book," says Lockhart, "he said, 'Need you ? There is but one.' I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's l. He listened with mild devotion, and said, when I had done, W , this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly; and I l as if I were to be myself again.'" Innumerable other instances ess upon our recollection; but we have conducted our remarks to the int where we find an antidote to Mazarin's despair, "*Il faut quitter cela,*" "I must leave all that." Sir Walter was leaving "all that" i omparably finer and prouder "all" than that of the avaricious ; but the immortal longings were stirring through the decre- t d decaying frame of the great and beloved poet; and, touched by m of the words of our Lord, he said, "he felt as if he were to be lf n." This is the blossoming of the almond-tree, and the elling through the cold Arctic seas of death to see the midnight l.

Nor is it inappropriate here to quote the last words which fell from the of Thomas Lynch, that rich and fertile but unappreciated genius, the or of some of our most beautiful hymns—"*Now* I am going to begin live!"

But Thackeray's parable of the Extinction of the Two Lights calls to r memory another, which we find in a volume from Germany.

[illegible] DEATH-BED.

The Parable of Two-and-One.

[illegible] death. The world was [illegible] the great question [illegible] have departed hence?" A[illegible]

[illegible] last great agonies. But [illegible] implacable. They [illegible] lived up their voices [illegible] many gods have you [illegible] heart?" Another, "[illegible] God's name [illegible] the day of rest for your [illegible] have you not defied God [illegible] reverence?" A [illegible] mother and golden compassion [illegible] after the other. All the men with [illegible]

[illegible] was wrapped in agony on his bed, and could [illegible] he was utterly lost. A[illegible]

[illegible] leave my bed, ye fearful accusers! [illegible]

[illegible] will we go. We [illegible] will come in our place, and to Him you must [illegible] for all eternity. Do you [illegible]

The wretched man pondered. It seemed to him terrible; but [illegible] at the last hour. At length he answered,—

"[illegible] the two-one: I would rather have [illegible]

Scarcely had he uttered these words than the dark accusers [illegible] and in their place stood a radiant form—it was the figure of Mercy—[illegible] and gentle the express image of Mercy. The wretched man [illegible] gazed eyes on the form. Though dying, he felt a new life within. Suddenly, his childhood, and the long-forgotten lessons of childhood, [illegible] into his thoughts, which his pious mother had taught him when a little child: he thought about God—who is love—and about [illegible] who could be saved. In an instant it all seemed so plain and [illegible] if it had never been out of his thoughts. And he knew whose the[illegible] was.

Then a hallowed smile lightened up his face; involuntarily he [illegible] his arms, and cried with a last effort,—

"Yes, I will belong to Thee, body and soul, to all eternity! [illegible] mercy on me—receive my spirit!"

And his spirit fled. He had departed in peace.

Here we might close, although quite innumerable anecdotes and instances still press very appropriately upon us.

When John Newton was in a very great grief he wrote—"I feel some severe symptoms of that mixture of pride and madness commonly called a broken heart."

We never quite liked the saying. All broken hearts surely are not mixtures of pride and madness. It was true, perhaps, in the cases of Mazarin, Chesterfield, and the Duchess of Marlborough; but hearts are sometimes broken, that through them eternal lights may shine; and we are told that "a broken and contrite heart God will not despise."

Well do we remember, more than thirty years since, sitting late at night after all the household beside had gone to rest, talking with our beloved old friend, Benjamin Parsons, who was called during his life "the Oberlin of Gloucestershire." It was among the wilder hills of Gloucestershire. He was a man greatly honoured and beloved, eminently useful, and holy, and learned. He had come over that evening to attend the funeral of his sister. Her body was lying upstairs. The circumstances had led us off into a conversation upon topics not unlike our present subject. We had talked upon the darkness of the old Pagan mind, even in its best state, and contrasted it with that light of immortality which Christ brought to the aching and bereaved hearts of men; especially we had quoted and conversed upon the mournful saying of the great Roman orator and philosopher, "Vale! vale! æternum vale!" "Farewell! farewell! an eternal farewell!" It was considerably past midnight when we took our candles and went upstairs. As we passed the room where the dead was lying, our friend said, "Shall we go in? I think, perhaps, it will be the last look." He took the shroud from off the face; we looked silently for some time, then he covered it over again and said, "Vale! vale! *non* æternum vale!"—"Farewell! farewell! but not an eternal farewell!"

Not very long after, our dear friend also followed his sister. That scene has never been forgotten; and those words have incessantly, from time to time, recurred to our memory; and they come to us now like other voice, while the Mazarins pour their sad dirges over their own ppointments and the vanishing of material things, singing the elegy of despair, "*Vanitas vanitatum!*" Happy are they who feel that their best things are of a "better and a more enduring substance;" and who, should they seem to leave them even for a time, are able to say, "Farewell! farewell! but not an eternal farewell!" "Vale! vale! *non* ernum vale!"

It may not be inappropriate here to give what we believe is not very well known:—

A Red Indian Tradition.

There was a beautiful girl of one of the North American tribes who died suddenly and young, on the very day on which she was to have been married to a handsome young Indian warrior. He was brave, but he was not proof against his loss; he flung aside his war-club and his bow and arrows; there was no joy nor peace nor further adventure for him; and he sat musing ever by the spot where the women had buried her; for these Indians in this have a likeness to us, although we are incomparably their lords! like us, nature teaches them to love. He had heard the old people speak of a path which led to the land of souls,—for even the Indians have in their thoughts and hopes and songs a land of souls,—and he determined to try to find the path and to follow it. He made preparations for the journey. He knew not which way he must go, but tradition said he must go south. For a long time, as he prosecuted the pathway, he saw in the face of the country no change; the forests, the hills, the valleys, and the streams wore the same appearance as round his native forests and the early home of his lost and buried love. As he passed along there was snow on the ground, and he saw it piled on the thick trees and bushes. But at length the snow began to diminish, and finally it disappeared, and the forest became more cheerful, the air became mild, the dark clouds of winter rolled away from the sky. He saw new flowers and heard the songs of birds; and by these signs he knew that he was in the right way, and that he had left behind him the land of snow and ice. At length he came to a path, and to a grove, and to an elevated ridge and chain of hills, and then to a lodge; and at the door stood an old man with white hair and deep-sunk eyes of startling brilliancy; his shoulders were covered with a robe of skins, and he had a staff in his hand. "Father," said the young man, "have you seen my bride pass this way?" The chief interrupted the young Chippewayan. "I have expected you," said he, "you are welcome; she whom you seek passed this way not many days since. See yonder gulf and the wide-stretching plain beyond; that is the land of souls. You are upon its borders; this is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body with you; leave it here, and your arrows, and your dog, and you will find your body safe when you return." And he did so; and the free traveller bounded forward, as if he had suddenly received the power of wings. But the things as he went retained their colours and their shapes—woods, lakes, streams, lakes, were only more bright and comely than those he had left. Creatures sprung up by him with freedom and confidence, for no blood was shed there; and birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported on the waters. But he noticed one thing—the trees and the lakes did not stop his passage. They were, in fact, the souls of material trees, for all things visible to us are only the shadows of invisible things. He became sensible that he was in the land of shadows. He travelled on, and when he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of

shining white canoe. The old man had told him of this. There were shining paddles. He entered the canoe and took the paddles in his hands, and, to his joy and surprise, he beheld the object of his search by his side in a white canoe, the very counterpart of his. They pushed out from shore, and began to cross the lake, and to make for the island; but they were in fear, for the waves rose, and through the clear waters they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewed at the bottom of the lake; but the Master of Life had decreed to let them pass, and they passed over the whitened edge of the waves. But they saw many sinking; old men were there and young men, and males and females of all ranks and ages; some passed and some sank; it was only the children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves, and who never sank. And, at last, our happy pair leapt out of their canoes upon the happy island. They felt that the air was food, they felt that it nourished and it strengthened; there were no tempests, there was no ice, there were no winds, and no one suffered hunger, and no one mourned for the dead. The young warrior longed to stay with his bride, but he had to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life; but he heard his voice whispering on a soft breeze, "Oh, most highly favoured one, go back to the land whence you came; your time has not yet come; you have not finished the duties for which I made you. Return to your people; you have visited the land of souls, therefore you will be a ruler of your people for many days. Go back and take up your body, and afterwards you shall return and rejoin the spirit of your bride, waiting for you here in the house of life. She is accepted; and she will be ys happier here than when I first called her from the land of snow." d the voice ceased, and the young warrior awoke. He was still in the l of snow, but that was true which the Master of Life told him; he ne a great leader, for he had visited the land of souls.

XIII.

PROVERBS AND PARABLES CONCERNING THE DEAD LIONS.

ONCE upon a time a lion was found dead in the forest; it was [illegible] when the beasts had a much more united manner of acting than they have now, although our parable does not appear to give them [illegible] any greater superiority in their natures. The lion had been a [illegible] formidable beast, with much greater strength and courage; he really possessed more equanimity and regality in his animal acti[illegible] All the other beasts, too, had been very much afraid of him, not [illegible] when his tremendous roar shook the forest and resounded throug[illegible] wilderness, but they had respected also a certain reticence, whe[illegible] majesty strode with majestic steps along the solitudes of the w[illegible] every now and then meeting some terrified creature, to whom he gave a dig[illegible] and cheerful "good day," condescendingly shaking his magnificent [illegible] and mane. But now the king is dead, he lies there in the forest sh[illegible] the sunlight gleaming over his tawny hide, his massive jaw fallen, every movement merely extinguished, nor any possibility longer of [illegible] and mischievous twitch in whisker and tail. The monkey disco[illegible] [illegible] in ten thousand indecent gambols jumped upon the b[illegible] body [illegible] and gibbered, playing all the games of a disrep[illegible] [illegible] one knows here. Having satisfied his jocularity by sla[illegible] the [illegible] whisker, playing with the tail, he bethoug[illegible] [illegible] the other beasts that old King Tawny was [illegible] knowing the [illegible] monkey had no great regard for truth, they [illegible] slowly and reluctantly, and behaved themselves in a very [illegible] [illegible] They were quite certain that the [illegible] [illegible] and then with sundry and manifold [illegible] [illegible] and depreciate his claims to be [illegible] [illegible] and hyena both declared that he was [illegible] [illegible] for his part, he could not [illegible] [illegible] had ever proved his majesty for strength [illegible] [illegible] any of his indecent behaviour. [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] of causing among the beasts [illegible] [illegible] to dispute the majesty of the lion's [illegible] [illegible] peculiar [illegible] of mass[illegible] [illegible] the company whether that was not really a [illegible] [illegible] a few hairs from the dead body, and [illegible]

excite the affectionate interests of his fellow mortals in too appetizing a manner. Finally, a little bit of a dog approached, and, after setting up a bark to intimate to the company that he was there, he proceeded to sniff, in a contemptible manner, round and round the poor old king; and then, in a peculiarly unseemly manner, he insulted the royal remains.

It is a parable which has often been acted out in human life. History is full of such instances of the treatment of dead lions. Here is a striking instance, in the history of France in the great days of the League. The Duke of Guise was a great man, a very great man. He represented the chivalry of France in his day; he was a great statesman and a great soldier. Perhaps a more utterly despicable creature than the King of France, Henry III., never sat upon a throne; such a king could not know what to do with a man like Guise better than to get him assassinated. It was the age of murders and assassinations, so the weak king treacherously seduced him to a meeting, cleverly planting his murderers so that he was slain in the very presence of the king, who, had he known how to do it, might have strengthened his throne by the wisdom and will of the duke. But the pith of the story is in what happened after the murder. Then the king advanced to see the body of his victim. With gnashing teeth he set his foot upon it, trampling it under his feet. He contemplated it for some time, and as he did so, spectators tell us, his face assumed a frightened aspect. He exclaimed, "My God, what a great man! He seems even greater dead than living!" But he pushed the body a second time with his foot, and exclaimed to one who was standing by him, "Does it appear to you that he is dead?" The person to whom he spoke, braver than the king, answered, "Yes, I believe it, sire." And then the chronicler, who tells the story, says: "I think, if the duke had only breathed when the king pushed him with his foot, he would have fallen down by the side of the corpse through fear." It is a striking illustration altogether of cowardly imbecility kicking the body of the dead lion. And yet there was some retribution in this circumstance. In the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the great Coligny had been sought out by the assassins employed by the Duke of Guise himself; and, when the venerable and majestic old man had been murdered, from the windows of his house, where the murder had been committed, the body was thrown out into the street. There Guise himself was waiting for it, and, treating it with indignity, even still more horribly disgraceful in a great man like Guise than in a mere imp like Henry, he anticipated the treatment of his own body, and trampled upon that of his incorruptible Protestant rival. It is very curious to notice how "*Curses, like little chickens, come home to roost.*"

Such instances, we have said, are furnished us in history and biography. Our English Edward found it tough work to overcome Llewellyn, Prince of Wales; but when the dead body of the prince was brought to him at Conway, he visited upon it every mark of indignity and ignominy. It was paraded through the streets of London, then it was placed in a

pillory, and afterwards exposed upon the highest part of the Tower of London. The only crime of Llewellyn had been his heroic defence of his own country. He had shown himself to be a lion among his mountains, and in the field; and this treatment which his body received from the hands of his conqueror was an illustration of the ease with which the lion may be kicked when dead, who, when alive, had been able to fill men's souls with fear. Such instances belong to military ages; but the passions of jealousy and revenge survive in other forms when the phenomena of the times have changed or passed away. Religious intolerance has afforded fine opportunities for kicking dead lions. Many a body which has been saved by death from all the inflictions of cruelty and pain, has been exhumed that it might receive indignities from which the living soul was exempted. When the mighty Arnold of Brescia was burned, his enemies were not satisfied until they had cast his ashes into the Arno; but Wycliffe's remains were disentombed, and the men, who could not confute him living, burnt his body, and then consigned his ashes to the river, to be borne away on the Avon to the sea. It almost seems by such treatment as if men dreaded lest,—

"E'en in their ashes lived their wonted fires."

But it is as humbling as it is true, there is something in human nature which delights in insulting over departed greatness. It would appear as if some subtle sense of feebleness and incapacity animates men; they seem to put on a kind of fool's cap and bells, and imagine that in their t nabulations they were wakening a whole Antwerp peal of joy-bells, bec greatness lies breathless, its long day's work done, and folly remains free henceforth from its shafts of wisdom or of wit. Scarcely a great service- able soldier drops in the ranks, scarcely one of God's nobler day ourers fails and falls, but some impudent ass affects to kick, or so little miserable cur sets up a yelp around the remains. It is so in all d ments, perhaps it is so in the very proportion to the eminence an excellence of the departed lion; for there are men who are like the ow and the night-hawk and other birds which build their homes ch in ruins, amidst decaying turrets and towers, where the thick ivy mantles round, and even saves from their fall the totterir ruins, are the natural homes of such birds; and, so it would see natures fancy they can build a secure nest for their own reputation the decay of some illustrious name. But it will not do; night-hawk a owl are little to the lofty ruin; and if some lesser and lower nature, the traces of departed greatness, lifts up its hooting or screaming cry only attracts attention to the majesty of the edifice it seeks to bring contempt, and assures us,—

"It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.

The roofless cot, decayed and rent,
  Will scarce delay the passer-by;
The tower, by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
  Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivied arch and pillar lone
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!"

It does so, but it is none the less shocking that there are natures, human natures, which, like the jackal and hyæna, disinter the dead to devour them. A proverb of an old Latin writer says, "*They would pick out meat from the very funeral pile.*" From the funeral service and oblation there are those who would extract aliment for their own jealousy; and the honours with which the dead are treated become texts for captious depreciation, for "*Even a boy can beat a man when bound,*" says an old Latin proverb. And there is one satisfaction in arguing with the dead, we may generally contrive to have it all our own way. "There are those," says Edmund Burke, "who unplumb the leaden coffins of the dead, and cast them into bullets to murder the living;" on the other hand, there are those, as we well know, whose power deserts them, and whose influence is dead before they really quit the scene; such a circumstance of character Shakspeare describes, in one of his most vivid and pathetic scenes, the fall of the mighty Minister of Henry VIII., Cardinal Wolsey, —that man of almost measureless power and ambition,—when Norfolk, in giving to him the dismission from the king, exclaims,—

"So fare you well, my little, good, Lord Cardinal."

It was an impudent kick at a dead lion. A string of sayings and proverbs are in keeping with this, "*Every accusation against a fallen man gains credence;*" "*When the ox falls, there are many will help to kill him;*" "*When the tree is fallen, every one goes to it with his hatchet;*" "*All bite the bitten dog,*" and so on, through many proverbs which may be more or less ready to the reader's mind. Incapable of reverence, some men cannot honour the work done; and incapable themselves of touching those fine springs of mental and moral activity which waken the world, and carry it forward in its sphere of progress, they can only mark defects, and know not how to honour and applaud. They would reduce all men to their own level; they cannot admire; they are impatient of greatness and superiority. Nor must it be forgotten that the majority of men are unable to perceive the attributes of higher natures, they have no sympathy with them; even the loftiest and noblest natures are compelled to touch the multitude and the majority by that which is inferior to their own better selves. If they have obtained a hold on mankind, it has not usually been in virtue of their fine spiritual insight, their imagination, glancing from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, and bodying forth highest and divinest truths; it has not been in virtue of their merely exquisite sensibility, but it has been in the degree in which these attributes have been associated with adroitness which has surprised,

strength which has overcome; or because they have sheathed their wisdom in humour and in laughter, or because they have made themselves dreaded by a pungent and invincible wit, which has kept coarse pens and rough tongues at a distance, as the master of a fine blade has held in awe a crowd of roystering beings who are only strong in the power of the fist; then, when the hand is paralysed and drops the blade, the brutal and the timid can advance and take their revenge. And many a man who would have dreaded, in the lifetime of the strong man, the being impaled for his audacity on the spear of an epigram, becomes suddenly quite brave, and affects to think there was nothing of the lion after all; they forget, as Shakspeare says, in words which sound like a proverb, "*The man that did sell the lion's skin while the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.*" We suppose the dead lions have, for one reason, received more kicks than commendations, inasmuch as they also in their lifetime had frequently an angry growl for things and people they did not like. It is not the whim of a lion, like our old friend in Shakspeare, to "roar like any nightingale;" and even when their breathing has been a little modulated, it has been not the more pleasant to some tastes. Even so gentle a creature as Dickens was, "Pecksniffs" will never forgive him; the great "Veneer" companies, the "Barnacles," and the "Circumlocution Offices" will always make out a case against him. But what a genuinely surly lion must Dante have been while he lived. In truth, there was very little, in the world through which he moved, to put him in a good temper. While he lived, his native city exiled him, and, after his death, was long before it paid him his meed of honour. Then came the time when she passionately desired that his bones might be given to her. But that was not to be. In the sacred enclosure of Santa Croce is the magnificent monument; but there is no sacred dust beneath it, as beneath the tombs of Michael Angelo, and Galileo, and the others who repose within that sacred fane. Florence cast him out, and he cannot be restored. And as, the other day, we sat in Verona, on the very spot where he so often nervously paced to and fro, and ate his bitter bi on the Piazza, once the palace court of the great Can Grande, or the great dog—a singular title for a great prince to rejoice in,—as we looked up at that ineffably beautiful marble statue which adorns the square—the finest monument which Italy has erected to his memory—we could not fail to remember all the savage growls the old lion had uttered on that very spot. We did not wonder that he was not very much loved or that he was not very soon forgiven. A bitterly sardonic bit of l stuff, we may depend upon it, was that Dante, not at all likely "prophesy smooth things" when his spirit was charged with the i of bad things. "You are not a merry man," said the Duke to day at table; "a clever man, but certainly not a merry one. You make me laugh like my jester; he is not thought so much of as you but he is a merry fellow, and he makes me laugh. How is this, D said the Duke. "Oh, the like to the like," growled the li

Rossetti, in his very vigorous and musical poem, "Dante at Verona," has set a good many of these lion growls of Dante to music. Once, during an absent fit of the poet, at table, the Duke, in a coarse jest, caused all the well-picked bones to be piled on his plate. Then the Duke exclaimed, "Our Dante is very musical; but see, he is fond of flesh, and can pick bones." The quiet, deep-sunken eyes of the poet turned on him, "My lord, you would not have seen so many bones if I had chanced to be *the dog*." It was a grim and bitter pun, the growl of the lion, in fact. Like such sayings was that of his when Florence exiled him:—

> "'If I go, who stays?'—so rose
> His scorn;—'and if I stay, who goes?'"

It is this measureless bitterness which has often won for the dead lion hatred and revenge when his growl has been silenced and he has passed away.

The readers and lovers of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, in his own day were called a "bacon-faced generation." And when Kepler, amidst the contempt of men, announced his theory of the universe, or the solar system, with a pardonable audacity he wrote:—"I dare insult mankind by confessing I am he who has turned science to advantage. If I am pardoned, I shall rejoice; if blamed, I shall endure it. The die is cast, I have written this book, and whether it is read by posterity or by my contemporaries, is of no consequence; it may well wait for a reader during one century, when God Himself, during six thousand years, has not sent one observer like myself."

Shall we ever know what it is, in this world, to reach an age of just judgments? Perhaps much of that spirit, condemned in these pages, arises more from capriciousness, than a lower motive. We attach often to the works of some departed worthy, attributes or results which never had a foundation, excepting in our own fancy. A condemnation arises often from an entire misconception, and a noble nature is doomed to suffer, we often wonder why and how. A name is assailed, a cause is signed, the cause never had an existence excepting in the fancy and ii nation of the assailant; then men find themselves in the wrong, but instead of nobly retracting, they proceed to torture words and acts, innocent in themselves, and capable altogether of another interpretation; so it often happens that a name is dragged through the mire of controversy, becomes the target for the shafts of one party, or the watchword of another, when perhaps nothing in the life or writings could justify such unenviable distinction. Men are capricious and unjust; they do not or cannot examine or inquire, and are too proud to admit that they l e neither the time, taste, nor capacity. "*I like writing with a acock's quill, because its feathers are all eyes,*" says an old proverb; that consciousness in the pen produces, usually, injustice in the judg- :. Men follow suit, and verdicts marvellously differ in different times. I was a clergyman once,—the minister of Stratford-on-Avon,—who

[illegible] Shakspeare [illegible] to be cut down because it over-[illegible] [illegible] question it was a rude and Gothic [illegible] were indignant. They led him such a life [illegible] town, and the people declared that no [illegible] afterwards live in Stratford. It was a severe [illegible] years afterwards, the great actor, Garrick, [illegible] in honour of Shakspeare, upon which [illegible] his celebrated song:—

> "[illegible] silver stream,
> [illegible] Shakspeare would dream,"—

[illegible] side their piety took alarm. Some [illegible] and as a very rainy season continued [illegible] it was regarded as the judgment of [illegible] to celebrate the greatness of the [illegible] righteous judgment. "It [illegible] straight where things of the [illegible] and the saying is well known. [illegible]—he is sure to tumble over [illegible] This is with the judgments of men. [illegible] judgments are circular, hence severity or [illegible] contradictions among the reviewers; [illegible] differences in the verdicts of posterity! Of [illegible] is right.

> "[illegible] judgments as our watches: none
> [illegible] believes his own."

[illegible] great matters the ultimate verdict of society [illegible] the admiration of even eminent men. The history of the [illegible] of new [illegible] the stories of national reformations, and the [illegible] illustrate this. Reviewers especially might learn many lessons of modesty, for almost all the great poets of our age in our own country especially, have been greeted with showers of ridicule—Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Southey, Joanna Baillie, Montgomery, Tennyson. To read the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and *Blackwood* upon their performances as they appeared, we might suppose that these eminent writers were only separated and set apart by their inferiority from all imaginative wisdom and common sense. In this way all through all ages the judgments of men have been formed. And so tradition tells us, the great Bohemian leader, Ziska, left it in his will that after his death, his body should be flayed, that his skin might be made into an animating drum to rouse his armies. Many a dead hero's skin has served a similar purpose, becoming the means by which the spirit rendered in life might be perpetuated in death. Such is the chief [illegible] entertained by little minds. Is it likely that the judgments of men [illegible] from whom they had no sympathy in life will be more worthy of [illegible] after death? And is it not certain, as we are [illegible]

in this hint, that the majority, in many matters, are sure to be in the wrong, obstinate in ill-judgment? As an old French general, the Duke of Vendôme, was in the habit of saying, "In the march of my armies, I often inquired into the quarrels between the mules and the muleteers, and, to the disgrace of human nature, I almost always found reason to be on the side of the mules." Dead lions suffer, to be sure, in various ways; and the kick which insults, sometimes assumes the form of a hand which patronizes. We thought so the other day in Milan; and we remembered certain lines of Robert Browning on some of the "Old Pictures in Florence," in which, apparently, attempts to retain or to restore some pieces of the mighty masters seemed to him like—

> "A lion who dies of an ass's kick,
> The wronged great soul of an ancient master."

There are paintings which could tell mournful tales of what patrons have done in the attempt to preserve. One of the most wonderful illustrations of this is in the mighty and matchless picture of the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci; but the story of this picture is such a tragedy in the annals of Art that we must take some other way of telling it; enough here, to say, that it wonderfully illustrates how a dead lion may suffer from the hoofs of asses, as our poet says. But, indeed, ignorance has ever been the foe to the lion's reputation, even when it has sought to defend the dead monarch; and we have often been reminded of that tavern brawl in Germany, in the days of the Reformation, when two drunken fellows quarrelled about their different religions; one declaring that he was of Dr. Martin's religion, and the other declaring that he would only be of Dr. Luther's; and they fell to blows upon the matter; ut neither of them had learning enough to know that Dr. Luther and Dr. Martin were one and the same. Dead lions often suffer in this way, perhaps more than from the malignancy of their foes.

We suppose that, generally, religious people will have a higher tandard of judgment than others, and will act upon it; especially that hey will revere all honest work, and be prepared to make great allowaces for human nature from the perception that no work, or workmen, n fulfil all conditions; and that, as we expect great toleration for our n performances, from our sense of our share in the universal weakness l infirmity of human nature, so, in a special sense, we should avoid the imony and injustice which we may expect from those who have not rge and enlightened a creed. But it almost seems sometimes as if on had given to certain natures a larger intolerance and injustice. nists, who are of the high religious, do, proverbially, go about ing dead lions. Who ever heard a Romanist speak, even in terms of n courtesy, of one not of his own faith? How strange it is, turno the life of Frederick William Faber, to find such a passage as the ng: "I cannot comprehend the anomaly which strikes me of and praising a man like Milton when a man professes to love

romps with the soul. It is out of this righteousness of scruple comes all the opera-work of religion, in which conscience has no place, only a kind of conceited opinion; anywhere weakness becomes impatient of magnanimity and strength, and eagerly seizes on some opportunity to treat it with contempt. In a word, none are perfect; and in every great character, and in every work of art, something is perhaps to be desired. But if, with a humble and gentle spirit, this is acknowledged, it is also to be acknowledged that the greatest and noblest men, and their performances, not be appreciated until after they are dead. "You do not know ," said Henry IV. of France to some of his councillors; "but I shall die one of these days, and then you will know the difference between men and myself." As men are remote from their fellows, they pose themselves to the contempt of their own, and attain to the admiion of other times. Paracelsus, almost wherever his name has been nounced, has only been regarded as a charlatan and a quack; but en, the other day, in the Engadine, we went to the baths of St. r and saw his name shining in gold letters conspicuously over the ns—when we remembered what hundreds of years have passed ce he first discovered them and defined their value—and when thought of the thousands, from all parts of Europe, who seek in those s, every year, restoration and health, we could not but think, also, rhaps, men had been unjust to him, as they had scoffed at and rned his reputation and attainments; and that, as in this, so in other cts, perhaps, of this strange character, our poet, Robert Browning, conceived him most truly when he put into his mouth those fine r —

> "Be sure that God
> Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart!
> Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
> Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
> What full-grown power informs her from the first,
> Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
> The silent, boundless regions of the sky!
> Be sure they sleep not whom God needs!"

they are a torment to fulfil, a sense of falling short of sense and glory too, if there should be detected the least tendency to enjoy life. To such people, imaginary cases of conscience have been a kind of game of romps with the soul. It is out of this righteousness of scruple comes all the opera-work of religion, in which conscience has no place, only a kind of conceited opinion; anywhere weakness becomes impatient of magnanimity and strength, and eagerly seizes on some opportunity to treat it with contempt. In a word, none are perfect; and in every great character, and in every work of art, something is perhaps to be desired. But if, with a humble and gentle spirit, this is acknowledged, it is also to be acknowledged that the greatest and noblest men, and their performances, cannot be appreciated until after they are dead. "You do not know me," said Henry IV. of France to some of his councillors; "but I shall die one of these days, and then you will know the difference between other men and myself." As men are remote from their fellows, they expose themselves to the contempt of their own, and attain to the admiration of other times. Paracelsus, almost wherever his name has been pronounced, has only been regarded as a charlatan and a quack; but when, the other day, in the Engadine, we went to the baths of St. Moritz, and saw his name shining in gold letters conspicuously over the fountains—when we remembered what hundreds of years have passed along since he first discovered them and defined their value—and when we thought of the thousands, from all parts of Europe, who seek in those waters, every year, restoration and health, we could not but think, also, how, perhaps, men had been unjust to him, as they had scoffed at and scorned his reputation and attainments; and that, as in this, so in other aspects, perhaps, of this strange character, our poet, Robert Browning, had conceived him most truly when he put into his mouth those fine words,—

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XIV.

PARABLES AND PROVERBS CONTAINING [illegible] TO THE DOGS.

We are not here about to enter upon, or attempt to [illegible] perplexed and vexed question of the relation of [illegible] reason, but often after we have formed some wise little [illegible] theory, in which we have to our satisfaction very accurately [illegible] the functions, and classified their instances, some dog has [illegible] and upset the theory altogether; he has jumped into it, and it [illegible] longer hold water. The stupid man who insisted on discussing [illegible] relation on the future life of brutes: "But, Doctor, when we see a [illegible] old, clever dog, we don't know what to make of him;" and [illegible] the prompt response, "No, sir; and when we meet with a remarkably [illegible] fellow, we don't know what to make of him;"—only [illegible] to us the whole complication of the difficulty; for while some [illegible] not only so stupid, but so bad, many dogs are not only so clever, but [illegible] good. He would have a tough task to get through, who should [illegible] to prove that dogs have been incapable of memory and reflection and hope. Nay, it acts corresponding to these states of—what shall we say—[illegible] are to be taken as signs;—and it is thus that, for the [illegible] part, we feel our relation to mankind;—then he would have a [illegible] who would determine to prove that dogs, assuredly, have no [illegible] nature. With this, we are free to admit,—perhaps to the relief of some our readers,—that we are quite ignorant of canine nature; it is possible that we know a little more of what constitutes scent in dogs, it might [illegible] the whole mystery, and lower the apparently lofty standard to which [illegible] seem compelled to elevate the creature.

Dogs are a mystery. We were staying, a day or two since, in a [illegible] in which, some few weeks ago, a young man lay, dying of consumption. He had no dog; but, indulging in those fancies which we so well [illegible] go roaming through the minds of dying invalids, and especially [illegible] sad disease, he longed for a dog—longed to be able to stroke [illegible] dog—and one day, some short time before the young man died, [illegible] a scratching at the street door, and a strange dog, never seen [illegible] unknown to all the neighbours, made his appearance; he [illegible] hesitation, so we understand, expressed no doubt, and asked no [illegible] questions, passed along the passage, turned into the invalid's

sprang upon his bed; there he continued his attentions till death called the young man away. The dog, however, has not disappeared, but hovers still about the house, in which, our readers need scarcely to be told, he always finds a welcome home. It is, perhaps, not a very extraordinary incident, but if so, and we may speak in a paradox, its very ordinariness constitutes its singularity. What are we to make of such circumstances as these?

We have thought we might not unprofitably employ a little time in vindicating that highly respectable and intelligent animal, the dog, from the imputation involved in an ungenerous proverb. Some time since, when we inquired concerning a character of whose moral elevation we had no very high opinion, we were informed that he had "*gone to the dogs.*" We have proverbs about dogs, but we know none so unjust as that in which a bad character, or a fallen character, is said to have "*gone to the dogs.*" "Gone to the dogs!" Why, according to all accounts, they would usually form very pleasant companions. Some of our best tales of heroism and chivalry, perseverance and courage, and intense affection ıd faithfulness, are told of dogs; and then some scamp of a fellow, who s been all his life the reverse of all these in his character, when his ns have brought him to grief, is said to have "*gone to the dogs.*" Well, it ought to be understood he has gone to them to be taught better haviour, good morals, and good manners. And, indeed, he might learn something by "*going to the dogs*" from another old proverb, "*If an old dog barks, he gives counsel.*" Cats have recently found their vindiors, and turn out to be marvellous creatures, through many of the ecdotes which have been accumulated; but we confess that we are erstitious about cats, they are queer and witchlike and uncanny; at ıy rate they love the house more than the master and its mistress. T dog is your true human animal; we ought to "*go to the dogs,*" for assuredly they are very fond of us, and love us far better than we deserve to be loved.

The proverb, indeed, seems to be derived from the games of the mans. The ace in dice was called *canis*, dog; and a cast of dice, ıen all was lost, was thrown in three aces, and hence dog came to mean nin, loss, ill-luck, and so, in a word, to *go to the dogs* was to go to the bad. nother mode of accounting for the expression is derived from the idea horse in a knacker's yard. But anyhow the dog deserves a better overb, and better company than it seems the proverb would give him. hy, what says Sir Walter Scott? "The Almighty, who gave the dog be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him ith a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend or foe; remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You ibe a soldier to slay a man with a sword, or a witness to take life accusation, but you cannot make a dog tear his benefactor. the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity."

This being so, a man may certainly do a far worse thing than "go to the dogs."

Certainly the average dog is a marvellously social creature; no doubt he has his ideas about good society, and draws almost as sharp a distinction between dog and dog as you would find in the best regulated circles of Brighton or Belgravia.

This method of ours of resolving the marvellousness of the canine instinct into scent seems to have occurred to Charles Dickens. In a humorous passage in his "*Hard Times*," our great English humorist seems to express in his own quaint, queer, charming way, what almost everybody, who ever saw or thought about a dog, must have felt.

"Thquire, you don't need to be told that dogth ith wonderful animalth."

"Their instinct," said Mr. Gradgrind, "is surprising."

"Whatever you call it—and I'm bletht if *I* know what to call it"—said Sleary, "it ith athtonithing. The way in whitth a dog 'll find you: the dithtanth he'll come!"

"His scent," said Mr. Gradgrind, "being so fine."

"I'm bletht if I know what to call it," repeated Sleary, shaking his head; "but I have had dogth find me, Thquire, in a way that made me think whether that dog hadn't gone to another dog, and thed, 'You don't happen to know a perthon of the name of Thleary, in the horse-riding way—thtout man—game eye?' and whether that dog mightn't have thed, 'Well, I can't thay I know him mythelf, but I know a dog that I think would be likely to be acquainted with him.' And whether that dog mightn't have thought it over, and thed, 'Thleary, Thleary! Oh yeth, to be thure! A friend of mine menthioned him to me at one time. I can get you hith addreth directly.' In conthequenth of my being after the public, and going about tho mutth, you thee, there mutht be a number of dogth acquainted with me, Thquire, that *I* don't know!"

Mr. Gradgrind seemed to be quite confounded by this speculation.

And, however Mr. Gradgrind might be confounded by this speculation of Mr. Sleary's, Mr. Sleary did not go a whit beyond the line to which he might be accompanied, by what we may venture to call sober fact.

The inscription, "*More faithful than favoured*," inscribed beneath a mastiff, by the side of Sir Henry Lee, in the celebrated house-portrait at Ditchley in Oxfordshire, might appropriately be inscribed as the motto of the whole race. Dogs have saved from murder, and discovered murderers, have saved from robbery and theft, and discovered the criminal, or the lost goods.

Dogs have been faithful companions through long nights of watch or travelling over wild moors, wilder mountains, or dark forests; dogs have often broken their hearts over some beloved master's bones lost and dead in the wilderness, or some coffined clay or grave. And then we say of some scamp, "*He has gone to the dogs!*"

Elihu Burritt, in his "Walk from London to Land's End,"

pretty story of a friendship, in Devonshire, between a fine dog and a little child. He constituted himself the guard of honour by the child's perambulator; and he gave himself to all the pettings, pinchings, pullings, and rude rompings with which the child's hands could be amused. And the affection was perfectly mutual; and so it continued until one day, as the dog lay watching by the door-stone, the child, peeping from the window above, lost its balance, and fell head foremost upon the stone pavement below. It never breathed again; it was taken up out of a puddle of blood with a fractured skull, motionless and dead. The red drops of blood bespattered the face and feet of the dog as he sprang to the rescue. The poor creature's heart was broken, and died out in a long whining moan of grief. He refused to eat, he refused to be comforted by his master's voice or his master's home. Such are the lessons of affection if we *go to the dogs*. Elihu Burritt was in the house of the druggist to whom the master went for a prescription for his dog, "Something," says Elihu Burritt, "to—

> "'Minister to a mind diseased,
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart.'"

Elihu Burritt hoped that there was no irreverence in wishing for such dog a happy immortality, thought he would like to know such creatures ight have a chance for the Heavenly Jerusalem, and fancied that "they might find scope enough to bask on the banks of the River of Life without getting in the way, or abstracting from the happiness of their red and sainted masters, taken up to heaven on a smaller footing of personal merit." The poor Indian, then, is not the only person who hopes,—

> "When carried to his native sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."

That is what Elihu Burritt thought about dogs; and we hear of some fellow who has made the worst of all his opportunities and affections, and we say, "*He has gone to the dogs!*" Happy for him the proverb, if dogs are to be admitted to the New Jerusalem!

Mr. Edward Jesse collected, in his entertaining manner, a multitude of anecdotes tending to glorify the dog. We have heard of an unfortunate soldier, condemned for some offence to die—standing bandaged before his comrades appointed to fire the fatal volley; when his dog, a favourite spaniel, rushed wildly forward, flew into his master's arms to lick his face, and for a moment interrupted the sad solemnity. The comrades with tears in their eyes gave the volley, and the two friends fell together. What is the subtle spring of all these strange, these marvellous instances of affection among these creatures?

A gentleman passing by St. Bride's churchyard, in London, always r a dog at one particular grave. The gentleman saw it there month month, year after year, in the cold, in the rain, in the heat. It was

[illegible] nothing could drive or keep him from it. [illegible] scooped out a hole by the side of the [illegible] preserving affection of the dog, and [illegible]

[illegible] mother and son, who were [illegible] in Buckinghamshire. The [illegible] frightened, ran away for an hour [illegible] his mother. Having found her dead [illegible] and was found in that situation the [illegible] together with the body of the [illegible] refused all consolation, and [illegible] universally convulsed, and [illegible]

[illegible] his dog to lie down on his [illegible] almost in the middle of a narrow [illegible] A loaded coal-cart passing by [illegible] his way: on refusing to do [illegible] gently, and afterwards with a [illegible] purpose. The fellow, with [illegible] dog, and he did so, the faithful [illegible] progress of the wheel by biting it. He [illegible] abandon his trust.

[illegible] we have to remark that [illegible] dogs. In England, it may [illegible] favour of dogs: in the East they [illegible] most of those partial and [illegible] have referred, and those others [illegible] "What are dogs,"—[illegible] last proverb has somewhat [illegible] most unpleasant character of [illegible] within the Church as [illegible] seems to be largely on the increase [illegible] goes on; and if the dogs are [illegible] makes who profess and [illegible] same family, who are [illegible] from them but in the [illegible] we were to [illegible] the dogs for an [illegible] story of same orthodoxy, a story [illegible] the Free in Scotland.

In the Highlands [illegible] perhaps is [illegible] used for the [illegible] shepherd dogs [illegible] their masters, each [illegible] at the master's [illegible] but in the kirk the entrance of dogs into the [illegible] of the Lord seemed to the minister quite unseemly, and he [illegible] from the pulpit that he would not allow dogs to [illegible] more, that the [illegible] would be strictly forbidden. !

a dog himself, and he was there; instantly he rose from his place, went round, succeeded in putting out dog after dog from the kirk, and on every Sabbath after took his place at the kirk door to prevent the entrance of any of his peculiar fellow-mortals. The story is ludicrously analogous to many whose refined orthodoxy in things ecclesiastical and theological succeeds much better in driving people from the Church than in keeping them within its fold. So that we shall not find ourselves without lessons really if we *go to the dogs*.

The Turks were wont to take pride in the fact that dogs, which sometimes slip into private houses, preserved a miraculous respect for the inside of mosques, never daring to go into such buildings; and the members of the Greek Church also give to dogs the same credit for discreet behaviour. They do not tell us how far such discretion is dictated by fear; and it may be believed that many of those who are without the church porch are there from a certain wholesome dread they have of the ugly bruisings which often go on withinside the church. Many a man has joined a Church only to find his head broken in a conflict. When we think such thoughts, we are reminded of what is told us of the dogs of ancient Rome, which were kept to guard the capitol. If they barked by night they were judged well of, for thieves and dangers were abroad; but if they barked by day, they had their legs broken. And Bayle, in his Dictionary, applies this parable to the behaviour of Christian ministers and teachers. He says, "The public maintains you to guard the ith; make a noise, then, against all comers. If you have ingenuity ough to compare yourself to a dog that cannot discern anybody in tl darkness of the night; if you are in darkness by reason of your in- ty, or because passions cloud your judgments; and if you have the honesty to acknowledge the obscurity that surrounds you, you ought to be excused; but if you pretend to the quality of a great doctor, acting only for the glory of God, without any personal motive, and if, nevertheless, you involve a great number of good men in your libels and denunciations, you deserve to be punished, you are a dog, falling indifferently on friends and foes, and causing a thousand disorders."

Thus indeed it was that the word Dominican arose, *Domini Cani*— t is, "The dogs of the Lord," and it is said that the mothers of St. Dominic, that great hunter of heretics and creator of the Inquisition, and St. Bernard, whose trumpet voice roused France to the cruelties of one of the Crusades, both dreamed that they had given birth to enormous gs. The dreams were in no way complimentary to the noble animal, unless they prefigured the birth of bloodhounds. We have thus, in referring to an old proverb, done so rather to vindicate the dog. "*Every dog is valiant at his own door.*" "*Every dog is a lion at home.*" "*Every log hath his day.*" "*He sleeps as the dog when the housewife is cooking.*" '*He is like Wood's dog, he will neither go to church nor stay at home.*" 'e will quote no more of the ungenerous sayings. If we *go to the s*, it shall be to take lessons from them, and to learn stories of their

[illegible] a hundred other [illegible]
[illegible] manifest in a poor [illegible]
[illegible] said a friend of [illegible]
[illegible] said another [illegible]

[illegible] poetry [illegible]
[illegible] the imagination and eulogy as [illegible]
[illegible] dog—

[illegible] these stones arise:
[illegible]—and here he lies.

[illegible] spending the day around
[illegible] and novelist, and [illegible]
[illegible] the inscription—we [illegible]
[illegible] The dogs [illegible]
[illegible] we should assign to this place of
[illegible] Lyrism. We [illegible]
[illegible] a piece of the [illegible]
[illegible] Dog!" [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] followed through
[illegible]—
[illegible] and kept
[illegible] that slept,
[illegible] in the shadow.

[illegible] of loyal cheer
[illegible] at the whistle clear,
[illegible] the woodside being—
This dog only, watched in reach
[illegible] faintly uttered speech,
[illegible] louder sighing.

"And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double,—
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,
In a tender trouble.

"And *this dog* was satisfied,
If a pale, thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping,—
Which he pushed his nose within,
After platforming his chin
On the palm left open."

One of the most illustrious of our modern English painters seems to have been well content to merge his immortality in the personality of the dog; and when Sydney Smith was asked to sit for his likeness to Landseer, he said, "Is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this thing?" Landseer was all his life *going to the dogs* and finding in them human analogies and social parables. It has been truly said that he is to dogs w t the great ancient painters were to the saints and the Madonnas and M dalens of the Middle Ages. Let us then, we say, hear no more of *g g to the dogs* as an epithet of reproach; or, if it be used, let us under- d by it that the unfortunate wight has gone to them to have his mo s mended, his manners improved, and to learn from them some of the finest lessons which poetry can transmit to its page or painting to its canvas. Such is our piece of *dog*matism.

We attribute to the possession of humour the functions of a free moral nature; it is intercourse, and the possession of the power of discrimination and reflection. The dog often seems, in his way, quite a humorist. Here is an incident from the life of the well-known Samuel Drew, which, like many such, has escaped the notice of the compilers of canine memoirs; indeed, we have never seen it quoted. It is of a good man, one of Samuel Drew's early friends, who, having to travel much from home over the Cornish moors, and having been set upon by robbers, was advised to have, as his companion, a Newfoundland dog, his conscience not permitting him to employ arms. This large dog made the acquaintance of a smaller one, bred in the same house, and the little incident happened when Mr. Drew was residing at Polpia. The great metaphysician s:—

"Our dairy was under a room which was used occasionally as a barn d apple-chamber, into which the fowls sometimes found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered the dust on the pans of milk below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this, a favourite ock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day, in harvest, she went nto the dairy, followed by the little dog; and, finding dust again thrown n her milk-pans, she exclaimed, 'I wish the cock was dead.' Not long fter, she being with us in the harvest-field, we observed the little dog

indisposed to leave the afternoon service; and yet he was compelled to have his ewes at a certain place by a certain hour. So he gave his dog a quiet hint; instantly she went away, took to the hills, and gathered the whole flock of ewes and brought them as carefully and quietly as if the shepherd himself had been with her. The thousand people assembled at the Sacrament saw with astonishment the feat, for the flock was scattered over two large and steep hills.

Dr. Brown (*Horæ Subsecivæ*) says :—

"Mr. Carruthers of Inverness told me a new story of those wise sheep-dogs. A butcher from Inverness had purchased some sheep at Dingwall, and giving them in charge to his dog, left the road. The dog drove them on till coming to a toll; the toll-wife stood before the drove, demanding her dues. The dog looked at her, and, jumping on her back, crossed his forelegs over her arms. The sheep passed through, and the dog took his place behind them, and went on his way."

Talking of sheep-dogs brings to the mind the congenial subject of those of sheep-stealers; the histories of some of these worthies are so remarkable. Hogg himself says, the stories related of the dogs of sheep-stealers are fairly beyond all credibility; and we remember how, in some of the old laws and usages for the Northern nations, the hanging of dogs side by side with human malefactors was not unusual; and their felonies in the company of their masters, among the hills, suggest the idea that perhaps such a death was not undeserved, the canine malefactor probably having as intelligent a paw in the transaction as his master had a hand. A notorious sheep-stealer in the Lothians, who got himself condemned to death at last,—but never would have been condemned, only for the evi- ce of the skins and sheep's-heads,—after he had made a raid always t home by one route, taking care to call at different farms and houses by the way, in order that, if charged, he might be able to prove an *alibi; the other felon* meanwhile had charge of the sheep on another route, and ways successfully met his master with them at the end of their ways.

The dog of the shepherd is one of the most wonderful and faithful of friends. Hogg himself was well fitted to speak upon the matter; and he writes with all his accustomed fulness of eloquence and poetry, when he tells how his dog was his companion all the day, sharing every meal with him, sharing his plaid even in the shower or in the night. How far we ould make him responsible for the matters of opinion expressed in the *Noctes* we do not know; probably these are his as much as they were Christopher's.

Tickler. The reason, undoubtedly, is——

Shepherd. Haud your arrogant tongue, Southside, and never again, nediately after I hae said that ony metapheezical subjeck's perplexing, e the insolence and the silliness to say, "The reason, undoubtedly, is." If it's no coorse, it's rude,—and a man had better be coorse nor rude ony ;—but oh, sirs, what'n a pity that in the Tent there are nae dowgs!

Tickler. I hate curs.

attention, looked wistfully in his face, and then lay down and instantly expired."

There are plenty of such stories. Perhaps this was not what the Shepherd meant; he possibly intended that the dog has no idea of his own death; that he comes up against it with a dumb unfeeling instinct. Mr. Mountford, in his interesting little book, *Euthanasy*, holds out this as a moral sort of death, to which all men ought to seek to attain. However that may be, proof seems not to be wanting that a dog may even recoil from death, and dislike the *idea* of it as much as man. What would the Ettrick Shepherd have made of a circumstance like the following? Edward Jesse says:—

"I have had many opportunities of observing how readily dogs comprehend language, and how they are aware when they are the subject of conversation. A gentleman once said in the hearing of an old and favourite dog, who was at the time basking in the sun, 'I must have Ponto killed, for he gets old and is offensive.' The dog slunk away, and never came near his master afterwards. Many similar anecdotes might be brought forward."

Thus, we come up, for the thousandth time, against the curious and, we suppose, never-to-be-resolved inquiry—What is it? What is the dog? What is this faculty in dogs, which, sometimes, if wanting in the immense and amazing powers man is able to put forth, at others, even strikes us as a possession even greater than can be often recognised in man. No doubt the dog, like man himself, is capable of wonderful culture, and he seems to carry his cultivation along with him from generation to generation. It seems not merely that the breed improves, but that the something which we denominate instinct acquires a finer sense and a more exquisite prevision.

Mr. George Jesse, in his volume on the "History of the Dog," gives us a really valuable list of his attributes. In introducing the list, he uses the term, "A canine Plutarch." Why did he not aim himself to be a canine Plutarch? and simply illustrate each of the following attributes or characteristics, as we are certain he might very easily have done, by some anecdotes. The following is the list he has made out, and lengthy the space it occupies, we believe its real curiosity will quite avail as an excuse for introducing it to our readers:—

The Dog

Risks his life to give help.
Goes for assistance.
Saves life from drowning, fire, other animals, men, etc.
Assists in distress.
Guards property (perhaps the only animal which does so, the elephant excepted).
Knows boundaries.
Resents injuries offered to others or himself.

Remembers benefits.
Communicates ideas.
Combines with other dogs to avenge an injury, give assistance, etc.
Understands language.
His own voice most expressive, and its range wide.
Knows [illegible] dying, or to be put to death.
Knows death in the human.
His whole life devoted to the object of his love.
Dies of grief.
Dies of joy.
Dies in his master's defence (or of his property, or in trust).
Commits suicide.
Remains by the dead.
Solicits.
Gives alarm (or warning of fire, falling buildings, etc.).
Knows characters of men.
Feels men and dogs confined.
Recognises a portrait.
Recognises men after long absence.
Fond of praise ("like men of a generous spirit").
Sensible of ridicule.
Feels shame.
Most alive to praise and censure.
Is sensible of a fault, and good action.
Indefatigable.
Delights to please.
Resentful to enemies.
Trustful, but, if deceived, becomes suspicious.
Playful.
Welcomes.
Reasons.
Observes.
Apportions punishment.
Looks to man for help.
Adapts himself to circumstances.
Injury or ingratitude does not abate his fidelity.
Distress does not detach him.
Is incorruptible.
Profits by experience.
Hides food when he has more than he needs.
Finds his way back from distant countries, and by untraversed
Largely capable of instruction.
Communicates hereditary tendencies and [illegible]
Knows his owner's property, and will [illegible]
avenge his master's death.

Will die of hunger, rather than violate or desert his charge.

Measures time.

Has presentiments.

Will rarely injure children or drunken men.

Is sensible of surgical treatment for its benefit, and will bring an injured dog to receive it.

Hostile at first to foreigners, strangers, and beggars.

While dying, takes a last farewell; affection supreme at the last moment of existence. It may be truly said of him, "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Has a sense of justice.

Will present its offspring to its master.

Dreams. Is subject to lunacy or delirium, and sees visions.

Will assist his enemy.

Will relinquish his enmity towards another of his own species, or towards man on receiving a benefit.

The bitch feels passion; bestows her affections; and her offspring are largely affected in consequence, even when the desired object has had no connexion.

The bitch has been known to seek, and obtain, the assistance of another in suckling her whelps, when her own milk was insufficient.

Has been said to die of jealousy on the marriage of her master.

And we repeat it, the chronicle of the facts illustrating all these particulars would be most interesting. President Low, in his "Domesticated Animals," has mentioned many instances, which might be multiplied to any extent.

A poor boy, in a manufacturing town, contrived from his hard earnings to keep a dog. Passing to his work he was dreadfully maimed by the fall of scaffolding. Carried on a shutter, maimed and bleeding, to the hospital near, he was attended by his dog; but the dog was not permitted to enter the ward, but was driven beyond the outer gate. He walked round and round the walls, he lay down and watched with wistful eyes those who entered, imploring admittance. He never left the precincts night or day; and by the time the poor boy had breathed his last, his faithful dog, too, ceased to live.

Often has a faithful dog been found stretched, dead or dying, upon the [illegible]ed body of its master on a battle-field; and when the ruthless hands [illegible] of the night-prowlers have sought to tear the military decorations [illegible] the breasts of officers, the dog has sprung up, as if conscious how [illegible]aster valued them, and defended them by flying at the throat of the [illegible]. Licking the poor insensible hands, the dog has been found, [illegible]g sought and found, who can tell how? amongst the wounded, the [illegible] and the dead, his master and his friend.

[illegible]e most powerful mind the world has known during the last two [illegible] had its emotions raised by, and left its testimony to, the attachment of the dog.

"The great Napoleon, when riding over the field of Bassano after the battle, observed a dog guarding the body of his slain master. He turned to his Staff and pointing to the animal, said, 'There, gentlemen—this dog teaches us a lesson of humanity.'

[illegible] when this incident in the life of Napoleon is thus recounted:—"In the dim twilight of a beautiful moonlight night, a dog, leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously. It alternately licked his face and again flew at us; thus at once soliciting us and seeking revenge. This man, thought I, perhaps has friends [illegible] company; and here he lies, forsaken by all except his dog."

[illegible] of the most valuable works on the history of the dog is that of M. Bouillet, who attempts to trace its incomparable instinct to scent; but [illegible] all the marvels to which we have referred. M. Bouillet [illegible] that the emotion of a man who meditates a crime produces a [illegible] odour from his body. It is very possible. Thus he [illegible] the [illegible] of the dog of Henry III. towards the regicide Clément, as he advanced to the audience in which he slew his sovereign.

[illegible] are the exploits of thieves and murderers discovered by dogs. [illegible] had a dog that snatched a naked sword from the hand of a [illegible] who attacked him. Some thieves in France laid one night a [illegible] in the road to detain the dog of a traveller, whom, when he was more distant from his protector, they robbed and murdered. The dog [illegible] run his master before the thieves escaped, and engaged them in battle. He strangled one, he drove another into a tree, and there he kept him, sensitively himself watching, and preventing his escape, [illegible] when the officers of justice relieved him of his guard by arresting his prisoner. The intensity of the dog is an attribute which has not hitherto been much noticed: he seems incapable of a [illegible] large [illegible] affections; he attaches himself; and this is one of the qualities of a high moral nature. Dr. Brown, another writer, who [illegible] not to be [illegible] in any history of the race, speaks of one of his dogs as a "dog of great moral excellence: faithful, affectionate, humane, [illegible] his light." The singular tenacity of will, too, in dogs, has been [illegible] by the same pen, and we may close what we have to say about dogs by quoting the advice given in the *Horæ Subsecivæ*.

"I think every family should have a dog: it is like having a pet baby, it is the plaything and [illegible] of the whole house. It keeps all young. All make love to it. And then he tells no tales, keeps secrets, never asks impertinent questions, never gets [illegible] never [illegible] down late for breakfast, or coming in through his [illegible] or bed, is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for [illegible] of children, or your relations, kick him instead of some [illegible] would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would [illegible] — pardon for being kicked."

We intended to have laid down our pen here, but we may yet remark on the wonderful homage paid to the dog through the wide pages of poetry and romance; but this is too large a subject to attempt to touch; we can but say what a store there is in the romancists and poets from our own times, through other ages, through the chroniclers, and the rhymers and balladists of the Dark Ages. Another fruitful thought would be the human analogies which have been constantly discovered in these noble and lovable creatures. Sometimes, indeed, we have found them used for evil purposes; while their names and attributes even have been used to designate characters and intentions which have least of humanity in them, as in the instance of the bloody sect of the Dominicans, Dominicanes,—the black-and-white dogs in their black-and-white cowls,—that is, the dogs of the Lord—the dogs of the Inquisition. No dogs, indeed, have bitten so cruelly as they. The bloodhound, too, employed to hunt the Indian and the negro, compels us to a sense of shame, as we remember how the instinct of the creature has been employed to serve the cruelty and cupidity of man. There is an old and interesting story and tradition of the Indian dog Bezerrillo.

"Salazar had one day taken an old Indian woman, among other prisoners, after a defeat of the natives; and for no assigned or assignable reason, but in mere wantonness of cruelty, he determined to set this dog upon the poor wretch. But it was to be made a sport of, a spectacle for the Spaniards, or Christians, as their contemporary historian and fellow-Christian calls them, even while he is relating this story. The reader will what the state of natural and general feeling must have been, when man of his extraordinary acquirements and talents, and who gives evi- at proofs in his book of a sincere religious belief, could relate these cir- tances without the slightest expression of horror, and, undoubtedly, ut the slightest feeling that there was anything unusual, anything ting, still less, that there was anything devilish and damnable related. ar gave the woman an old letter, and told her to go with it to the nor of Aymâco. The poor creature went her way joyfully, expecting e set at liberty when she had performed her errand. The intent was ly to get her away from the rest, that the dog might have a fair and the beholders a full sight. Accordingly, when she had pro- little further than a stone's throw, Bezerrillo was set at her. ing him come, the woman threw herself on the ground; and her e faith in Salazar's intention and in the animal's sagacity saved for she held out the letter to the dog, and said, 'Oh, sir dog, sir I am carrying a letter to the lord governor—don't hurt me, sir dog.' g seemed to understand her; and did understand her, in fact, ntly to know that she did not look upon herself as a condemned , and that she implored his mercy; and he came up to her gently, her no harm.

Ch ians held this for a thing of much mystery, knowing the of the dog; and the captain, also, seeing the clemency which

'The great Napoleon, when riding over the field of Bassano after the battle, observed a dog guarding the body of his slain master. He turned to his staff, and pointing to the animal, said, 'There, gentlemen—this dog teaches us a lesson of humanity.'

'Elsewhere this incident in the life of Napoleon is thus recounted:—'In the deep silence of a beautiful moonlight night, a dog, leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master, rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding-place, howling piteously; he alternately licked his face, and again flew at us; thus at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge. This man, thought I, perhaps has friends in the camp, or in his company; and here he lies, forsaken by all except his dog.'"

One of the most valuable works on the history of the dog is that of M. Blaze, who attempts to trace its incomparable instinct to scent; but this will scarcely elucidate all the marvels to which we have referred. M. Blaze conjectures that the emotion of a man who meditates a c[illegible] produces a peculiar odour from his body. It is very possible. [illegible] accounts for the fury of the dog of Henry III. towards [illegible] reg[illegible] Clement, as he advanced to the audience in which he slew his so[illegible]

Innumerable are the anecdotes of thieves and murderers disco[illegible] dogs. Petrarch had a dog that snatched a naked sword from [illegible] of a villain who attacked him. Some thieves in France laid [illegible] night leg of mutton on the road, to detain the dog of a traveller, wh[illegible] he got some distance from his protector, they robbed and [illegible] The dog arrived from his repast before the thieves escaped, and [illegible] them in battle; he strangled one; he drove another into a [illegible] there he kept him, steadfastly himself watching, and prev[illegible] escape till the next day, when the officers of justice relieved h[illegible] guard by arresting his prisoner. The intensity of the [illegible] is an [illegible] which has not been very much noticed; he seems in [illegible] of [illegible] large circumference of affections; he attaches himself; [illegible] the quality of a high moral nature. Dr. Brown (another wr[illegible] not to be unnoticed in any history of the race) speaks of one of [illegible] as a "dog of great moral excellence; faithful, affectionate, [illegible] his light." The singular tenacity of will, too, in dogs, has [illegible] ously described by the same pen; and we may close what we [illegible] say about dogs by quoting the advice given in the *Horæ Sub*[illegible]

"I think every family should have a dog: it is like having a [illegible] baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. It [illegible] all young. All unite upon Dick. And then he tells no [illegible] secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, nev[illegible] never coming down late for breakfast, or coming in thr[illegible] too *early* to bed, is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in [illegible] you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him i[illegible] he would not take it so meekly, and, moreo[illegible] [illegible] ask your pardon for being kicked."

We intended to have laid down our pen here, but we may yet remark on the wonderful homage paid to the dog through the wide pages of poetry and romance; but this is too large a subject to attempt to touch; we can but say what a store there is in the romancists and poets from our own times, through other ages, through the chroniclers, and the rhymers and balladists of the Dark Ages. Another fruitful thought would be the human analogies which have been constantly discovered in these noble and lovable creatures. Sometimes, indeed, we have found them used for evil purposes; while their names and attributes even have been used to designate characters and intentions which have least of humanity in them, as in the instance of the bloody sect of the Dominicans, Dominicanes,—the black-and-white dogs in their black-and-white cowls,—that is, the dogs of the Lord—the dogs of the Inquisition. No dogs, indeed, have bitten so cruelly as they. The bloodhound, too, employed to hunt the Indian and the negro, compels us to a sense of shame, as we remember how the instinct of the creature has been employed to serve the cruelty and cupidity of man. There is an old and interesting story and tradition of the Indian dog Bezerrillo.

"Salazar had one day taken an old Indian woman, among other riso rs, after a defeat of the natives; and for no assigned or assignable n, but in mere wantonness of cruelty, he determined to set this dog n the poor wretch. But it was to be made a sport of, a spectacle for he Spaniards, or Christians, as their contemporary historian and fellow-hristian calls them, even while he is relating this story. The reader will e what the state of natural and general feeling must have been, when of his extraordinary acquirements and talents, and who gives evi-it proofs in his book of a sincere religious belief, could relate these cir-stances without the slightest expression of horror, and, undoubtedly, hout the slightest feeling that there was anything unusual, anything ting, still less, that there was anything devilish and damnable related. zar gave the woman an old letter, and told her to go with it to the nor of Aymâco. The poor creature went her way joyfully, expecting e set at liberty when she had performed her errand. The intent was ly to get her away from the rest, that the dog might have a fair and the beholders a full sight. Accordingly, when she had pro-d little further than a stone's throw, Bezerrillo was set at her. ing him come, the woman threw herself on the ground; and her e faith in Salazar's intention and in the animal's sagacity saved for she held out the letter to the dog, and said, 'Oh, sir dog, sir I am carrying a letter to the lord governor—don't hurt me, sir dog.' g seemed to understand her; and did understand her, in fact, tly to know that she did not look upon herself as a condemned , and that she implored his mercy; and he came up to her gently, her no harm.

Christians held this for a thing of much mystery, knowing the of the dog; and the captain, also, seeing the clemency which

the dog had shown, ordered him to be tied up; and they called back poor Indian woman, and she came back to the Christians in dis thinking they had sent the dog to bring her; and trembling with fear sat herself down. After a little while the governor, Juan Ponce, arri and being informed of what had happened, he would not be less c passionate with the woman than the dog had been, and he gave co that she should be set at liberty, and allowed to go whither she wo and, accordingly, so it was done."

Such are some of the lessons we receive by *going to the dogs.* find one more in—

An Old Arab Tradition.

Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and He His disciples forward to prepare supper, while He Himself, inte doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. An saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, lo at an object on the ground; and He drew near to see what it migh It was a dead dog with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, or more abject, or unclean thing never met the eyes of man. "Faugh!" said one, sto his nose, "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "sha foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third, could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fo "all draggled and bleeding." "No doubt," said a fifth, "he h hanged for thieving." And Jesus heard them; and looking dow passionately on the dead creature, He said, "Pearls are not equal t whiteness of his teeth!" Then the people turned towards Hi amazement, and said among themselves, "Who is this? This mu Jesus of Nazareth, for only He could find something to pity and s even in a dead dog;" and being ashamed, they bowed their heads Him, and went each on his way.

XV.

'ERBS AND PARABLES CONCERNING TONGUES IN TREES.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

> "*This our life, exempt from public haunt,*
> *Finds tongues in trees.*"

ɜ piece from whence this text is taken may be called the poem of ıe forest; amongst its glades all the action passes on; it is full ınt forest pictures, among the sequestered deer, the—

> "Native burghers of that desert city."

a pretty picture that is, in which the melancholy Jaques is first

> "Under the oak, whose antique root peeps out,
> Upon the brook that brawls along this wood."

a pretty picture is Rosalind's description of her dwelling: this shepherdess, my sister, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe petticoat;" there they,—

> "Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
> Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time—
> Far from the place where bells have knolled to church."

e one of them says,—

> "These trees shall be my books,
> And in their barks my thoughts I'll character."

another one sings,—

> "Why should this desert silent be?
> For it is unpeopled? No;
> Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
> That shall civil sayings show.
> Some, how brief the life of man
> Runs his erring pilgrimage;
> That the stretching of a span
> Buckles in his sum of age."

is the life passed, as another touch tells us—

> "Under an old oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
> And high top bald with dry antiquity."

[illegible] time of Shakspeare, far more than in our own day [illegible] to reach the depths of the woods and forests. [illegible] with them; the population was very scanty, the [illegible] few and far between. It is very possible [illegible] secluded and living far away in the depths of [illegible] than now, England took pride in her great [illegible] many parts of the country with them [illegible] benefit upon the nation in following days [illegible] so essential to the defence and well-being [illegible] very easy to find "tongues in trees." [illegible] when —

> [illegible] that grand old harper, beats
> [illegible] harp of pines."

[illegible] loved trees! Wordsworth has [illegible]

> [illegible] a vernal wood
> [illegible] more of man,
> [illegible] of good.
> [illegible]
> [illegible] and of art,
> [illegible]
> [illegible] you a heart
> [illegible]

[illegible] woods at evening [illegible] leaves, and the [illegible] trunks of [illegible] distant [illegible]

composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe its motions. In a few minutes it darted like lightning to the very top of a tree beneath which it had been sitting. In an instant it was down with an acorn in its mouth, and began to burrow the earth with its paws. After digging a small hole, it stooped down and deposited the acorn, then, covering it, darted up the tree again. In a moment it was down with another, which it buried in the same manner. This the squirrel continued to do so long as Mr. Buck watched it. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of security against want in the winter; and, as it is probable its memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable it to remember the spots in which it deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree. But how much more this must have been the case in Shakspeare's day and the days immediately preceding! Thus, we can easily conceive that England was indebted to the—

> "Squirrel leaping from tree to tree,
> Shelling his nuts at liberty,"

and to the raven, or the rook, for her pride, her glory, and her very existence.

In our childhood we had a little bedroom overshadowed by the boughs of an old alder-tree; their rustling against the pane sometimes used to creep closer under the coverlid on a winter's night. But we remember well one summer evening; the day was declining into the twilight, the casement was open. There we sat by the waving boughs, and we read in an old magazine lines we have never seen since. We do not know whose they are, but they stamped themselves ineffaceably on our memory, and became a lesson for life—

> "Yon raven once an acorn took
> From Romney's tallest, stoutest tree;
> He hid it by a limpid brook,
> And lived another oak to see.
>
> "Thus Melancholy buries Hope;
> But Providence keeps still alive,
> And bids us with afflictions cope,
> And all anxieties survive."

Thus, certainly, when we were only about seven years old we found *a tongue in a tree.* The magazine in which these verses occur was called *The Agreeable Entertainer,* published about a hundred years since.

There are "tongues in trees." They are full of instructions. Beneath their boughs in all ages men have retreated, finding from their ministrations those inward thoughts which soothe, elevate, and refine. The shades of trees were no doubt the earliest temples. The arches of Tintern and Westminster are transcended by the solemnity of feeling inspired in the forest. It is not wonderful that the tree was supposed to be inhabited by the Dryad, the forest by Hamadryads, for it is scarcely too

[illegible] if there are many women in the world who excel [illegible] in grace. So graceful are many trees, that it is not surpr[illegible] that the fresh imagination of the younger world should have imparted to them the [illegible] of souls. Men have spoken to them almost as if they lived. Most of the poets have found that *trees have tongues.* Tennyson, in the "Talking Oak," Cowper in the grand poem, "Yardley Oak." If he talks with it, it is because it has first spoken to him—

> "By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
> The clock of history, facts and events
> Turning more punctual, unrecorded facts
> Recovering, and misstated setting right—
> Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again!
> Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods;
> And time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
> For owls to roost in."

And Lord Lytton hears a voice from the withered tree in June, in reply to his question—

> "Desolate tree! why are thy branches bare?
> What hast thou done
> To win strange winter from the summer air,
> Frost from the sun?
>
> "'Never,' replied the forest hermit lone,
> Old truth and endless!)
> 'Never for evil done, but fortune flown,
> Are we left friendless.'
>
> "Yet wholly, not for winter nor for storm
> Doth love depart!
> We are not all forsaken till the worm
> Creeps to the heart!
>
> "Ah, nought without, within thee if decay
> Can heal or hurt thee;
> Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,
> Who may desert thee!"

It is the sense, the imagination, which seem[illegible] to impart a kind [illegible] human life to the tree—which, to an imaginative, [illegible]nsive mind, appe[illegible] to behold in it the receptacle of the [illegible] m[illegible]es of [illegible]s; and as [illegible] gathers up within himself the histories [illegible] of the p[illegible] imagines the tree surviving the shock of [illegible]ms, [illegible] heat of [illegible] The snow and the frost of winters speak out the [illegible]ory of all that [illegible] seen and known—all the rites which may have [illegible] branches in the woody solitudes; the strangely-di[illegible] [illegible]ellers [illegible] have paused beneath them to rest; the lo[illegible] [illegible]turies [illegible] beneath them their tryst. It is in this spirit [illegible] [illegible]n his fine li[illegible]s to "The Old [illegible] Tree." [illegible] [illegible]oralizes, it is [illegible]e wh[illegible] [illegible]o [illegible] fr[illegible] [illegible]ressive text. [illegible] of [illegible]

the mutability of man. And, numerous as our quotations seem to be, it surely would seem a sin of omission to forget how, in the far-off ages, old Homer uttered the same sentiment as Isaiah, "*We all do fade as a leaf,*" finding a truly beautiful paraphrase for his words in the English of Pope—

> "Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
> Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
> Another race, another spring supplies,
> They fall successive, and successive rise;
> So generations in their course decay,
> So flourish these, when those have passed away."

There are "*tongues in trees,*" and among them they make up a fine orchestra; for, however they may blend into the grand melodies and harmonies of nature, their voices and their instruments are very different. This might be expected, for, as their *timber* is different, so naturally also is their tone. The pine and the oak, the elm and the larch, the birch and the beech, all make different music, some rolling down to a fine bass, some sweeping along in a grand tenor. The winds and breezes play on them, and they, in their turn, play on us. Hence trees awaken innumerable sympathies, and it has not been difficult in wild, vast, German forests to imagine, by the aid of their fantastic shapes and their weird fantastic tones, a Walpurgis night.

There are "*tongues in trees.*" What a sermon Thomas Hood heard preached from the elm, when dreaming in "the shady avenue where lofty elms abound!" What a sermon of the last house built for all bodies out of its weird stem! We shall all inhabit some tree. We may laugh at the fancies of Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto; but grief, avarice, hate, the poor houseless man, may all find a home and clothing in the elm,—

> "This massy trunk that lies along,
> And many more must fall—
> For the very knave
> Who digs the grave,
> The man who spreads the pall,
> And he who tolls the funeral bell,
> The elm shall have them all."

Such, and so various are the tones wakened by the "*tongues in trees.*"

But, still, we seem to be forgetting the proverb and the parable in the m.

"*Tongues in trees.*" Indeed, in many ways they speak, manifold are r voices and their tones. The forest is not so rich in proverb, per- s, as it is in parable and in poem; but these have grown up richly ath the shade of the old boughs, and in the deep winding forest ks. The heart must be very insensible to all beauty, which is not eshed by the sight of a noble tree. "Than a tree," says the poet urdis, in some fine words which we almost fear to quote, for poetry is affluent as we walk amidst the colonnades of time-spared and red trees:—

"[illegible] earth bears not.
[illegible] of man.
[illegible] earth.
[illegible] extent
[illegible] centuries waste not?
[illegible] for ages, and when at last
[illegible] decrepitude—
[illegible] their decay
[illegible] to escape
[illegible] of time. Time watched
[illegible] bough; Time saw
[illegible] the spray; Time passed.
[illegible] swaddling shell yon oak.
[illegible] monarch of our woods, by thorns
[illegible] shaped the raven's bill, the tooth
[illegible] the schoolboy's knife, and sprang
[illegible] from his nurse's arms.
Time gave it seasons, and Time gave it years.
Ages restored, and centuries grudged not.
Time knew the sapling when gay summer's breath
Shook to the roots the infant oak, which after
Tempests moved not. Time hollowed in its trunk
A tomb for centuries, and buried there
The epochs of the rise and fall of States,
The fading generations of the world,
The memory of men."

The earth has not among insensate things,—if we may call a tree an inanimate thing,—a nobler creature. A glorious and tall tree cheats us into solidity and beauty, into an admiration we cannot feel for many forms of free animal life. How trees support the life of the population of the globe! what majesty, what proportion, in their wild freedom! reaching to heights even vast, and covering a space of ground almost fulfilled by even the palace of a monarch, or a stately Gothic cathedral; some giving food, giving milk; some giving cotton or cloth; some giving wine, some oil, some water. Some giving forth precious gums when cut down, furnishing precious woods and timber for rearing buildings, but not so glorious and stately as when the tree itself stands in its own regal magnificence; or furnishing planks and decks for ships of all sizes, all trades and civilizations, and warlike thunders and armies over the oceans; or furnishing our last long home:—

"One mystic tree alone there is, of sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead, and sometimes underground—
In all that shady avenue, where lofty elms abound.

"Ah, little dreams the haughty peer, the while his falcon flies,
[illegible] the blood-bedabbled turf the antlered quarry dies,
[illegible] own ancestral park the narrow dwelling lies!

"Haughty peer and mighty king one doom shall overwhelm!
[illegible] all shall lodge him well whose sceptre ruled a realm;
[illegible] knew a home shall find it in the elm!

"This massy trunk that lies along, and many more must fall;
For the very knave who digs the grave, the man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell, *the elm shall have them all!*"

Very suggestive are trees; or, as Shakspeare better says it, "There are tongues in trees." You have been into the woods some fine summer afternoon or evening; in the deep glades what a field of green and gold it is, the arrowy beams of slanting light lying on the green floor. These groves, we have often said, were the first temples, ere man learnt to hew the shaft or lay the architrave. Then comes twilight in the old woods, and you hear the low, soft breath running along the boughs—low and sweet, the sighing of the soft wind among the tree tops. What a solitude! what mysteries run and hide in the dark embosoming boughs! Then flits the solitary bird; then at the feet murmurs the bubbling spring; and the trees,—elms, oaks, beeches, and birches,—seem to hold mystical converse with each other; they seem to have a secret you long to learn, a mystery you long to read—those woods, those venerable old forest patriarchs. And therefore men have broken away from society and all social usages, and, leaving cities and towns behind them, have dwelt in forests and woods, that so silence, and thought, and eternity, and God might be present to them. And, if we have never thought it would be well to pass life so, still we have found it sweet to steal away from the noise, the dust, the smoke, the worry, and the capriciousness of towns, and to be there amidst birds and leaves, in the aisles of the great forest minster, all around us those mysterious shadows, where in some places the depth of the glade keeps a perpetual twilight, or the more open space, where even the fingers of the mid-day sun, striking through the boughs, seem to beckon to meditation and to rest. When we have left the woods, again and again we recur to their lessons; the language in which they poured out their secrets made audible music after we had left their glades; such *tongues were in trees*. Amidst such walks we perhaps thought of quaint old Henry Vaughan;—

"My God, when I walk in these groves,
And leaves Thy Spirit doth still fan,
I see in each shade that there grows
An angel talking with a man.

"Under a *juniper* some house,
Or the cool *mirtle's* canopie,
Others beneath an *oake's* green boughs,
Or at some *fountaine's* bubling eye.

"Here *Jacob* dreames and wrestles; there
Elias is by ravens fed,
Another time by th'angell, where
He brings him water with his bread.

"In *Abraham's* tent the wingèd guests
(Oh, how familiar then was heaven,)
Eate, drinke, discourse, sit downe, and rest
Until the cool and shady *even*."

The poet Clare pours out a vehement passion of grief over two elm-trees. He says, "My two favourite elm-trees at the back of the house are condemned to die; it shocks me to relate it, but it is true. The savage who owns them thinks they have done their best, and now he wants to make use of the benefits he can get by selling them. Oh, were this country Egypt, and were I but a Caliph, the owner should lose his ears for his arrogant presumption; and the first wretch who buried his axe in the roots should hang on their branches as a terror to the rest. I have been several mornings to bid them farewell. Had I one hundred pounds to spare, I would buy them reprieves; but they must die. Yet this mourning over trees is all foolishness, they feel no pains, they are but wood, cut up or not. A second thought tells me that I am a fool. Were all people to feel as I do, the world could not be carried on; a green field would not be ploughed; a tree or bush would not be cut for firing or furniture; and everything they found when boys would remain in that state till they died. This is my indisposition, and you will laugh at it." This is very much in the spirit of an old man who, when told that a pair of trees in front of his house were wanted, and was asked what he would take for them if they were cut down, exclaimed, "Cut them down! Cut them down! God forgive ye. I would rather fall down and worship them." There must have been very impressive tongues talking in those trees.

No things that have life remind us more of human evanescence than trees. Mountains are very ancient, but they are utterly lifeless, or they derive all their life from the soul of the observer; but trees have motion and a kind of freedom, and the tones among the branches seem more penetrating, less remote, than those which run along the hills. How old some trees are! In the magnificent aisles, the long woody colonnades of Fontainebleau, you came, a few years since, to the tall, stately tree which they told you was planted by Pharamond, the old Frankish monarch—a mighty tree, vast in girth, vast in height. One could not but think what cavalcades have swept along beneath it—emperors and kings, the Philips and Louis of one age, the Napoleons of another, rushing by in their spectre-hunt, all fleeting, all changing; still, there stood the tree!

But to think of the age of trees. Tradition conducts the pilgrim a little way outside the town of Hebron to the spot once known as the Plain of Mamre, and there, it is said, still stands the oak beneath whose branches Abraham talked with God; where he spoke with the Angel of the Covenant and his attendants who came to prophesy Isaac's birth and Sodom's doom—the venerable oak, two hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and eighty-one in diameter. England boasts of many old trees—the oak, the chestnut, and especially the yew, albeit a cheerless and unsocial plant, which loves to dwell amidst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms. In the centre of many a churchyard stands the tree, its boughs stretching out over the heaving mounds below, whence

ages since, our forefathers fashioned weapons wherewith to march to Cressy or Poictiers. The antique stems coil up and intertwist in strange, fantastic forms, as if of serpentine growth. Strange pillared shades are there over the red-brown grassy floor, where, in the memory of the long ages since the planting of the tree, it is not difficult to think of ghostly festivities in the moonlight, where one may meet, as the poet says,—

> "Fear, and trembling Hope,
> Silence and Foresight, Death the skeleton,
> And Time the shadow."

Certainly, both in the forest shade and the churchyard yew, or elm, reflections on the transitoriness of human things are among the most natural and spontaneous which can occur to us. This half-human character of trees has been very present to many imaginations; hence we suppose it was that Dante conceived a forest in the seventh circle of his "Inferno," amidst whose dusky foliage and thickly-matted, fruitless boughs he heard on all sides strange complainings, and found at length how, amidst the gnarled joints of the trees, the souls of suicides were tied; and hence Tasso and Spenser indulged in their wild but sweet conceptions concerning the aerial beings who held their habitations in the woods. As the poet believed the soul of Clorinda was confined in the tree, so it was the same sentiment,—but assuming a more mystical and somewhat pantheistic form,—which led others to exclaim with Charles Bônnet, "I am fain to believe that the majestic trees in their way enjoy existence." Some of the more mystical botanists, or dendrologists, have even argued this, while we know Wordsworth has said—

> "The opening buds spread out their fan
> To catch the breezy air,
> And I must think, do all I can,
> That there is pleasure there.
> Through primrose tufts in that green bower
> The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,
> And 'tis my faith that every flower
> Enjoys what it receives."

Men who have neither startled a Clorinda from the trunk of a tree, like Tancred, nor heard the branches scream with pain, as in Dante, nor wrought their faith into the mystical texture of Wordsworth, have yet felt the mysterious spirit which, in the language we have quoted, finds "*tongues in trees.*" Nor can we cease to believe that beneath their shades, therefore, it is that heroes seem to have had their training. Beneath the oak in Ophrah the angel of the Lord appeared to Gideon and inspired him to redeem Israel; while Saul held his little camp against the Philistines beneath the pomegranate-tree, Migron. Thus a strange community of ling has given inspiration to poets when they have talked of trees. One of the richest of all in this department is George Macdonald; and in "Phantastes" he deals with the trees of that wood through which he

[illegible] they seem to the reader not a whit less than human [illegible] trees form a great connecting link between [illegible] and in the imagery of Faber they seem almost [illegible] —

> "[illegible] are like men in thought,
> [illegible] wrought;
> [illegible] and they look so wise,
> [illegible] arms and their half-shut eyes."

[illegible] from the more excursions of fancy to the walks [illegible] while proverbs upon trees do not seem so plentiful [illegible] we find one of the earliest and [illegible] on the top of Mount Gerizim [illegible] Abimelech. Coming from so ancient a time, [illegible] is especially interesting; but it is not less admirable. There [illegible] of humour, scorn, and satire, inflamed personal indignation [illegible] We may as well read it: "The trees went forth [illegible] to anoint a king over them, and they said unto the olive tree, 'Reign thou over us.' But the olive tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour both God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?' And the trees said to the fig tree, 'Come thou and reign over us.' But the fig tree said unto them, 'Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?' Then said the trees unto the vine, 'Come thou and reign over us.' And the vine said unto them, 'Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?' Then said all the trees unto the bramble, 'Come thou and reign over us.' And the bramble said unto the trees, 'If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow, and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.'" A wise parable this; and, since the time when Jotham uttered it, the achievements of king Bramble would form a by no means inconsiderable volume. It is only the anticipation of the woe to a kingdom governed by a [illegible] and everywhere, in all places, the bramble has been most ambitious. Those who have no claim even to be regarded as trees—a kind of worthless, prickly, barren, base-born thistle—dry, sapless weed, able only to scratch, and tear, and vex—this is the thing which desires to be lifted up into a proud place, and made much of, and feels itself badly dealt with if not permitted to take precedence of antique and stately trees. But when the bramble really becomes king,—an event not unusual,—how often it has been the case that fire has come forth from the bramble, devouring trees of the forest. This is the story of incapable kings—of weak and oppressive governments; the story also of many a foolish man exalted [illegible] strange, drifting wind into a high place; for the little [illegible] and the insignificant, as we have said before, will think themselves [illegible] and supremest in importance. There is a happy [illegible] [illegible]inent to this in one of the admirable papers of Sir [illegible]

Helps. It is a conversation he once heard going on between a tall poplar and an old oak. Poplar,—as we know, something of an upstart,—affected to look somewhat contemptuously upon its rugged old companion, said it grew up quite straight heavenwards; said, further, all its branches pointed one way; spoke in a decidely unfriendly manner to poor old Oak about his gnarled and twisted branches, which seemed to show strange struggles, and anything but a happy inward state. Poplar went on further to say that it grew up very fast, and when it had done growing it was not cut down to launch instruments of death, etc., etc. Poor old Oak seemed half-ashamed of himself before the pragmatical chatterer; said, however, he had had ugly winds to contend with from without, and ugly impulses from within, that it knew it had thrown out many a cross-grained branch, which it feared would never come right again. Old Oak said he knew, too, that men worked his race up sometimes for good and sometimes for evil; but that, at any rate, he and his family did not live for nothing. Mr. Helps said he heard Poplar begin to reply something, for it is the nature of that tree to go on chattering; but he says he gave t old Oak an approving pat on the bark, and left Poplar to chatter by hi elf. Old Oak might have reminded friend Poplar that the proverb s that even "*Straight trees have crooked roots.*" Certainly, again, it true that "*It is a tight tree that has neither knags* (*knobs*), *nor gaw* (*c wardness*);" and "*A tree is not to be judged by its bark.*" "*Soon crooks the tree,*" and earliest years betray our origin in the awkwardness of nature.

A number of those proverbs, in which trees furnish the moral of human life, express the abiding sense of nature. "*Such as the tree is, so is the fruit;*" and "*There's no tree but bears some fruit;*" "*Good fruit never comes from a bad tree;*" "*You ask an elm-tree for pears;*" "*As the fruit so the tree, as the mistress so the maid;*" and after all the assumption of king Bramble, still it is true, as the old Hebrew proverb says, "*A yrtle among nettles is a myrtle still.*" A Persian poet says, "That tree, the nature of which is bitter, should you plant it in the garden of Eden, nd water it with the ambrosial streams of Paradise, and were you to ure its roots with virgin honey, would after all discover its innate isposition, and yield the fruit it had ever yielded." Our Lord used words which have become parabolic since, though they were very likely a l-known proverb quoted by Him at the time. "*By their fruits ye shall them.*" "*Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?*" And, in the same way, some of the finest parabolic words of Scripture ive their point from trees. "*The fruit of the righteous is a tree of e;*" "*A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.*" In the Psalmist, and in emiah, the holy man is likened to "*A tree planted by rivers of water;*" very fine and animating image, such as we find realized in many a et English village. On the other hand, the "*Wicked are like the h in the desert, who cannot see when good cometh.*" So also from the e of the tree in itself, as illustrating the life of nature and the life

of grace grafted upon it, and producing a higher type from the [illegible] ing; to the power of habit and education in moulding character, [illegible] saying has become a proverb,—

> "'Tis education forms the youthful mind;
> *Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.*"

Our old friend Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, turned this text [illegible] kind of dendrological diagram; and we dare say it remains in the [illegible] cottage garden of Ebley to this day. His faith in the power of [illegible] was most earnest. There stood in his garden a tree, one of the [illegible] of which he had so trained and twisted that it formed a circle, and [illegible] through the main branch again. This was his illustration of what [illegible] twig might become; and he often took doubting friends, or young [illegible] to the old tree in the garden. You might put your arm through [illegible] circle. There, in the course of years, it had grown, a strange and [illegible] inexplicable outbirth from the tree; still the humour and fancy [illegible] friend took quite a practical shape in the diagram, which illustrated [illegible] earnest efforts of one of the noblest lives it has ever been our [illegible] either to hear of or to know. "*As lame as a tree,*" says the old [illegible] in allusion to the crookedness of its branches, we suppose; and my [illegible] was lame, but he made his tree, in its crookedness, like his [illegible] lameness, as rich in instruction as the gnarled branches Sir Arthur [illegible] heard discourse so pithily.

Our fathers honoured the men who planted trees. A proverb [illegible] "*He that plants trees, loves others besides himself;*" and again [illegible] *that plants a walnut tree, expects not to eat of the fruit.*" Such [illegible] tions cross the mind in walking amidst the magnificent alcoves of [illegible] of our English parks. It has been thought one of the surest proofs [illegible] regard for posterity, to care for the plantations, to guard well the [illegible] sion of the noble old patriarchal line of the kings of the wood; [illegible] on the other hand, one of the surest proofs of a reckless, wasteful spendthrift, is the cutting down of the timber without supplying [illegible] illustrious growth. Indeed, as they rise round us in their colonnades or magnificent circles, they seem to whisper of one who said, "*I myself alone.*" And the voice that ordered their plantation has [illegible] passed away from the rooms of the old hall almost ages ago; and [illegible] labourers who planted have long gone to their rest beneath [illegible] tombless graves in the old village churchyard; but the good act [illegible] a stately tree survives, and a grandeur which overawes the spirit [illegible] day is the result of a very simple work, a very natural order given [illegible] done in the distant centuries. Few things speak more encouraging [illegible] of consequences, great and noble, surviving simple, perhaps painful [illegible] self-denying duties.

Let us walk together. Hark! you may hear the spirits in the [illegible] tops saying, "We have been ages coming to what you see [illegible] being God's things we grow for ages. Be comforted, therefore

lanned our life plans yours. We have seen generations pass beneath our boughs, but we are here. We can neither think nor ut so long our life is; your life is shorter here that it may in- e longer. We are the scaffolding of His creation; you are the g of the Lord that He may be glorified. Hearken to us, whisper- ıong our branches; listen to the voices of the trees to the down- own-hearted, moody-spirited man. Our branches are of many es, and you too must take centuries to see things. Hearken to ispering of the spirits in the boughs of the trees." But we have seen that in the planting of trees there have been other agents nan, and that birds and other creatures have been industrious ıdmen.

logies thus continually present themselves between trees and ents; perhaps still, even in this scientific age, there survives st us something of the old national love for them. Trees, in most of our own country, were a national boast; but the love is not d to our own land, the boast, the national pride, is in many instances ted with these noble children of the earth. How the Hebrew Bible ls to overflowing with splendid proverbs, parables, and poems, in the love of the tree becomes the mark at once of national pride and comfortable even to readers now! We remember, a few winters we went to see and to talk with a poor woman, almost a beggar, retched in circumstances, but very rich in the grace of faith. We en talked with her when she seemed to speak almost as one inspired; leed all holiness is inspired from the Father of lights. Upon that ıe said, "Here was my text to-day," and she pointed us to that em that is in Ezekiel, "Thus saith the Lord God, I will also take highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it; I will crop off he top of his young twigs a tender one, and will plant it upon a high n and eminent. In the mountain of the height of Israel will I t; and it shall bring forth boughs, and bear fruit, and be a goodly and under it shall dwell all fowl of every wing, in the shadow of ıches thereof shall they dwell. And all the trees of the field shall that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted v tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree rish. I the Lord have spoken and have done it." But in this poem, we have the story of generations and centuries; and it takes es to comprehend how the high tree is brought down and the low alted, the green tree dried up, the dry tree made to flourish, and by the young twig, the tender one. The Hebrews hung the f their Messianic parables and proverbs on the branches of trees, ke of the man to be brought forth, whose name was the Branch, t out of a dry ground, the handful of seed in the earth, whose vere to shake like Lebanon. But our space would entirely fail if e even to group together the manifold allusions to and poems rees in the sacred writings. One of the most magnificent is in the

[illegible] of Ezekiel, the description of [illegible] fair branches, and with a shadowing [illegible] among the thick boughs; fair in his greatness [illegible] branches, for his root was by the great water. [illegible] of God could not hide him, the fir-trees were [illegible] boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches.' There has been an intense love of these fine objects of nature wherever they were so rich and redundant in the literature. Indeed, Ezekiel in the Hebrews is the poet and prophet of trees. No other writer is so redundant in various allusions to the forest monarchs.

But all nations seem to have possessed their favourites. A [illegible] the East speaks of the pity with which he regarded the natives [illegible] almost arid and desert plains—ignorant, almost naked, swarthy [illegible] women, broiling beneath the heat of the burning sun. He [illegible] felt the dignity of human nature degraded by their [illegible] expressed his pity to an old, intelligent Armenian. "He said, '[illegible] never hear of other countries? Have they no desire for improvement?' "No," said the old Armenian; "so far from envying other nations [illegible] pity them." And as the old man saw his companion's surprise, he [illegible] "I will tell you an anecdote. Some years since one of those very [illegible] women really went as a servant to the children of an English gentleman travelling through these countries to yours. She accompanied the [illegible] to England. She remained in your country four years. At length returned. How great was the curiosity to see her, you may suppose! [illegible] the people of her old tribes gathered round her, especially to inquire [illegible] England and its people. What did she find there? What did she tell [illegible] of the people? Are they rich? Is it a fine country? Are they [illegible] And she told them that the country was like a garden, the people [illegible] rich. They had fine clothes, fine houses, fine horses, fine carriages; they seemed to be very wise and very happy. Her audience began [illegible] envious of the English, and some gloom spread over the people [illegible] heard these things. 'But,' continued the woman, 'I must tell [illegible] England wants one thing.' 'What is that?' said the Arabs [illegible] 'Why, there is not a single date-tree in the whole country!' 'What [illegible] you sure?' said they all. 'Positive. I looked for nothing else [illegible] time I was there,' said she, 'and I never saw a date-tree.' Silence [illegible] was instantly restored. So far from envying the English, pity [illegible] possession of all their bosoms, and they went away wondering how [illegible] could manage to live in a country where there were no date-trees. [illegible] England takes pride in her oaks. France boasts of her vines [illegible] the bread-fruit tree, and so, perhaps, it came about [illegible] ages, and among darkened peoples, worship sprung up in the [illegible] sentiment of religion stirred the breast amidst scenes where [illegible] was derived from over the very objects themselves.

A number of other proverbs revolve round the fall of trees [illegible] date-palms [illegible] the admiration they excited, from the dig-

ıde they created, their splendour suggested the analogy with great n, or monarchs. So their fall, as they descended with heavy crash, king the wood to resound, and other, and smaller trees to fall with ım, instantly suggested a likeness to the fall of great men or monarchs. l *good tree is a good shelter,"* says a proverb; but then, on the other ıd, says another, "*Great trees keep down little ones,"* and "*Large trees e more shade than fruit."* These are the rather depreciating analogies which the good and evil of great place are summed up; but then ne other proverbs, "*A great tree hath a great fall,"* which seems to re its commentary in another proverb, "*As the man said to him on the ı top, You make more haste when you come down than when you went* " And we suppose it was in this spirit the prophet uttered that fine ıverbial parable, "*Howl, Fir-tree, for the Cedar has fallen!*"

As the great tree does not fall alone, so neither can any terrible nity happen to the individual without involving others beside him-; and this is in proportion to the elevation of his social state. The ans have a fable which they use to illustrate the connection of one ividual with another; and, indeed, the fable seems especially pointed to se cruel states of society in which we find one wrong propping up and porting another: "The forest and the tiger lived together in close ndship, so that no one could approach the forest, for the tiger was ays in the way, nor the tiger, for the forest always afforded him shelter; s they remained both undisturbed, on account of the mutual security y afforded to each other. But when the tiger abandoned the forest . roamed abroad, the people, seeing that the tiger had quitted it, nediately cut down the forest; the tiger, in the meanwhile, taking lter in a village, was seen by the people, who soon found means to him. In this manner both were lost by abandoning each other." we have said, this is rather a grim fable, and seems very distinctly to icate that state of society where cruelty and craft shake hands and ee. So the proverb says, "*A tree is no sooner down, but every one s for a hatchet;*" as the Italians say, "*To the fallen tree, hatchets! hets!*" And even by the very conspicuousness of situation, by their ation and grandeur, some trees become a mark for the lightning, or axe. As says the poet, in words almost proverbial:—

> "Thou rather, with thy swift and sulphurous bolt,
> Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
> Than the soft myrtle."

Oaks may fall when reeds brave the storm." Proverbs like these y instantly their own lesson, and need no commentary; on the other ɜ, the tree standing long in security and strength feels its own safety. ı smaller trees can say, "*The tree does not fall at the first stroke.*" some stand like palaces, so vast their proportions, so amazing the mference of their stem, their bark is like the old Cyclopean structures ıcients; it seems as if the heavens might do their worst in the

divine thinkers, been associated with them, we may
marvellous men, who yet could never have conferred, each
way known each other, Plato and Jacob Boehmen, rega
beneath the analogy,—which in their system, was consid
analogy,—of a tree. But most marvellous is that old Te
myth of the Norwegian's ash, or Yggdrasill, to which we
our Introductory Essay. The myth is certainly one
among the fancies of heathendom. Beneath this thoug
man saw all existence represented under the idea of the
whose roots struck down into Hela, or the depths of d
trunk rose up high as the heavens, overmantlying all by th
and trees. The past, present, and future all wreathed
Yggdrasill, or Tree of Existence, from the sacred well
time, universal nature, perpetually renewed human life
thoughts our ancient and most hoary forefathers beheld
from the mighty stem of this mystical tree. Its branch

ling through it like the voice of the gods; it is Yggdrasill—the Tree xistence." If we have not enlarged the dimensions of our forefathers' ghts,—and it scarcely seems that we can do so in this instance,—then ;ree was their highest type of visible embodied being. More than hing else, to them it was full of mystery; and that which has the test breadths of mystery will always have the fullest depths of mean-

And the ash has continued from their day even to ours to be the sitory of mystery and wizardry. The English Maypole is but the onged shadow of the old festivities of the Yggdrasill tree; and, before :new the faith of our fathers in their green retreats, Virgil in his ›orgics" had celebrated it as the tree whose roots struck deep in the h as its branches tossed themselves high in the heavens. Such ;ues in the far-off ages, and in the old German forests, our fathers ıd in trees. Not wonderful was it, for they lived in the woods, in ›s beyond the Rhone, the Rhine, or the Danube; there, amidst their ı hamlets, the first seminal principles of tradition, floating rumours of tree of life, seem to have wrought themselves into the stately system ıttempt dimly to descry.

ut what can we do more than translate two or three tones of the many es in which these wonderful creatures speak to us? Every one has ›wn accent, and even in these few pages we have heard several speak-—the ash and the elm,—so we might listen to the nervous aspen, and hardy larch, with its rich tassels, and the straight but spectral pine, ɜ majestic beech. It has been well said, it is from those exogenous —trees which throw out their growth and mark their years upon r bark, or stem—we gather the most delicious lessons, from them we the most solemn and far-off voices, so lovely in their youth, so vener- in their age—homes, resting-places of birds, shelters from the storm, soften and sweeten the hot air, lasting through the lives of nations, surviving an empire's fall. As we draw into their shade, so cool and sant, how finely and soothingly come the words from the old Hebrew k, "*Ye shall be called trees,*" "*As the days of a tree, are the days of My ›le*"! Talking about trees, it seems impossible to break away from Bible. The prophet Ezekiel gives really a wonderful essay on the ine analogies of trees; it is really surprising to see how much there ›out them in his words. Trees of all orders. What a beautiful para- is that of the vine! "Son of man, what is the vine-tree more than other tree? It is good for nothing but for its fruit; it is useless, it is beautiful, it is not fragrant; you can make nothing of it." This is parable the prophet speaks. As a beast differs from man by reason, differs from a stone by sense, and as a plant differs from a stone by ɜtation, so a Christian differs from a man of the world by fruit. And was a beautiful poem and parable about Joseph. "He shall be a ful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall." Some trees st alone; they need a vast space. The myrtle and the olive, grow best in company. Some mighty forest monarchs defy com-

panionship, rear their tall crests, and stretch out their vast broad s alone—lonely, lofty trees; and such souls have been and are. O are like trees not distant from each other; moisture helps fruitfu plants thrive by their dews, and souls grow in strength by their s like trees pierced, letting forth their precious gums or juices. Says proverb, "*The tree is sure to be pruned before it reaches the skies*" this is something like it, "*Set trees poor, and they will grow rich them rich, and they will grow poor;*" "*Make the vine poor, and it make you rich.*" Another proverb says, "*Every vine must have its sti*" "*All the trees of righteousness have been pricked to the heart.*" T planting of every tree goes a time of winds and storms, hail and s and rain, snow and mire, and apparently little result. It is the s whether in the laying out of an orchard, the planting of a park, or s tering the reeds and saplings through the wide spaces of the forest. truly is it in the forest we may read many lessons and hear many v speaking of God's intention in man and things. Especially there we read the lesson of the immortal youth and freshness of nature and s Thus trees become more resonant than even Tintern's arches or We minster's aisles, and, even from some simplest form of tree life, a capable of receiving has shown its power of reception by imparting. T two usually go together.

> "Minds that have little to confer find little to receive."
> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone doth Nature live."

Southey stood before the holly-tree and heard it speaking lesso delightful wisdom, till he was compelled to utter its lessons in his be ful lines,—

> "Oh! reader, hast thou ever stood to see
> The holly-tree?"

And then he goes on,—

> "Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
> Harsh and austere,
> To those who on my labour would intrude,
> Reserved and rude,
> Gentle at home, amid my friends, I'd be,
> Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.
>
> "And should my youth,—as youth is apt, I know,—
> Some harshness show,
> All vain asperities I day by day
> Would wear away,
> Till the smooth temper of my age should be
> Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.
>
> "As when all summer trees are seen
> So bright and green,
> The holly leaves a sober tree display,
> Less bright than they;
> But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
> What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

"So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay,
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree."

XVI.

PARABLES AND PROVERBS CONCERNING CONSCIENCE.

A SERMON FROM SHAKSPEARE.

"Conscience is a thousand swords."

IF the time should ever come when, as some great teachers and [illegible] amongst us fondly dream, Christianity, and the Scriptures, in [illegible] Christianity is enshrined, shall be passed by as an old-world fable [illegible] superstition, Shakspeare will have to take his departure also, for such an essentially Christian element in his writings, but especially in [illegible] constant reiteration of the spiritual nature of man, the supernatural [illegible] tion within him, and the supernatural territories by which he is [illegible] rounded. No circumstance of his writings illustrates this more than [illegible] constant assertion of the power of conscience—that wonderful [illegible] although, probably, undefinable *something*, which has, in all ages, [illegible] its supremacy, sometimes shaking monarchs on their thrones, or [illegible] obscure criminals to justice.

No writer has said wiser and wittier things about that singular visible, inward witness we call "Conscience," than Shakspeare. His [illegible] courses upon this wonderful faculty in man are very fine, and they [illegible] exactly Scriptural. With his, all but invariably, keen discrimination [illegible] shows that Conscience is not so much a judge as merely a witness [illegible] bosom of man, as thus:—

> "In the corrupted currents of this world,
> Offence's gilded hand may shove aside justice;
> But 'tis not so above.
> *There* is no shuffling: there the action lies
> In its true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
> E'en to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
> To give in evidence."

This is what Shakspeare teaches. Conscience is the great moral [illegible] of our nature; but, like the eye or ear, the heart or the lungs, the [illegible] may be imperfect, or it may be perverted. But an evil conscie[illegible] [illegible] happy conscience; and the cause to which an evil or perve[illegible] [illegible] voted, suffers a kind of paralysis; while, on t[illegible] [illegible] virtuous "*Conscience is a thousand swords;*" [illegible] [illegible] hat our writer so frequently refers to

he says, "*Conscience doth make cowards of us all.*" Sometimes he deals with this, and illustrates his meaning in humorous words, as when one of the murderers in Richard the Third says to his companion in crime, What if thy "conscience come to thee again?" "I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; 'tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it." This is what he meant by saying, "*Conscience is a thousand swords.*" A bad cause doth make a weak arm; and the history of the world is full of instances where the multitudes in a bad cause have been vanquished by the minority in a good one. In these strong characterizations our great poet is like the other great masters of satire and fiction. Thackeray, for instance—"I don't say a snoring neighbour is pleasant; *but what a bed-fellow is a bad conscience?* A prosperous man ought to have followers; if he has none, he has a hard heart. Ah! yes, Doctor! Conscience will sometimes let a gentleman doze; but after discovery has come, and opened your curtains, and said, 'You desired to be called early,' there is little use in trying to sleep again;" which reminds us of that startling cry in "Macbeth," which may be summarily described as the picture of the sinner beneath lash of conscience:—

"*Macbeth.*—Methought I heard a voice cry, '*Sleep* no more!
Macbeth doth murther *sleep*, the innocent *sleep;*
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.'
"*Lady Macbeth.*—What do you mean?
"*Macbeth.*—Still it cried, '*Sleep* no more!' to all the house:
Glamis hath murther'd *sleep:* and therefore Cawdor
Shall *sleep* no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

And Lord Lytton has an impressive passage in his *Ernest Maltravers*, peaking of the *next morning* after a grave error, or a great crime—"We re apt to connect the voice of conscience with the stillness of midnight, ut I think we wrong that innocent hour; it is that terrible *next morning*, hen reason is wide awake, upon which remorse fastens its fangs. Has man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel? Has he committed a crime, or incurred a laugh? It is the *next morning* when the retrievable past rises before him like a spectre, then doth the churchl of memory yield up its grisly dead; then is the witching hour when foul fiend within us can least tempt, perhaps, but most torment; at it we have one thing to hope for, one refuge to fly to—oblivion and

[illegible] up, [illegible] morning, deep is over, and we are called up [illegible] [illegible], and resort, and [illegible] again the waking [illegible]

[illegible] suppose that never, anywhere, in any writer, has the [illegible] power of conscience been so delineated as in the instance of Richard III. His terrible dreams, his sleep agitated by the [illegible] remorse, was there ever so distinctly expressed the [illegible] against the mind, the conscience against the will, that [illegible] red secret known only to the criminal—starts up in [illegible] tion? The secret has become the master of the man, and [illegible] his courage; suspicions from without embarrass, and the [illegible] dances entangles, and the fatal secret struggles to get [illegible]

> "*K. Rich.*—Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds—
> Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
> *O coward conscience*, how dost thou afflict me!—
> The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
> Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
> What do I *fear? myself? there's none else by:*
> *Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.*
> Is *there a murderer here?* No;—Yes; I am:
> *Then fly.* What, *from* myself? Great reason: Why?
> Lest I *revenge. What? Myself on myself?*
> I *love myself.* Wherefore? for any good
> That I myself have done unto myself?
> Oh, no—alas, I rather hate myself,
> For hateful deeds committed by myself.
> I am a villain: Yet I lie, I *am not.*
> *Fool, so thy self speak well:*—Fool, do not flatter.
> My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
> And every tongue brings in a several tale,
> And every tale condemns me for a villain.
> Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,
> Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
> All several sins, all used in each degree,
> Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
> I shall despair. *There is no creature loves me;*
> [illegible] *pity me:*—
> [illegible] *since that I myself*
> [illegible]
> [illegible] *murdered I*
> [illegible] *did these*
> [illegible] *hand of Richard.*"

[illegible] to be a curious thing if, in the course of the [illegible] invisible old enemy of man, shall be despoiled [illegible] utterly dispersonalized and banished, and [illegible] himself—a wrigless, nerveless, rebellious old

ch seems to be the faith, the cheerful faith, of the advanced guard of modern philosophy. *Where* it is, and *what* it is, are questions as impossible of solution as the discovery of the nitrogen of our atmosphere; but, like that ethereal mystery, it makes itself felt by the body with which it is allied. And Shakspeare well knew how possible it is to blink its evidence even there; as he says of some, "*Their best conscience is, not to l e undone, but keep unknown;*" in which desire to throw a veil over e deed, however, there is none the less an evidence of the supremacy of conscience. One of the most humorous of these debates between e man and his conscience occurs in the "Merchant of Venice," where Launcelot holds the discussion.

"Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at my elbow and tempts me, saying to me, 'Launcelot, good Launcelot, use your legs, run away.' My conscience says, 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot, take heed, do not run, scorn running with thy heels.' Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack;—'Via!' says the fiend, 'Away!' says the fiend. 'Rouse up, brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run!' Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very sociably to me: 'My honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son, says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience. 'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well. Fiend,' say I, 'you counsel well'; but in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with a Jew. The fiend gives me more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run."

It is an old saying, however, that a vast amount of the mischief done in the world is done by conscientious people; so that people frequently turn round and inquire who and what this interfering, crotchety, peevish, but privileged intruder named conscience is. The voice cannot be doubted, the supremacy invalidated, and to many it seems an untrustworthy compass. The first thing, then, is to see that the dictates of conscience are consonant to some code good for mankind at large. The absurdity of bigotry, intolerance, and mere prejudicial obstinacy will become apparent if we elevate them to the position of an universal dogma. Many persons think that to put themselves to discomfort and inconvenience is a very creditable thing, so they would have an Act of Parliament that all persons should be compelled to wear hair-shirts. The world is a hard place enough, and full of battle; and men will fight all the better, and not the worse, for not having qualms of conscience about poor and unvaried food and washy drinks.

And, probably, this is a very fair report of many such a discussion on between the man's freedom and his monitor, his inward light; Lord Lytton remarks again, "Your conscience is the most elastic ial in the world; to-day you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill; to-ow it hides a mountain!" And an old proverb says, "*A conscience*

[illegible]

[illegible] Here is a pretty place for [illegible] It seems, then, that [illegible] a power that can be unless guarded [illegible] and the pages of society. We have seen [illegible] paragraph, how Shakspeare dealt with this, as [illegible] and the judge, but the witness in the soul of man: in [illegible] "their consciences meanwhile excusing or accusing [illegible] The Conscience, in Shakspeare's sense, seems to stand [illegible] prosecutor, or if like a judge or Chancellor, to condemn [illegible] neither prosecutor nor Chancellor make the law—they only [illegible] The law is something higher; it is beyond man; [illegible] him and will survive him; it thrills along his being with [illegible] the spirit with unaccountable fears, or, as Shakspeare [illegible] Henry VI exclaim:—

> What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
> [illegible] that hath his quarrel just;
> [illegible] though locked up in steel,
> [illegible] where justice is corrupted."

[illegible] "I feel within me [illegible] and quiet conscience."

[illegible]

The Trumpet.

ertain king ordained a law, that if any man were suddenly to be death, at sun-rising a trumpet should be sounded before his gate. ing made a great feast for all his nobles, at which the most skilful ans were present. But, amidst the general festivity, the king was d silent. All the guests were surprised and perplexed at the king's holy; but at length his brother ventured to ask him the cause. ng replied, "Go home, and you shall hear my answer to-morrow." ing ordered his trumpeters to sound early the next morning before other's gate, and to bring him with them to judgment. The r, on hearing this unexpected dreadful summons, was seized with , and came before the king in a black robe. The king commanded pit to be made, and a chair composed of the most frail materials, pported by four slight legs, to be placed inclining over the edge of t. In this the brother, being stripped naked, was seated. Over d a sharp sword was hung by a small thread of silk. Around him ien were stationed with swords exceedingly sharp, who were to r the king's word, and then to kill him. In the meantime, a table d with the most costly dishes was spread before him, accompanied ll sorts of music. Then said the king, "My brother, why are you ? Can you be dejected, in the midst of this delicious music, and ll these choice dainties?" He answered, "How can I be glad, I have this morning heard the trumpet of death at my doors, and I am seated in this tottering chair? If I make the smallest motion, break, and I shall fall into the pit, from which I shall never arise If I lift my head, the suspended sword will penetrate my brain; these four tormentors only wait your command to put me to death." ing replied, "Now I will answer your question, why I was sad yes- . I am exactly in your situation. I am seated, like you, in a frail erishable chair, ready to tumble to pieces every moment, and to me into the infernal pit. Divine judgment, like this sharp sword, over my head; and I am surrounded, like you, with four execu- s. That before me is Death, whose coming I cannot tell; that l me, my Sins, which are prepared to accuse me before the tribunal l; that on the right, the Devil, who is ever watching for his and that on the left, the Worm, who is now hungering after my Go in peace, my dearest brother: and never ask me again why I l at a feast."

l there is another story told of—

The Monitory Ring,

y old story it is—of a certain king who had a ring of priceless e faculty of which was, that whenever he did wrong or felt a ion to commit wrong, it gave him a sharp prick, or scratch. He

kept it for a long time, and, as he felt, as he [illegible] the ring. But once, when he was tempted to the [illegible] crime—a very eminent sin—it gave him so exceedingly sharp [illegible] that it brought blood to his finger; and the enraged [illegible] ring and threw it away; so he escaped the fear of being [illegible] any further. Like the murderer we have quoted above, he [illegible] allow it "to meddle" with him any more. This is that [illegible] whom St. Paul speaks: "Past feeling—given over; even their [illegible] are defiled." But even to such Shakespeare, in many [illegible] instances, shows how, when conscience is no longer a friend [illegible] an implacable and ill-conditioned foe; comes as a spectre, make [illegible] to be a haunted soul, and glares round the shivering spirit [illegible]

What is this subtle and invisible one? this *something* in man [illegible] when stripped and naked, is surrounded by singular realities. [illegible] subtle, sensitive, light principle, which finds itself at home, in its [illegible] in balmy light; or, as it is an evil principle, finds itself flayed and [illegible] upon by a sandstorm of eternal fire? These are no exaggerated expressions. Shakespeare puts into the mouths of many of the subjects [illegible] genuine this recoil from terrors which were evidently very real [illegible] there is what he meant by so frequently attributing cowardice to the [illegible] mastered by Conscience, thus: "*Conscience doth make* [illegible]

All Macbeth's delirious imaginations are the result of insulted [illegible] and Richard the Third says,—

> "Oh, coward Conscience,
> How dost thou afflict me!"

And again, in another place,—

> "A wicked conscience mouldeth goblins swift as frensied thoughts."

Whilst he makes another character say,—

> "My conscience fetters me more than shanks or wrists."

If these expressions were more flippant and occasional that [illegible] we, perhaps, might not build so much upon them; but their [illegible] recurrence compels to the conclusion that this mighty master [illegible] heart had weighed the whole philosophy of conscience. [illegible] out of the great light that was within him with reference [illegible] comparison of passages and pictures only shows how exactly [illegible] teaching is in conformity with that great word which some [illegible] as "a light to our feet and a lamp to our path" [illegible] of Shakspeare's teaching is—Make for [illegible] [illegible] A man is not what he *seems*, but what he [illegible] was, that to every person,—so a [illegible]

boy, like Launcelot, or to a rough, villanous murderer; to princes ensnared by their ambitions, like Macbeth or Richard, or to crafty, wily statesmen like Cardinal Beaufort,—the opportunity comes to make an inward friend or an inward foe. Conscience may be cast away, but not slain; dismissed, but not diverted; and our great poet seems to teach that although we may look for the marvellous and flagrant illustrations of the powers of conscience, when the great criminal is arrested, and the great axe falls, it is a subtle, invisible, unaccountable attestation in the breast of every man. Shakspeare would know nothing of that wretched philosophy which reduces the soul in man to a series of sensations. He is t subject of spiritual and supernatural powers. In the clutch of wrong trembles, like a felon with a policeman's hand upon him, and the ndcuffs ready for the wrists. In the fulfilment of right, he stands up nt when everything seems adverse to him; and alone, but struggling bl ely and faithfully on the field of life, with few helpers around him, or perhaps none, he turns to the inward witness, and cheerfully exclaims, "*Conscience is a thousand swords.*"

There is a passage in the story of a great crime in connection with ich the tremendous powers of conscience are set forth in so vivid and lurid a light by the eloquence of a great American barrister and statesman, in a speech for the prosecution, that we shall at once recite the ry, and quote some passages from the oration.

The Murder in Salem, Massachusetts.

In the year 1830, in the city of Salem, in Massachusetts, a murder committed. The victim was an exceedingly venerable and very thy gentleman, named Joseph White. The crime was committed vhile he was sleeping in his own house, a noble mansion standing in the ity. Among the French *causes célèbres*, or the English state trials, there re no incidents more remarkable and romantic than those which for a ong time held public opinion throughout Massachusetts in wonder and awe at this remarkable tragedy. The crime was shrouded in mystery. e murdered person was a singularly inoffensive and highly respected tleman; no robbery had been committed; the murder must have been etrated by some one perfectly familiar with the house, and aware that was almost alone in it. His niece, who was his housekeeper, was away, d only the servants at home, and they in distant parts of the mansion. murder must have been committed while moonlight was shining rough the windows on the peaceful face and grey hairs of the venerable per. To get upon the track of the murderers seemed almost imble. A vigilance committee was formed from among the principal tants of Salem, for the purpose of discovering the criminal or nals; but they did not succeed in detecting the authors of the crime. a most remarkable combination of unconnected circumstances it was t home to some of, apparently, the most respectable persons in

[illegible] especially to two young men named [illegible] [illegible] Webster the great [illegible] [illegible] of the Knapp death sentence will [illegible] [illegible] which he did at the [illegible] [illegible] "Hardly more than [illegible] [illegible] in any criminal prosecution [illegible] [illegible] in any affecting life. In [illegible] of the case satisfactorily was a difficult task and [illegible] of a mind of the highest order. The [illegible] clear, the circumstantial was most luminous; but to reach the demonstration was still not so easy. The argument of Webster described as wonderful. It is spoken of as wonderful in Salem [illegible] day. The writer of these words stood before the fire, [illegible] in the company of an old resident of the city, and heard him [illegible] astonishment which was felt while Webster seemed, with sustained [illegible] and clear vision, to put together every minute action of every [illegible] not only during the terrible night, but before and after, in the [illegible] the crime, till the whole circumstances came out in one clear [illegible] His speech for the prosecution is very long, and abounds with [illegible] the most solemn and religious of his utterances. The movements [illegible] conscience in a criminal bosom have never been anywhere more [illegible] portrayed, and these remarks were founded upon the fact that [illegible] wretched criminal had tended to incriminate himself by his [illegible] in inquiring what people had thought about the murder and the [illegible] of it, when certainly no one had ever thought of him. He sat [illegible] body, in the room in which he had done the deed, the night after [illegible] murder, and he was one of the chief mourners who followed the [illegible] man to his grave. The following passages from Webster's great [illegible] have often been referred to, and the very striking contrast [illegible] from the peaceful rest of the old man and the perturbation [illegible] murderer:

"Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all [illegible] rest. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first [illegible] slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. [illegible] assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an [illegible] apartment. With noiseless feet he paces the lonely hall, [illegible] by the moon, he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches [illegible] of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock by soft and [illegible] pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise, and he stands [illegible] this his victim before him. The room is uncommonly [illegible] [illegible] The face of the innocent sleeper is turned [illegible] beams of the moon, resting on the grey [illegible] [illegible] show him where to strike. The fatal blow is [illegible] [illegible] without a struggle or a motion, from [illegible]

to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure
, and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been
oyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm
he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over
ounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist
pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer!
omplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps
e window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He
one the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The
; is his own, and he is safe!

h! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be
owhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner
e the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that
hich pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the
dour of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection,
by men. True it is, generally speaking, that 'murder will out.'
it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things,
hose who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood,
m succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so
attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or
A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing,
circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears
every whisper, a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the
, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circum-
e into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep
a secret. It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible
se of conscience to be true to itself. It labours under its guilty
on, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was
ade for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed
a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A
re is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either
heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon
to possess him, and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it over-
him, and leads him whithersoever it will; he feels it beating at
art, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure; he thinks the
world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its
ngs in the very silence of his thoughts; it has become his master,
trays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his
nce; when suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and
t of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with
reater violence to burst forth; it must be confessed, it will be con-
l; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is
ion."

closing words, on duty fulfilled or unfulfilled, are also very fine:—
is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the con-
of duty disregarded; a sense of duty pursues us ever, it is

omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are still with us, we cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence; they are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward we shall yet find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us whenever it has been violated, and to console us so far as it may have given us grace to perform it."

We have quoted thus at length from this great argument, because the advocate rises into a solemnity of strain and dignified eloquence above that of the ordinary practitioner at the Bar. We may say further that none of the little but terrible details in the description of the murder scene were merely imaginative; they were all the dovetailing together of the items of real knowledge, elicited from the corresponding evidence of the servants, the surgeons, the aspect of the house, and the murder night. The reference to suicide as the recoil of the soul in its despair has its point also in the fact that one guilty and implicated in the murder had just committed suicide in his cell. The two Knapps who were at their trial were convicted and executed.

XVII.

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

MONG the mottoes of English families, few are better known than this, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*"—freely translated, "*While you live,* "—chiefly because of the happy paraphrase of Dr. Doddridge, who ited it with his family crest:—

> "Live, while you live," the Epicure would say,
> "And seize the pleasures of the present day."
> "Live, while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
> "And give to God each moment as it flies."
> Lord, in my view let both united be;
> I live in pleasure when I live to Thee."

ost of our readers will remember that Dr. Johnson spoke of this as f the very finest epigrams in our language. It is, however, a con- d epigram; it is not probable that when the original motto was first ssed it was intended to convey the sense which Doddridge gave to ; is like one of the jewels of Egypt adorning an Israelite on his way igh the wilderness. The classics and the classical languages are full ords to whose concise elegance a Christian sentiment has given an ional charm, not transforming, but, in a noble sense, expanding. sentiment of the motto is, without doubt, as Doddridge has said, irean; it is, says an amiable writer in commenting upon it, "a ous and worldly-sounding motto;" and he further remarks, "It is ult to get a quite holy Christian sentiment into the motto, by reason e '*while* you live,' which mars its adaptableness more seriously than ce appears. It shuts out eternity so jealously, and makes death into m and a finish so obstinately; and the 'while' is so wholly alien infinity of anything whatever, that Dr. Doddridge did but, after ake a very brilliant best of a bad business." This is the very try of criticism. Still, it seems that the intention of the motto originally have been that old Epicurean philosophy of the pursuit ire for its own sake as the end of life; live to enjoy—"Let us eat rink, for to-morrow we die;" hence the skull, or skeleton, at the feast was not there to impair, but to promote hilarity and en- t. But, as the great St. Basil said, "The study of truth in the l and Gentile writers, is like gazing on the sun in water in order may be able to look up to the true light;" and Gregory the

[illegible] says, "We are instructed by them in such [illegible] may be more capable of receiving that which [illegible] again." As in culling a rose we avoid the thorns [illegible] let us enjoy the good, and be on our guard against the [illegible] In this spirit Doddridge appears to have [illegible] motive, he threw over it a spell and a charm [illegible] of the day of Pentecost, its words were [illegible] and it spake with another tongue as the spirit [illegible] Thus, when drawn forth from Epicurean [illegible] it is, "Live, while you live." The original [illegible] would no doubt be satisfied by such a sentiment as we [illegible] from the Greek anthology :—

> [illegible] is life, and nought but this, to live in every pleasure:
> [illegible] gone! nor mortals rob of life's uncertain treasure:
> [illegible] ours, the dance is ours, with wreaths around us [illegible]
> [illegible] flowers, while bliss from woman's eye is [illegible]
> [illegible] this moment brings without a shade of sorrow.
> [illegible] who can declare what may betide to-morrow!"

Some persons are blessed with a rich redundancy of life—a [illegible] and full, that it imparts its overflow to all [illegible] neighbourhood; and yet few persons have taste [illegible] a truly exuberant life gracefully and usefully. Others [illegible] of this joy in life that they become morbid themselves [illegible] adopt morbid creeds, and they are disposed to [illegible] on all who manifest a buoyancy of soul; [illegible] are requiems or elegies, and their highest recreation is [illegible] approaching as nearly as possible to a funeral sermon with [illegible] by way of afterpiece. Goethe says, "He is already [illegible] who only lives to keep himself alive;" and how different a [illegible] from the same writer :—

> [illegible] gods need many a noble man to do
> [illegible] work on earth,—they count on me and you."

But, as an unknown writer wisely remarks, "This vivacity [illegible] not necessarily imply longevity, just as a man may exist to a [illegible] without it. It only enables a person to live while he lives, and [illegible] while he has it. With the exception of three [illegible] writes Sydney Smith, 'I am quite well.' Life in him would [illegible] give in. Madame de Staël shocks our sense of decorum [illegible] dinner parties on her death-bed. When we find Schiller [illegible] of all living creatures he ever met, the most vivacious [illegible] and it better. Death is an idea so alien to persons of this [illegible] though the reason assents to it as a fact, it cannot [illegible] The victims of bile, indigestion, and all such [illegible] may live to old age in spite of them; but they [illegible] and imaginarions suggestive of decay and [illegible]

· faults and sins being doubled and blackened in men's eyes
mere misfortune of a sullen temperament. Charles Lamb was
ly susceptible of the charm of vitality and the repulsiveness
morbid temper. He pleads, in favour of the old comedies, for a
part from morals, where vigour and life,—in which the *dramatis*
of these productions are so pre-eminent,—shall stand instead of
fact, *be* virtue for the time being. And he draws a picture of,
e Hazlitt which makes bile a vice, and shows to what excesses a
scanty vitality can reach. 'I took him,' he writes, 'to see a
etty girl, where there were two young girls; the head and sum
girlery was two young girls; they neither laughed, nor sneered,
gled, nor whispered, but they were young girls; and he sat and
l blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such things
and beauty, till he tore me away before supper in perfect misery,
ied he could not bear young girls, they drove him mad.' It is
of Hazlitt, as the opposite of the airy temperament we have dwelt
hat he boasted never to have changed a single opinion. A fulness
on the contrary, leads to variation, modification, and advance.
change with time and events, means to stagnate, to brood, to feed
neself, and in fact disqualifies a man for active usefulness. An
ic vitality adapts man to the state of things in which he must live,
of all things—even more than pure intellect itself—is the way to
. If we wonder, as we so often have to do, why the gifted man
hind in the race, and the fellow he used to beat with ease is
ore him, we shall usually find that life has carried it over mere
and so it must, if we consider that it, of all things, has most
er the present. Very few men, says Swift, live in the present;
eople are providing to live another time. An energetic life is a
e of the *now*, and a faculty of making the most of it."
r Lytton has summed up the three elements of success in life
time, faith, and energy; and energy is that characteristic to
the writer we have just quoted refers.
this is a nobler motto for life. What innumerable crowds there
whom it may be said, they never live. Some meandering along
ys of life in dignified dulness, and some scarcely attaining even to
h sensation as that; living in a sort of oyster-bed, crawling stupidly
ike a crab or a lobster, creatures curious to contemplate; or lying
jelly-fish upon the shores of existence, utterly insensible to the
r and the melody of life's great and solemn waves. A well-known
in his "Sea-side Studies," remarking upon molluscs, suggests
ular human analogy. Molluscs, he says, have their little world,
e as perfectly constructed for it as we are who condescend to
d patronizingly admire them; but they hear nothing of the mar-
inflections of speech, the tremulous tenderness of affection, the
pet tones of strife, the musical intonations of mirth. Deafer
dder will they remain, charm we never so wisely. Insen-

sible to music, to Beethoven's melodious thunder, Handel's [illegible] Mozart's tender grace, the mollusc can only perceive [illegible] nise loudness; a wave of sound agitates the [illegible] their agitation communicates to the ganglion a sensation [illegible] in proportion to the agitation. The description of the [illegible] without any alteration, be appropriated to some pieces of human [illegible] men and women who do not live indeed, and even to those who [illegible] for coarser pleasures those of whom the Apostle says, "[illegible] pleasure, they are dead while they yet live."

It is a remarkable moment, when we begin to live indeed, [illegible] that "Life is real, life is earnest." Just such a moment is [illegible] the interesting life of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, when he was [illegible] a youth, with the germ of noble qualities in him, but unawakened [illegible] veloped that critical time of character. School life and friendships [illegible] not touched into awakening the powers of the soul, which were [illegible] years to exert themselves so potently upon an extended sphere [illegible] interests of the human race; and just at this time, probably about [illegible] teen, he visited the seat of the Gurney family at Earlham, and the [illegible] mind received the impulse which, throughout life, pressed upon [illegible] unceasingly. In the grand old hall he found a family, from its widowed [illegible] through all its younger members, in earnest, all alive; four girls [illegible] three boys, they were all "living." It was a revelation to him. [illegible] received the youth as one of themselves; and his masterly, although [illegible] uncultivated, mind fell,—say rather, *rose*,—beneath the fascination [illegible] influence. Sketching and reading beneath the old trees of the [illegible] rakine excursions on foot or on horseback round the country, [illegible] home in the pleasant evening to exhibit to each other the rewards [illegible] flowers they had found, or sketches they had made. Long years [illegible] wrote: "I knew no blessing of a temporal nature,—and it is [illegible] temporal, for which I ought to render so many thanks as my [illegible] with the Earlham family; it has given a colour to my life. The [illegible] for improvement, I caught the infection. I was resolved [illegible] them, and in the college of Dublin, at a distance from all my friends [illegible] all control, [illegible] influence and the desire to please them kept me [illegible] my books and sweetened the toil they gave. The distinctions I [illegible] college were exclusively the results of the animating passion [illegible] to carry back to them the prizes which they prompted and enabled [illegible] win." It is a charming little instance, one of many which might [illegible] of life in earnest. The presentiment of love, perhaps, had [illegible] do with the magic of the influence. In after years this noble [illegible] married into the family which first stirred the pulse of high [illegible] intellectual life within him; but this only leads to the further [illegible] pure and holy love itself becomes an invocation, and [illegible] heart. "Assure to be worthy; live while you live!" The [illegible] of this "living while we live" than the [illegible] "Be a whole man—do one thing at one time."

all the powers to one great purpose, and thus discovering how, in their happy fraternity, they yield a rich reward of pleasure.

An old writer has described the difference between the *long* life and the *full* life; and certainly the one is not necessarily the other. Some of the world's greatest leaders have died very young; the reader will recall a brilliant passage from Disraeli's *Coningsby*, on the achievements of the young—it is a noble catalogue. Raphael died at thirty-seven, and did Byron; and Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at irty-seven, the greatest of Frenchmen; and Bolingbroke and Pitt were both ministers before other men left off cricket. "'The history of heroes is the history of youth.' 'Ah,' said Coningsby, 'I should like to be a great man.' 'Nurture your mind with great thoughts,' said the stranger. 'To believe in the heroic makes heroes.'"

Thus we see that we must not judge life by its years, but by its ideas, and Lord Bulwer Lytton elegantly paraphrases the old story of the difference between the long life and the full life: he tells the story of a peasant n his own hamlet, who reached his eightieth year:—

> "Whose grand event was when the barn took fire;
> The world his parish, and his king the squire."

He goes on to tell the story of such an one, to whom the County Hall more remote than India, and the next parish as distant as the Arctic s; and then this most thoughtful and suggestive writer says, coning the long life with the full life, "To which did life afford most?" "Ask first," he says,—

> "Is life a journey or a rest?
> If rest, old man, long life indeed was thine;
> But, if a journey, oh how short to mine!"

There is an interesting little parable how, once upon a time, two travelers set forth, choosing their separate paths; the names of the travellers ere Duty and Pleasure. Pleasure pursued his flower-strewn way along t, at first, seemed a road all sunshine and delight; but, as the day ent on, the pathway became monotonous, and even dull and wearisome, imless and unsatisfactory; it was found that it had its thorns and rough tones too. Duty, on the other hand, chose what seemed a more stern, all, and uninteresting, although well-defined path, until, in the way, uty suddenly and unexpectedly came up against the spot where Pleasure y asleep beneath a forest tree. Duty awoke Pleasure from her slumbers nd then henceforth they went on together, hand-in-hand; and the pathay of Duty and Pleasure became one. This is no doubt that which Doddridge indicates in his epigram: the life of mere sensation cannot be high life; and it is this sentiment which is pleasingly versified by rchbishop Trench, when he says:—

> "Oh, righteous doom, that they who make
> Pleasure their only end,
> Ordering the whole life for its sake,
> Miss that whereto they tend.

[illegible] WHO LIVETH WELL

[illegible]

[illegible] with the enchantment in the wilderness [illegible] bewitched [illegible] he wakes up [illegible] in the dreary wilderness. [illegible] we are able to find a [illegible] from the enchantment of the senses [illegible] meaning of the last line of [illegible] glory of God." Cowper knew what he was [illegible] and lived with some gusty in the Temple, while [illegible]

> Then we begin to live indeed,
> When, from our sin and bondage freed
> By this beloved Friend,
> We follow Him from day to day,
> Assured of grace through all the way,
> And glory at the end."

[illegible] to purpose, living for that which occupies and interests heart, is living indeed; life with a loving heart in it. Indeed, the [illegible] called life which is intensely interesting, by its high [illegible] possessor, and that which interests us metes and proportions pleasures and our satisfactions to us. Life is what we make it: the [illegible] the life, the more intense the satisfaction and the enjoyment. Some are very intense, we speak of them as very short, brief—consumed [illegible] seems, in one glorious deed—a great action, like that of General [illegible] John Moore; a zealous missionary, like Henry Martyn; [illegible] eloquent preacher, like Thomas Spenser, drowned at twenty-[illegible] poston, like Robert Murray McCheyne; a poet, like Kirke White. [illegible] such lives are not so short after all. "He liveth long who lives [illegible] Loving while they lived, such persons gather up into a few years [illegible] or two performances, an intensity of duty and enjoyment we [illegible] scarcely wish to see spread out and attenuated through threescore [illegible] and ten. And then, on the other hand, the same principle of [illegible] to long life reposes in duty gives the same mild lustre of sweet [illegible] to old age. Has the reader ever looked, perhaps, at John Wesley's signature in the journal of the Conference? He will find it difficult to make out a single letter of the name as it straggles over the page [illegible] the poor, weak, glorious hand; but at that very time a son of [illegible] Crabbe, attended by his father, heard him preach at Lowestoft [illegible] "was crowded to suffocation. The old parson [illegible] up into the pulpit, and was supported there, while preaching [illegible] on the other side; and he touched the heart of the

one of the finest appropriations from Anacreon, the very classic
pleasure; his lips stammered out—

> "Oft am I by women told,
> 'Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old!
> See, thine hairs are falling all;
> Poor Anacreon! how they fall!'
> Whether I grow old, or no,
> By these signs I do not know;
> But this I need not to be told,
> '"Tis time to live if I grow old.'"

reat poet testifies how impressed he was by his cheerful air, and
atiful cadence he gave to lines which assuredly are jewels from
Astonishing indeed to old Anacreon, could he have foreseen
Bacchanalian lyrics could ever have found themselves in such a
r. Men who have lived indeed, carrying action, thought, and
down to so remote a period of life—perhaps far beyond four-
ars—with a cheery disposition, may look around and say, "I am
ld, you see, after all!"

a fine motto for cheerfulness, "Live, while you live!" The life
pleasure, and the life of the unoccupied and unpurposed heart,
end themselves at last in cynical moroseness. "Weary, stale, flat,
rofitable," seem all the objects of life; and every topic suggested
to an occasion for some satirical snarl, like that well-known
r in Goldsmith's famous piece, Mr. Croaker. Every remark is
sion for some bitter presentment; as that worthy says, "I hope
ther does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather
s, I say nothing—but I only hope we shall all be well this day
onths. But what signifies the weather in a country going to
ours? taxes rising, and trade falling; money flying out of the
, and Jesuits swarming into it. But what signifies whom they
in a country that has scarcely any religion to lose?" And so on.
nical dispositions are not infrequent amongst us; and if, surprised,
at the unpleasant preacher, and say, "What can be the matter
n?" we may be sure that there is that in his inward life which
d to find a pure satisfaction in that elevated faith which Doddridge
d from his motto, "Live, while you live!" The man who does
no time to be morose; and if, for a season, he is caught in some
nal path of sadness and melancholy, a light from unseen worlds
pon his way, chases the gloom, and leads him back to cheerful-
in.

, while you live!" says our text. "*Carpe diem!*" says another
wn Latin phrase—*Seize to-day!* Take your opportunity! How
om all have known, postpone their pleasure. *When* the
is r iz ; *when* the pleasant little villa is purchased in the
; en the carriage is set up; *when* the retreat from business
an immunity from care; *when* the children are all settled;

[illegible] sea-wreathed cottage by the sea-sid
[illegible] look after the gardener, tend the
[illegible] pleasant flower-garden—to count t
[illegible] of grapes in the vinery—*then*
[illegible] manufactured in that way; he
[illegible] more grateful wooers; we cannot di
[illegible] leap; we must learn that she is here
[illegible] her favours if we will wisely give to h
[illegible] who have postponed pleasure either to sm
[illegible] attain; and worry and weariness, di
are found to reside in the beautiful little villa; and
to the old business house in the city, because, th
not studied the art of enjoyment. Nor is that r
that he is realizing the motto, "Live, while yo
incessant hurry and intense excitement; urging on
pace, and calling delirium life. There is another
motto, *Festina lente!—Hasten slowly!* It only s
can all perceive its meaning. True pleasure tak
not fretfully, not at express speed; waits to enj
every day may bring its moments of haste, life re
heart at evening; learns that great pleasures are
that to live in pleasure is to live in simple joys,
"To Thee," Doddridge said, "to Thee,"

"I live in pleasure when I live in Th

This gives a noble intention to the true wo
"Daily customary life is a dark and mean abode for
opens the door and windows, and looks out into
the dust and cobwebs soon thicken over every e
in the perfect gloom, he forgets that beyond, and a
an"

The life of Doddridge exemplified the spirit of hi
been more rudely, not to say even recklessly, l
confidential letters, all those which might be called
buoyant overflowings of his young nature, before
into its serious purpose. It was a hardly-worked
with every kind of knowledge, kept up an incessan
all orders of men—bishops, noblemen, men of scien
ing, lecturing to his students, reading from vast a
meditative, travelling. Always a buoyant and ch
[illegible] nothing that was inconsistent with this line
in Christ, was in the centre of all his thoughts.
[illegible] dying, comparatively young, of cons
[illegible] His hymns are amongst the most beautiful
[illegible] expressing the sentiment of his far-famed epigram
[illegible] consistent life; and, on his death, he might have e
[illegible] hymn—

"I'd speak the honours of Thy name
With my last labouring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death!"

Fine and true sentiments move us even by themselves, although they ome from lives not wholly consistent; but it is very beautiful when, as Doddridge's case, we are able to say, *that* man lived his own epigram, nd, in the noblest sense, fulfilled the motto given to his family, through many ages, before he was born.

Perhaps it may not be out of place here to give several versions of the eautiful parable of the Ring, so old, and used so often, and in so many ays, as illustrating at once the mystery and the law of life; and first, om the *Gesta Romanorum*, in its condensed form, or teaching.

The Triple State of the World.

A certain knight had three sons, and on his death-bed he bequeathed e inheritance to his first-born; to the second a treasure; and to the third very valuable ring, of more worth indeed than all he had left to the hers. But the two former had also rings; and they were all apparently actly alike. After their father's death, the first son said, "I possess at precious ring of my father." The second said, "You have it not, I ve." To this the third son answered, "That is not true. The elder of has the estate, the second the treasure, and, therefore, it is but meet I should have the most valuable ring." The first son answered, t us prove, then, whose claims to it have the pre-eminence." They reed, and several sick men were made to resort to them for the purse. The two first rings had no effect, but the last cured all their firmities.

APPLICATION.

" r beloved," says the story-teller of the Gesta, "the knight is t; the three sons are the Jews, Saracens, and Christians. The most luable ring is faith, which is the property only of the younger, that is, the Christians."

Then we have the same parable in the *Decameron*, first day, November d, with some considerable variations.

"There was a very wealthy man, who, among other precious jewels of own, had a goodly ring of great value; the beauty and estimation reof made him earnestly desirous to leave it as a perpetual memory d honour to his successors. Whereupon he willed and ordained, that , among his male children, with whom this ring (being left by the) should be found in custody after his death, he, and none other, to be reputed his heir, and to be honoured and reverenced by all the as being the prime and worthiest person.

In process of time the ring fell to one who had three sons, and,

[illegible]

[illegible] seem [illegible]

[illegible] house. Thus—He begins

[illegible] most [illegible] of his sons.

[illegible] that he again should leave the

To the *most dear* among his children—ar

That [illegible] of heading birth, the *favoured*

In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house. You hear me, Sultan?
Saladin.—I understand thee—on.
Nathan.— From son to son,
At length this ring descended to a father
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him;
Whom therefore he could not but love alike.
At times seemed this, now that, at times the third
(Accordingly as each apart received
The overflowings of his heart), most worthy
To heir the ring, which with good-natured weakness
He privately to each in turn had promised.
This went on for awhile. But death approached,
And the good father grew embarrassed. So
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
He could not bear. What's to be done? He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
Upon the model of the real ring,
He might bespeak two others, and commanded
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
Quite like the true one. This the artist managed.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoyed, he summons all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies. Thou hearest me?
Saladin.—I hear, I hear. Come, finish with thy tale;
Is it soon ended?
Nathan.— It is ended, Sultan,
For all that follows may be guessed of course.
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Comes question, strife, complaint—all to no end;
For the true ring could no more be distinguished
Than now can—the true faith.
Saladin.— How, how; is that
To be the answer to my query?
Nathan.— No,
It may serve as my apology;
If I can't venture to decide between
Rings which the father got expressly made,
That they might not be known from one another.
Saladin.—The rings—don't trifle with me; I must think
That the religions which I named can be
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.
Nathan.—And only not as to their grounds of proof.

[illegible] history,
[illegible] history
[illegible] —[illegible]
[illegible] these
[illegible] have been
[illegible] them the [illegible]
[illegible] deceiver [illegible]
[illegible] deceived.
[illegible] dreamers
[illegible] How can I ask I see
[illegible] [illegible].
[illegible] [illegible] truth
[illegible]
— By the living [illegible]
[illegible] them.
— [illegible] rings return [illegible]
[illegible]. Each to the judge
[illegible] immediately
[illegible] was the case
[illegible] the father's promise
[illegible] was.
[illegible] to him
[illegible] rather than to suspect
[illegible] might be
[illegible] judge and [illegible]. He
[illegible] and [illegible] them.
[illegible] the judge? I'm eager now [illegible]
[illegible] make him say. [illegible] go in.
[illegible] The judge said: "If ye summon not the [illegible]
[illegible] sentence.
[illegible] expect ye
[illegible] here indeed its lips?
[illegible] that the real ring
[illegible] power to make the wearer
[illegible]; let that decide.
[illegible] brothers love the best?
[illegible] Do these love-exciting rings
[illegible], or without? Does each
[illegible] deceiver,
[illegible] rings is true. The real ring
Perhaps is gone. To hide, or to supply
Its loss, your father ordered three for one."

Saladin.—Charming, charming!

Nathan.— "And" (the judge continued)
"If you will take advice, in lieu of sentence,
"'Tis my counsel to you, to take up

The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him
By favouring one to be of two th' oppressor.
Let each feel honoured by this free affection,
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavour
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the Godhead;
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before this judgment seat—a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."
So spake the modest judge.
Saladin.— God!
Nathan.— Saladin,
Feelst thou thyself this wiser, promised man?
Saladin.—I dust, I nothing, God!
cipitates himself upon Nathan, and takes hold of his hand, which he ot quit for the remainder of the scene.

l space permit, we might furnish from many poets a rendering of ame thought. We will only select one, from the great poet Cowley— in character, circumstances, and career widely unlike Doddridge, o, on his death, had such a funeral in Westminster Abbey that, amidst all the pageants which have thronged that venerable fane, it is nemorable and remarkable; while Doddridge's life furnishes by far ner illustration of the poet's wish:—

"Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race;
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, and happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them—I have lived to-day!"

XVII.

[illegible]

A [illegible] FROM SHAKESPEARE.

[illegible] doubts are traitors,
[illegible] make us lose the good we oft might win
by fearing to attempt.

[illegible] with reference to any matter [illegible] is not the old story of Parley [illegible] at the postern gate, but yielded to the [illegible] conversation, and when in the [illegible] from the hands of the deceiver [illegible] all his sensibilities; when the enemy [illegible] garrison fell into the hands of the invading [illegible] that he who parleys with temptation is already [illegible] permits himself familiarity with the bounds of [illegible] leap over the separating lines; he who talks [illegible] with an enemy will soon open the door to admit him. [illegible] doubt is weakness. It enervates character and enfeebles [illegible] while the only cure is in prompt and decided action; for [illegible] remembered, who has thought at all,—how doubts and [illegible] dislodged from the mind by the performance of some [illegible] something done in earnest? Although, perhaps, not wrought [illegible] inspiration of great faith, yet, performed in earnest, it bears [illegible] of faith. The text is intended to teach this—it is the doctrine [illegible] old proverb, "*Nothing venture, nothing have.*" Doubt says, "Why [illegible] I venture? it is very unlikely that I shall succeed." Action says [illegible] but venture, and you will be none the worse if you fail, but [illegible] better if you do succeed!" Doubt says, "After all, I don't know [illegible] right. I should like to be a little more firmly persuaded." [illegible] says: "Nay, but go forth and settle the question; let it be [illegible] whether it be right or wrong. Action, action alone can decide [illegible] the reality of a disease, and says away all the [illegible] mental strength. Very truly says John Foster: "When a [illegible] is recognized, it is curious to see how the spirit [illegible] and leaves it room and freedom." Foster's "Essay [illegible] really a very good sermon on the [illegible] man spoken of in Scripture as the "double-minded

ble in all his ways," is just this being, characterless—a man who belongs to himself, who belongs to whatever can capture him. smallest chink in a wall may be a tremendous avenue through the water may rush, at first gradually and gently insinuating it- til in the end it rends and shatters the citadel, so it is with some ich becomes the entrance-gate to a whole legion of foes, say a raft, ontoon, on which the beleaguerers march over the moat and enter al. Longfellow, who has sung so strongly and sweetly of the orrows and aspirations, has sung this in his legend of the host of beleaguring the city of Prague; but scared and scattered from ight visit by the sound of the church bell, proclaiming the advent morning star; then the poet says:—

> "I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
> That strange and mystic scroll,
> That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
> Beleaguer the human soul.
>
> "But when the solemn and deep church bell
> Entreats the soul to pray,
> The midnight phantoms feel that spell,
> The shadows sweep away.
>
> "Down the broad vale of tears afar
> The spectral camp is fled;
> Faith shineth as a morning star,
> Our ghastly fears are dead."

uly we somewhere read: "The bread of life is love; the salt of rork; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith." ought to be the language of faith, and, in most illustrious in-, it s been so; but, in our own age, this great expression of the i ncts of our nature has surrendered its wing to the hand which key to Doubting Castle; it has, in many affecting verses, given to the treason of doubt. Few words have a note of deeper than these of Shelley:—

> "When the lamp is shattered,
> The light in the dust lies dead;
> When the cloud is scattered,
> The rainbow's glory is shed;
> When the lute is broken,
> Sweet notes are remembered not;
> When the lips have spoken,
> Loved accents are soon forgot.
>
> "As music and splendour
> Survive not the lamp and the lute,
> The heart's echoes render
> No song when the spirit is mute:—
> No song but sad dirges
> Like the wind in a ruined cell,
> Or the mournful surges
> That ring the dead seamen's knell."

Matthew Arnold has often made us angry when he has posed our age as the prophet Jeremiah in kid gloves—talking of "light, "sweetness," and "lucidity," like a Bond Street exquisite in culture; but his very airs and fantasia of affectation become sad when we hear him singing his mournful elegy of doubt in the following verses:—

"While we believed, on earth He went
And open stood His grave;
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.

"Now He is dead. Far hence He lies
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on His grave with shining eyes
The Syrian stars look down.

"In vain men still, with hoping new,
Regard His death-place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come.

"Ah, from that silent sacred land
Of sun and arid stone,
And crumbling wall, and sultry sand,
Comes now one word alone!

"From David's lips this word did roll,
'Tis true and living yet;
'No man can save his brother's soul
Nor pay his brother's debt.'

"Alone, self-poised, henceforward man
Must labour; must resign
His all too human creeds, and scan
Simply the way divine."

Yet here, too, "in this quiet sadness," says the *Spectator*,* "is specimen of a whole thread of feeling penetrating everywhere Arnold's poetry; this confession of a great doubt is mellowed confession of a fainter yet deeper trust."

We will quote yet some other words from this interesting paper: writer says:—

"Is there not something striking about this consensus of the poets of our day in this frank and sad confession of Doubt undertone of faith,—an undertone that varies with the individual of the poet,—rising in Mr. Tennyson to the assertion that 'the Son of God, immortal Love,' will unquestionably prevail even those doubts which he sings in so unflinching and yet sad falling in the poet of these new and beautiful stanzas, as he disappearance of Faith from mortal sight, to the trembling 'Oh, say not that she died!' It seems to us to show one of

* *Spectator*, February 5, 1870.

that we are on the eve of a long and uncertain era of spiritual
›, scepticism qualified by a yearning hope,—or that the way is
g for a day of clearer and more solid trust than the world has yet
And for which issue of the two it is that 'the generations are
l,' every man will decide according as he perceives, or fails to
, that when the great controversy between faith and suspense has
aded to its last plea, a supernatural Power steps in which fastens
ery really candid and open heart a final compulsion of faith, en-
he soul to beat up against the strongest head-winds of sceptical
and 'flee unto the mountain' where from all these troublings
rest."

is sentiment of doubt all our great poets from Goethe seem to
ilded; poets such as Tennyson, Arnold, Morris, Clough, and
the only one who has not given in is Browning, and we except
ne altogether, as merely the laureate of beastliness and blas-
the melodist of the trough and the sty.

on the other hand, we must not forget that there has been, and
derable injustice to the inquiring order of mind. In popular
cepticism is generally spoken of as synonymous with disbelief
ation; such scepticism is most unjustly supposed to be one with
complacent vanity of Voltaire or the profanity of Tom Paine;
leed, in the man Ingersol, of America, both are united with an
ce of which both of his black ancestors were innocent; still, it
e remembered that faith and scepticism stand in much the same
to each other as poetry and criticism. It has indeed been said
testantism ends with inquiry, and Catholicism begins with faith;
not stay either to analyse, to justify, or to refute the proverb,
ight do all three; we must quote here what seem to us some wise
om an old number of the *Saturday Review*:*

have all along implied that the question is wider than of any
heological application. Not only in religion, but in every branch
ce or of art, docility is a first condition of success. But if willing-
be taught is the beginning of knowledge, eagerness of inquiry is
to bring it to perfection. Without a spirit of confiding loyalty,
a would languish; but passive obedience has always been the
other of tyranny, and has generated the characteristic vices of
nts and slaves. Reverence is indeed a virtue, but then it should
ulously concentrated on objects that really deserve it. Generous
sm is the aliment of love, of friendship, of devotion to a noble
but unless it be guarded by a jealous intolerance of deception, it
oo often in misplaced affection, or throws all its weight into the
cale, and wins a new lease of life for some worn-out despotism of
e world was weary. The great and pressing danger lies, not in
t of faith or the spirit of scepticism in themselves, but in the un-

* April 27th, 1867.

[illegible] of what should be natural allies. [illegible] be regarded as a private person, and [illegible] honest believer, [illegible] become pretty much what the [illegible] driven into the position of an infidel. The [illegible] for the service of God. Let it once be [illegible] in knowledge and in [illegible], the spirit of [illegible] inquiry have each their sphere and their work, and [illegible] its proper end without the assistance of the other [illegible] spared whole cartloads of unprofitable [illegible] more important, we should not so often see men of [illegible] and ardent piety sink even beneath the world's standard [illegible] ness in their zeal for upholding what they consider to be the truth."

Meantime the credulities of unbelievers repeat themselves [illegible] age. In old time, the old woman would not believe her [illegible] when he told her there were flying fish; but swallowed [illegible] story, when he told her how he and his crew had pulled up [illegible] wheels of Pharaoh's chariot, or those of his host, from the [illegible] There are sanguine temperaments to which a novel belief [illegible] mendation, such people find a positive pleasure in shocking [illegible] steady going prejudices, they are quite ready to take up any [illegible] before it reaches the steady-going stage; to take a new [illegible] catching a contagion. But he is only, in any case, spurious—a [illegible] sceptic, a spurious believer!

It should be remembered that knowledge has now, for some [illegible] covered so large an area that it is impossible for any single mind [illegible] it into its province; some men pass their lives in being snatched [illegible] quick from the hands of another; they find their enjoyment [illegible] by paths of new fangled heresies, and never take to the highway [illegible] remotest scent of a new doctrine attracts them as a magnet [illegible] steel filings. And all this belongs to the ordinary history of [illegible] scepticism, so, a man seldom throws off a faith without attempting [illegible] discover a substitute.

Some minds there are, as Archbishop Whately has remarked, [illegible] of remaining in doubt upon any question, unless it be one which [illegible] teresting to them. The danger, in such a case, frequently is [illegible] a decision without inquiry, as, in the instance of the undecided [illegible] very frequently meet with inquiry without decision; and this [illegible] which produces that state of moral oscillation in which a [illegible] and earnest venture seems almost impossible. Many minds [illegible] unable to arrive at any distinct decision. Mr. Benjamin [illegible] of the heroines of George Eliot, says:—"When I have got a [illegible] like to swallow it, and do my inside good. Instead of [illegible] so if I can't find fault with the brewing [illegible]

pirit of promptitude and quick decision which meets us in the f the great actors governs also the careers of the humblest men. ve often said that this nimbleness of wit is what is called nearness *nous*, what we mean by presence of mind; and Dr. John Brown, ittle paper on *nous* in the "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," says:—

nce saw a great surgeon, after settling a particular procedure as e-and-death operation, as a general settles his order of battle; an his work, and at the second cut altered the entire conduct of ration. No man not in the secret could have told this. Not a t's pause, not a quiver of the face, not a look of doubt. This is ster power in man."

, indeed, makes and marks the difference between men and men. it doubt, insinuating itself at a critical moment in life, changes the course and current of the career. It seems sometimes to make a coward who really is not so. Perhaps few men are really cowards. we call courage is the stringing up of the spirit by the resolute vous energy of faith. Thus Tennyson sings:—

> "In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
> *Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers;*
> Unfaith in aught, is want of faith in all.
>
> "It is the little rift within the lute,
> That, by-and-by, will make the music mute,
> And, ever widening, slowly silence all.
>
> "The little rift within the lover's lute,
> Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
> That rotting inward slowly moulders all."

i do not believe, what motive has he to act upon? And so in le instances we find how the man retreats, runs away from life, up all in disgust, has come to the conviction that it is of no use any more. Give him a motive, although it be even an unseen , and, beneath the strength of it, the whole man leaps up like the e in the Book of Job, "whose neck is clothed with thunder, who ng the trumpets, ha! ha! smelling the battle afar off, the of the captains and the shoutings." What a different picture rests to that of the text:—

> "*Our doubts are traitors,*
> *And make us lose the good we oft might win*
> *By fearing to attempt.*"

therefore it was that the word which was put over against the tion of the *doubter*, in our old language, was the *believer*—a liver— o ves his life as his stake for the credit, or trust, he says he be- pon y cause, whatever it may be; he flings down his life as his done with doubts, he inquires no more. Faith is a great in their instance who, although humble men, were yet able to

[illegible]

[illegible] great [illegible] [illegible] retreat [illegible] [illegible] was the great [illegible] [illegible] was, in fact, like that of David [illegible] Goliath. There was an Empire against a man; there was the recognized Church, so called, of the mighty Papacy against what a man! a *poor man*, never worth more, as we should say, about twenty pounds a year; not vast in learning, quite limited; but a whole human race with all its tempests and revolutions in heart, a great age man, so strong that he was able to fling all his all pelting, to the winds, and to make Empire and Papacy feel that they were looking, while they beheld him, at all the human race, with past and future in his face, as the thunder of his voice rolled in council, exclaiming: "Here I stand; I can do no other; so help me God!" That was the way in which he cut off all retreat, and burned his ships. The traitor Doubt was slain there, no treasons were possible to lodge in any of the receptacles or recesses of his nature. While he lived, there was no fear, at any rate, to attempt. And so Athanasius, there are items of his harsh creed which make our heart tremble as we read them, but that expression of his against the inroads of what seemed to him to be fearful heresy, *Athanasius contra mundum*, Athanasius against the world!"—reveals the grandeur of a strong "though no one else believe, I have taken my stand." And, in a renewed, it is the sentiment of the man who has overcome little and taken a great stand, or, as George Wilson has said,—

> "[illegible] *it*, let him stand and say,—
> Although in scorn a thousand lips are curled—
> Though no one else believe, I'll hold my faith
> Like Athanasius, against the world."

[illegible] great faith takes a side, the great heart [illegible] [illegible] of doubt is casuistry, it is little [illegible] [illegible] does not expect the perfection [illegible] [illegible] may whisper [illegible] [illegible] has embraced its cause. [illegible] existing in the facts do not [illegible]

: it has embraced a side. So long as we are expecting every ıtion to be answered, and every little difficulty to be cleared up, ı be neither faithfulness, heroism, nor activity; the mind lies ıless, like a Merlin beneath the enchantments of a Vivien :—

> "Then in one moment she put forth the charm
> Of woven paces and of waving hands,
> And in the hollow oak he lay as dead,
> And lost to life, and use, and name, and fame.
> Then crying, 'I have made his glory mine,'
> And shrieking out, 'O fool!' the harlot leapt
> Adown the forest, and the thicket closed
> Behind her, and the forest echoed 'fool!'"

t is that little doubts overpower by their insinuations a great This is the curse of what is called Rationalism. It is not that ıreasonable, that faith disdains reason, but Rationalism occupies iously with little, low, impertinent, Mephistophelean questions. ton, in "The Caxtons," describes such a character in Mr. Tre- -"Come," said Mr. Trevanion, to Austin Caxton, "Come, I will the one secret of my public life, that which explains all its -for, in spite of my position, I have failed,—and its regrets: *nviction.*" And then Austin Caxton proceeded to talk to his :evanion and Sir Sedley Beaudesert, of one thing that would ɔoth a great deal of good, giving illustrations of this advice of on, that a saffron-bag should be worn at the pit of the stomach. .t conviction—conviction comes from passion, passion from the ɔirits from the saffron-bag." All his auditors expressed their at the nonsense he seemed to be talking, until the old scholar, o a remonstrance, even from his son, said, "Oh, foolish boy, it ı saffron-bag, it is the belief in the saffron-bag. Apply BELIEF ıtre of the nerves, and all will go well."

nore, we say, it is not the settlement of a thousand little details · of knowledge, which can impart to a character the sublime t with which faith steps forth to take its part in the great ıife. The great general does not hesitate before he marches he is not quite certain as to the character of every particular ı his army, or as to the wisdom of every speech in the debates ıbinet beneath whose orders he is acting. He is on the field; onflict is before him; he represents a side; he throws himself ith all the energy of his whole manhood. It is thus with great ı. "Tares and wheat" grow together in the great harvest fields es, nations, and ages. It is difficult to separate them, but it is ıark the difference. Moments are always arising when faith is sum up, and to take its side for the right or the wrong. So it on. Doubt may whisper a thousand casuistries concerning the ı of God, the revelation of His will and His word, the nature

of Christ, of the fall, of our immortality and future [illegible] faith puts all these little treasonable doubts aside [illegible] true things by their relation to great [illegible] presence of right and righteousness. And [illegible] places with all his suggestions and sneers, takes a [illegible] the faithful, or marches with them in a brave attempt [illegible] conquer, to scatter the hosts of evil. It is an [illegible] reproof and an exhortation, the word of the text,—

> *"Our doubts are traitors,*
> *And make us lose the good we oft might win*
> *By fearing to attempt."*

XIX.

;ERNING VANITY AND CONCEITED ASSES.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

STERS, remember that I am *an ass;* though it be not written
own, yet forget not that I am *an ass.* I am a wise fellow;
ı is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder;
ow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and
handsome about him. *Oh that I had been writ down, an Ass.*"
are has, in a variety of characters and instances, delineated
ıs biped on which we confer the far too honourable and simple
n of an ass. But Dogberry, the constable of the watch,—the
our text,—who thought "the most senseless man the fittest
ce;" Dogberry, calm and self-possessed in the full assurance
ı ignorance and conceit; Dogberry, who, with a pleasant un-
ı, is perpetually inverting the meaning of language, and,
sing words, thinks he is talking with great dignity, as he says,
thou not *suspect* my place? Dost thou not *suspect* my years?"
who, when the charges are being written down against his
—one of whom, for his officiousness, calls him *an ass,*—regrets
l not been written down also, and thinks it would have formed
st item of all. "Remember that *I* am *an ass;* though it be
down. Oh that I had been writ down an ass."
gberry is a study and a sermon. Shakspeare entered into the
f many varieties of that singular family; but Dogberry is the
n of the *conceited ass.* He is at once an ancient and a mascu-
Malaprop.
est and most ordinary type of this variety of our race is the
ıaracter, so grotesquely ridiculed by our writer in his Malvolio,
r richly made up of affectations; as Maria speaks of him—"An
that cons state without book; the best persuaded of himself,
d, as he thinks, with excellences, that *it is ground of faith that*
k on him love him."
remind our readers of a little and not inappropriate parable
; the odd mistakes sometimes made by this order of character;
ihe *Gesta:*—

coming the greatest that ever lived.' He was merely incapable
nuous thought, but he told a friend he was on the point of making
very which would put an end to physical and moral evil in the
yet he was a kind man, and seemed humble and shy, as such
ers often seem beneath their burden of self-consciousness. He
ted suicide because he found the world and his friends would not
to the fantasies of his conceit; and his friend, the Lord Chief
Pollock, said of him, 'He had in the highest degree one mark of
—an utter disregard of the opinion of all the rest of the world on
nt on which he had made up his own mind.'"

b Robinson says, "His case is worth recording, it was not a
n-place malady." We differ from the wise and interesting old
-the malady seems to us very common-place; not to the exag-
degree in which it proclaimed itself in Hamond's instance; but
ity of conceit is one of the most annoying and disturbing elements
r. These conceited asses are the mosquitos of our civilization;
uitos! mosquitos are nothing to them, they are like the Tsetse-
foe in the air which Dr. Livingstone so graphically describes,
buzz once heard can never be forgotten." Of all this tribe few
e irritating than the critical fault-finder—the man who will not let
by any single thing, either of art or nature, your own way—who
thing, however beautiful, but he contrasts it with something he
n before, or suggests some standard of excellence to which it has
ined. In such company we have often wished we had the courage
k away the irritating mosquito or tsetse fly, as Crabb Robinson
he tells us:—

the Jardin des Plantes with R—— we spent great part of the day
r. I believe it was not on this, but some other day when R——
will call for you to-morrow;' I answered, 'I will thank you not
I would rather not see anything else with you, and I will tell
ikly why. I am come to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoy-
eeds the accompaniment of sympathy with others. Now, you dis-
rything, and find fault with everything. You see nothing which
not find inferior to what you have seen before. This may all be
ne, but it makes me very uncomfortable. I believe if I were
to live with you I should kill myself. So I shall be glad to see
London, but no more in Paris.'"

think, of all great critics, the last with whom we would wish to
or visit any great work, would be Mr. Ruskin. We cannot walk
the matchless and unrivalled city of Edinburgh with him, but
mpts to disgust us with it, and show how far inferior it is to
. We cannot lose ourselves in the solemn shades of Milan
al, but he pulls us away, and tells us it is all base modern Gothic.
we are sitting, moved, it may be, to tears, before the great pi re
's "Christ leaving the Prætorium," he defiles and debases it
and coarse contempt, and puts us in mind of a little story,

some may think it wicked and almost blasphem
lady, whom we once knew, asked one of her se
day's holiday, "Well, Mary, and where are you
going to see to-day?" "Oh, mem," said the g
several things, but first, we are going to see the
is talking about, the picture of Christ leaving
"the Criterion" with Mr. Ruskin; he will not
selves unless he permit us, without incurring
torrent of abuse for our ignorance. From the re
to it from Mr. Ruskin, but if any other try this
an ass."

This kind of character is seldom converted fro
Jack Falstaff was a bad man, but he had an imm
and he was therefore able to say, in certain well-

"I do perceive that I am made an

The characters we are describing—Dogberry
and Hamends never perceive it; they go on t
is wrong, and they alone are right. "*Seest tho*
[illegible] *There is more hope of a fool than of*
the mad house, who thought himself there be
mad, and he alone sane!

Some characters proclaim these asinine trait
employ [illegible] filagree language is, almost alw
shallow pate; and it is droll to notice what a ta
certain order of mind. There are men who,
language, as Lord Macaulay said,—somewhat unj
poet, "so that it represents nothing in the heave
beneath, or the waters under the earth." In
was a very prevalent vice, and came very much
John Lyly; this was the vice which Sir Walter
the character of Sir Piercie Shafton, a creature a
fens, who was wont to speak of one lady as his
of another, as his "pleasant taciturnity!" and d
the volume from which his character was mould
we will be bound to say, some would regard as
imitation,—

"Pretty and quaint, fairest lady. Ah, that
'Anatomy of Wit,' that-all-to-be-unparalleled volu
of human wit—that treasury of quaint invent
pleasant-to-read, and inevitably-necessary-to-be-r
all that is worthy to be known—which indoctrine
the dull in intellectuality, the heavy in jocosity,
[illegible] nobility, and all of them in that un
[illegible] ence, that eloquence which no other
[illegible] at art which, when we call it by its o
[illegible] its richest panegyric."

hat a pleasant world we should have, if all persons set their speech ı these high stilts! Of all places where these freaks of asinine affecta- are most misplaced—and really none are more amusing or solemn,— e pulpit. Perhaps some of our readers may remember an instance ı,—in a venerable London pulpit,—the preacher, himself the minister large and important church, astonished his auditors by commencing prayer, "O Thou who alone hast the power to say to us, *Absolvo* Was not this the solemn bray of an ass?

f course it is possible to find many other features of this Dogberry acter; one of famous subterfuge, beneath which the character plays f off, is in writing anonymous letters. We receive a good many, have remonstrated with us even on the sinfulness, at once of read- so naughty a writer as Shakspeare, and the heinousness of attempting pound his words. We have not been particularly desirous to discover uthorship of such letters, and have contented ourselves with supply- the missing link, as we wrote the writers down—"Conceited Ass;" mbering at the same time the well-known story told by Addison in *Spectator*, and applied by Sir Walter Scott, of the rustic wag who read some portions of that really excellent work, "The Whole Duty of ," and wrote, opposite to every vice condemned or reprehended in the the name of some individual in his neighbourhood, thus converting ous and excellent work into a libel on a whole parish; but this, ed, it becomes with the self-conceited man. Oblivious to his own es, strong in the sense of his own perfections, swift to perceive the test frailty in others, he imagines *himself* the standard of all perfecti- , while his neighbours think of him as—if they do not call him— *f-conceited ass!*

t we recall to mind a parable concerning the spirit in which good e may be received:—

On Hearing Good Counsel.

fowler, catching a little bird called a nightingale, was about to put o death. But being gifted with language, she said to him, "What it advantage you to kill me? I cannot satisfy your appetite. Let , and I will give you three rules, from which you will derive great fit, if you follow them accurately." Astonished at hearing the bird , he promised her liberty on the conditions she had stated. "Hear, " said she:—"Never attempt impossibilities; secondly, do not at an irrevocable loss; thirdly, do not credit things that are in- le. If you keep these three maxims with wisdom, they will ely profit you." The man, faithful to his promise, let the bird . Winging her flight through the air, she commenced a most te song; and having finished, said to the fowler, "Thou art a ow, and hast to-day lost a great treasure. There is in my bowels l bigger than the egg of an ostrich." Full of vexation at her

XX.

PROVERBS ABOUT BIRDS.

ıok of God often sends us down among our humbler fellow-
ıals to learn; but, probably, from none do we learn with more
ın from birds—those bright and mystical creatures, who have
ɜm so much more than we have attained to, of wing, voice, and
ıright, beautiful orphanage of the sky and the woods. "Yet
nly Father feedeth them." They are among the most beauti-
. creatures, and "not one is forgotten before God." "Yea,
· hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even
ı;"—just as we find them building now in the old ivy-mantled
its turreted pinnacle. The Gothic ornaments of the old grey
ıot of much account with it; only there, amidst its carvings
ns, it is able to find a home. And thus God, who cares for
ɜ and little creatures, is able to enfold us. "*Ye are of more*
nany sparrows," and thus you have your dwelling-place in the
h not made with hands, and build your nest in the Eternal
As the prophet says, "Leave the cities, and dwell in the
ıe like the dove that maketh her nest in the side of the hole's
e like a bird in the temple; so said an old writer, "God give
row's and the swallow's nest." Some would scorn that, and
r the glorious home of the eagle, or the solitary and distant
which the sea-bird finds her home. But the Bible has an
l a blessing in both—in the eagle, which "renews its youth,"
ıess to lofty, spiritual states; and in the humbler nature which
st in the shade of the altar and of the temple. God loves
ı like the tenderness of that Book,—so thoughtful, although
ɜntly so cruel,—that it thinks of the lone bird in the forest.
have been in the deep shades of the wood, have you not seen
bird, noiselessly passing from bough to bough, or to the
ɔling up in the centre of the leafy shade? God has thought
· bird. It is written, "If a bird's nest chance to be before
way, in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young
ı, and the mother sitting upon the young or upon the eggs
ot take the dam with the young, but thou shalt in anywis
go, and take the young to thee, that it may be well with the
ıu mayest prolong thy days." Doth God take care of birds?

Yes, even birds are not beneath His notice—
and He loves them. God cares for the lone bi
stop and think of a bird's nest. True, says
[illegible] a little nest;" but then, says the
[illegible] so small, it always seeks a nest o
a [illegible] the bird makes its nest." And, anyh
nificant, what a wonderful little piece of archi
fanes nor Corinthian pillars, not the fluted mark
Alhambra, are more wonderful, are so wonder
had no tool, no knife to cut, no nail to fix, no g
was all—and yet how neatly finished. Not lon
with all aids of tools and appliances to boot, coul
make such another. A bird's nest! A bird's
Stop beneath those branches. Thy Saviour say

Naturalists tell us of birds in the wide-spread
the little woodpecker for instance. The top
usually builds is inhabited by monkeys,—fierce
a particular kind; lower down, large snakes c
trunk, waiting till some unwary animal comes
yet, on the very edges of these trees, the br
fully builds his nest. There it hangs like a lit
neither beast nor snake can touch it, or venture
home, its beautiful little pensile palace!

Did you ever see—

The Little Tailor-bird's N

Also a wonderful little home, wondrously wr
little tiny nest, so warm, so safe. One looks at
it is to be small!" And there it hangs; rave the
it is twisted so tightly to the branch, that the wi
from the tree will not touch it. Beautiful little ta
for it, God designed for it. Go to the birds; "Y
many birds." Why did God give to the little ta
and so cunning a bill, and place it there among t
little faith," have you no nest in the tempest?
build in the storm? Take a leaf of the promi
are of more value than they." He who taught
He who taught them to use leaves, has taught y
Holy Word. Wrap yourself warm in some precio
yourself round the branches of the Tree of Life;
raven ever so loudly, let the storms come on, ho
here, in the pensile palace of the Promise. You
nce: but has God given intelligence of only c
re? You think what intelligent creatur
they are wise, be you wise; they
gacity, use yours to build yoursel

y these words? why these thoughts? Put thy thought against God's d, and believe that He who provided for those has provided for thee. to the birds, and learn from them to rise to the altars of the Lord of ts, thy King and thy God; thy Refuge—the sparrow's refuge!

Vise men have found sweet parables while they have studied the a. Bishop Hall has a beautiful meditation upon the occasion of a breast coming into his chamber, "Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou t make thy next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for dging. What a shame it is for me, that I see before me so liberal visions of my God, and find myself sitting warm under my roof, yet ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness. Had I ittle certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I how careful, how little list should I have to make music to thee, or nyself; surely thou comest not hither without a providence. God thee, not so much to delight as to shame me, who, under more arent means, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have done so much in me as, in thee, the mere instinct of nature; want or ght makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here, than the ght of better things maketh me. O God, Thy providence is not aired by those powers Thou hast given me above these brute things; not Thy greater helps hinder me from a holy security and comfortable nce upon Thee." Thus our Lord's parabolic proverb, telling us to ider the birds, was turned by the meditative old bishop to very good unt.

ohn Pulsford's sermon of a little bird is very well known; and, to s, birds have been very effective preachers. The good bishop, ny Taylor, sweeps with a noble wing of meditation, following the in his flight, "So have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and ing upwards, singing as he rises, and in hopes to get to heaven and b above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud ing of an Eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and incon- descending more at every breath of the tempest than all the vibra- of his wings served to exalt him, till the little creature was forced down and pant, and stay till the storm was overpast; and then it a prosperous flight, for then it did rise and sing, as if it had ed music and motion from some angel, as he passed some time the air. So is the prayer of a good man when agitated by ssion; he fain would speak to God, and his words are of this earthy; he would look to his Maker, but he could not help seeing hich distanced him, and a tempest was raised, and the man over- his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled; his ascended to the clouds, and the wanderings of his imagination them, and, in all the fluctuating varieties of passion, they are like to reach God at all; but he sits him down and sighs over

[illegible] fixes his thoughts upon thing
[illegible] passages of this life, and his sp
[illegible] and then it softly and sw
[illegible] dwells with God, until it r
[illegible] heaven."

[illegible] realizes in himself—

The Parable of the Mer

[illegible] says, "*He was in great want of* [illegible] owls talked as wisely as i
[illegible] the money. "I have some
[illegible] learned, melancholy ow
[illegible] Merops, who, when he rises in t
[illegible] head towards the ground. Is t
[illegible] learned old spectacles, "it is
[illegible] himself a Merops, for he would f
[illegible] sight of earth." Such is the p
[illegible] of Jeremy Taylor beneath an

[illegible] suggestive things wings are! although th
[illegible] upon the bird. "*Noctua volavit*
[illegible] proverb. These cre
[illegible] they gleam! How the throat
[illegible] gold as he goes up through the blue lift
[illegible] like a white silvery sail! Our effo
[illegible] how clumsy—our railway, how slow,
with those light who only breathe and respire,
[illegible] ascend! Behold the birds! Oh, the
mystery. A falcon was once set at liberty in
[illegible] was found, by its ring, in Malta. In
[illegible] collar round a stork, with the i
[illegible] Poland," and set it at liberty. In 1
[illegible] the same spot, to the same person, with
the inscription, "India sends back the stork, t
Before such incidents, how can we talk of the la
true it is, "*Yea, the stork in the heaven know*
[illegible] *the swallow observe the time*
[illegible] *judgment of the Lord.*"
those migrations! *They know.* Behold the bir
erring instinct points the way for them. See th
way through the sky; no regiment ever marched
how they part company as the separate detachm
known fields and woods. *They know.* Go to th
mariners or if he has, are they only the instinc
[illegible] there nothing within thee which i
[illegible] wings but you have instincts. How su

birds! Suggestive of what? Hast thou no heaven, no blue lift country beyond the blue? Hast thou no home? Hast thou not a therland? Who has not from childhood to age rejoiced to see the ird,—

> "Whom man loves best—
> The pious bird with scarlet breast,
> Our little English Robin?
> The bird that comes about our doors
> When autumn winds are sobbing—
> The "Peter" of Norway boors,
> Their "Thomas" in Finland,
> And Russica far inland;
> The bird who by some name or other
> All men, who know, do call brother."

Of whom the same poet, Wordsworth, says—

> "He needs not fear the season's rage,
> For the whole house is Robin's cage."

The love of these pleasant little creatures is very simple and natural; our affection to them has the advantage over many other affections, it does not need to be stirred up with a golden spoon. What is that thin thee which brings a tear to thine eye while the lark, poised on the shakes down its notes from the upper air?

> "That happy, happy liver,
> With a song as strong as a mountain river,
> Pouring out thanks to the Almighty Giver."

What makes the shout of the cuckoo so mystical through the depths the wood, from the far-off hill? We think it is something from afar hoing that cry, saying, "Come home! come home! come home!" e think it is something within thee, saying, "I will take wing—I will ise and go to my Father."

Very suggestive is a bird on the wing. Through birds we get to love l creatures; they are so pensive, and yet so confident. Often it seems that Providence, cheerfulness, and purpose all gleam out to us as we dear flash of a bird's wing. Go to the birds. Whither do they the winter? How safely they sleep so long, and each little head i beneath its wing; or, as we have seen, they travel far away; some sentiment, even when all things are bright and fair, bids them to their journey, and away. Exquisite sensibility, almighty law, and the winter rest. Almighty intelligence, let me adore thee, "for no knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought is?" Let us think of God; what He does with the birds in winter. e often think that perhaps God buries the birds. They do not meet in our walk; they do not lie dead beneath our feet. God cares for m. Where do they die, and where do they fall in winter? "Ye are re value than the birds." "Be of good cheer." Go to the birds, d learn faith in Almighty protection; think what the sparrow finds— ," "a rest for herself," "there she lays her young." We hope

there is something within which urges us along through or lifting His blessedness. "Oh," you say, "what shall I do in old age? What shall I do in winter? What shall I do in the grave?" "Ye are more value than many sparrows," and the sparrows find a home; "one is forgotten before God;" He who watches them in the day and in their place of repose, will watch thee, will wake for us. We have heard one tell how, a thousand miles out at sea, amidst the rushing tempest and the wind and lightning flash, the good ship went down with all its costly freight of life; but, as one or two forward watched or manned the longboat, amidst the storm they looked up and saw a stormy petrel touching the billows, and then flashing back into the bosom of the sky, and they said, "He who has created that bird, and brought it so far from land, and fitted it for the tempest and storm, and to watch it all, must know those who are below, and must know us." He knows nite, and if the sea be "in the hollow of His hand," they are in the hollow of His hand, and we are in the hollow of His hand. We have heard birds sing in the night; we have stood still in the dark to hear a bird sing. Did you ever hear them sing in the night—the night where the bird sings darkling—or in the morning? Very sweet are the devotions of the birds. Dost thou lodge in God's house, the Intelligence, beneath His wing? "Even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God." Ye are of more value than they! Good-bye, farewell, my pretty, bright-winged friends! Bright wings for you, for me immortality. Sweet voices for you, for me immortal rest and immortal joys. He who painted your wing has woven for me robes of immortal purity. Then said I, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! would I fly away and be at rest!" From far off we may hear the notes of the messenger-bird calling.

> "And, as a bird each fond allurement tries,
> To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies;
> Reprove each doubt, rebuke each dull delay,
> Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

Yes; birds are mysteries, as we have said; and to what an age of them survive! The poet Bryant, walking in the forest, and meditating on the perpetuity of nature in the life of old oaks, says:—

> "The century-living crow
> Whose birth was in their tops grew old, and died
> Amidst their branches."

The passionate nightingale, indeed, like a child of genius, dies young and will only live for sixteen years; but the linnet will live long, the imitative parrot sixty, some say a hundred years. It is said, a bird of prey live two hundred, and swans two hundred and ninety years.

And cheerfulness is taught by the black-winged raven, or crow; yet this is the bird to which the old proverb attributes the incessant "*cras, cras,*" *to-morrow, to-morrow.* Welsh tradition, indeed, assigns the owl the honour, according to Mr. Borrow, of being the oldest

ı the world. And a pretty tradition which he recites in his "Wild " shows how the eagle, desirous of finding the oldest inhabitant, rom creature to creature until at last the most ancient was found ;he owl; but this, we fancy, is only fancy.

he sweet season of spring, when nature invites us to her concerts ı woods, the notes of birds richly harmonize with the glory and of universal nature; and the song in the deep covert in the wood, ·h up in the heavens, is finely in unison with nature's wide and -flowing tapestry of green and gold. There is wonderful exhilara- ı the song of a bird. If it be true, as one proverb says, "*Every known by his feathers,*" so also is that other, "*Every bird is known note.*" But we need not think only of the rich music of the night- , or even the melody of the woodlark, or the soft note of the linnet; erable birds have delightful notes. Association lends a charm to which could scarcely be considered musical. The Lapland mocking- or "hundred-tuner," and our cuckoo, that "blithe new comer," we remember to have heard shouting through a long spring day, green alcoves of Fontainebleau—no science of music could ever them melodious, but how charming they are! Dear old Isaac ı, his soul filled with the music of the nightingale, says in one of melodious, best-known passages, "He that at midnight, when ourers sleep securely, should hear, as I have heard, the dear air, eet descant, the rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of ice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say, 'Lord, what Thou hast provided for Thy saints in heaven, when Thou affordest en such music upon the earth.'" But a man must have his soul uch in harmony with this life of joy in order that he may enjoy it. ho has not known seasons when the rapid trill of birds in the nd, the grove, or the cage, have only been an insupportable and ng succession of noises? The soul of the listener distuned the , and made them "like sweet bells jangled." So says the wise a well-known proverb, "*As he that taketh away a garment in cold, vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart.*" veet music distracts the listener, and he exclaims, like "Bianca the Nightingales,"—

"I marvel how the birds can sing."

a strange thing that few people seem to know how to deal with ; with the best intentions they very often rather add to it than h it, sometimes by endless talk, in which nothing is said; some- y selecting the very topics for consolation, only in such a manner ld to the acuteness of the grief. They do worse than leave the alone; they take away the benedictions of silence; they rob off ment in cold weather; they add the sharp to the sharp, the sour our. Very few are they who are "brothers born for adversity." hy is a rare gift, and where it is felt most it expresses itself with

fewest words. It has nothing to say, but it makes itself felt, and, so far, it is a consolation. It is to be hoped that there are very few who, in the presence of suffering, are merely unfeeling. It is only that there is no adequacy, no depth of feeling. The poor sufferer sits mute and spell-bound in heaviness and despair of heart, and one comes in and says, "I'll play to you, I'll sing to you." And there are songs and chords which can find their way to the innermost mourning chambers and most secret sorrows of the soul. There are tones and strains which are exactly those it would soothe a heavy heart to hear; but they need to be selected with wonderful care and wisdom. Soothing sorrow is as delicate an affair as surgery, and needs as delicate and adroit a touch as the operation for some dangerous disease, or the dressing of some most painful wound. And when some one, who has never known a grief, comes and, with careless tongue, recites some worldly gossip, or sings some recent opera strain, the poor victim feels a millionfold more sad, must almost scream as if some rugged Indian, rather than skilful surgeon, were tearing open the wounds afresh. This is the "*vinegar upon nitre,*" the "*singing of songs to a heavy heart.*" Very few have ever passed through a great grief without experiencing the painful absence of sympathy in Nature. *A fine day*, the rich luminousness of natural scenery, the calm, graceful, beautiful indifference of all natural objects. How can the sun shine so when *I* am so desolate? *Rivers*—how can they sing so when *my* heart is breaking? Nature never puts on mourning weeds on account of personal griefs. She seems to have a great heart-breaking cause of her own sometimes, but her sympathy is never extorted for individual sufferers. She goes on just in her usual way, and it is very merciful and very great that she does so; but it is none the less true that her gladness in seasons of isolation and bereavement adds a sombreness to the spirit, and seems to give so much of brightness as to enable us to look down into a vault, and read a loved name on the plate upon a coffin-lid. In such seasons she seems to bring *vinegar* to the soul's *nitre*, and to *sing songs to a heavy heart*. The songs of birds, however, have that rich commendation—they are unbought lyrics. A proverb says, "*Little birds that can sing and won't, must be made to sing.*" But little need is there of such a proverb. Birds in the woods sing blithely enough; sometimes in the cage, indeed, they pine away. But even there the blackbird, outside the cottage, in the large wicker prison, and even the linnet or canary, behind their glittering wires in the drawing-room, pour out torrents of what sometimes sound like heart-broken and heart-breaking airs. They have neither sentimental joys nor sentimental griefs; their little throats are the vehicles of reality. Their songs are not mock sentiment. While we pave, and lay out with porcelain from Sèvres, our beautiful sentimental Calvaries and Golgothas, and do all our church-wailing even after the most approved scientific method, the gushing flow of birds' voices rebukes our vanity and our falsehood.

Of all vagrants in nature there are few, we suppose, which wander so

r as birds—beautiful, aërial vagabonds! but they have their
liation and their law of flight; the gyre eagle, sweeping over
pine cliff, and the lark, with speckled breast, singing up high
ift, know their homes, and return to them. It is an edifying
rook after rook returning, and sometimes a whole regiment
to the "rooky wood." There are vagrants, says the Wise
wise as birds. "*As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so
it wandereth from his place.*" The proverb only needs to be
or the force, the common-sense-like force of it to be seen and
indeed an image easily apprehended. Wonderful is the in-
prompts many kinds of birds to select the place of their
rful creatures, searching out artificial fixtures and retreats,
d by them during the period of incubation or hybernation;
e watchfulness, the steadfastness of purpose, industry, and
losen, there they remain in it; it is not deserted until they
iven forth, or the end is accomplished for which the mar-
structure was reared. Few are the exceptions from the
know the exceptions are fatal. "*The eggs of the wandering
ren,*" the brood dies from neglect. Or, conceive the bird to
as to be untrue, faithless to its own instincts; conceive it
away; the day is bright, it can play, and rest, and sing
oughs of the trees, if it be the bright summer time, beyond
eyond, and far away from the towns—its danger does not
it on into the desert, where there are no shrubs, no trees,
nd sand, no shelter, no food, no rest; it has lost its home,
come languid, it droops, it dies. Or, perhaps, the thought
Man was like that of Elihu, in Job, "*The nest is forsaken, and
rish.*" A common lesson, and a natural one; no matter how
plumage, how gaily and sweetly the bird may sing, how
motion, roaming among the fields and flowers,—to neglect
to destroy the nest, and, perhaps, to be its own destroyer.
." The Wise Man takes up a lesson which, if it were not
condescension of Infinite Wisdom to utter, it ought not to
s to ponder. He teaches that there are persons, reasonable
are chargeable with similar inconsistency and folly. For
is a place which is by special fitness his place. The proverb
ak of mere human vacuities, but of men, men who squander
ever earned, who know no bond, who have never given host-
ity—a man to whom the face of a stranger is as acceptable
a friend, who only lives for his appetites, who has no roots
no fixed sympathies in his soul, who floats like a feather on
has no place, nor would be fit for one if he had; but it is
n one,—it is of a man—foolish, but yet a man,—the Wise
A man must have a place—his own place. It is good
r a woman can say, "Successful or unsuccessful, happy or
n in my place." And it must take the gist and intentness

from life when either the one or the other cannot say this. A man has his place of business—look at the proverb in its simple relation to worldly avocation—a place where he may steadily fulfil and pursue his calling, of which he can say, "Well, you know where to find *me;*" where his energies take root, where his industry may be found productive. If he wander from his place, his projects will be addled projects. Test the proverb. Is the merchant a wanderer from his counting-house, or room? Is the mechanic away from his shop? Is the market-man away from his stand? And what will become of them, and what will become of society if it be so? It is true of the professional man; he has his place, and his family has its place, and that place should be,—not a mere dormitory, a sleeping-room, or a mere refectory,—a home where the kindly sympathies of the heart expand, where well-regulated social affections grow up into blessed and useful living. Every man has a place. But man is not merely a creature who eats and drinks and sleeps; he has another calling. We speak not disparagingly of any earthly avocations; but he has other, and higher. The soul is, in a spiritual as well as in a natural sense, the life of the body. Where is the place of the soul? It is even as when the sun shineth comfortably. Birds sing merrily, and the beasts play, and the whole creation enjoys the life and joy; but, by-and-by, the sun departs, and horror follows; all things are wrapped in the sable mantle of darkness; the creatures are all buried beneath the winding-sheet of snow, the winter ice and frost. Let the soul shine on the body. It is all a pleasant and enjoyable light of summer heat and strength. Such a soul in such a body is a happy combination, like a pure flame in a crystal vase; or, to change the figure, the body is the ship in which the soul sails; if that be safe, the body is safe; if that sink, the body sinks. Where then is the place of the soul? And we are here reminded of an anecdote of Socrates and Xenophon. Socrates inquired of Xenophon, when they first met, where were the places where several commodities were to be had; which, when he had told him, he inquired, where was the place where a man might be made good; and Xenophon said he could not tell. "Follow me, then," said Socrates, "and thou shalt learn."

So the Word of God and the ordinances of God aid most effectively to reach that place; for there is a Being who is more to a man than any other being, and there is a place for man which is by moral pre-eminence and distinction his place. That Being is God, and that place is a right attitude of the soul towards God. God is the great centre of beings in the spiritual as well as natural world. In the compass of all surrounding beings and things, God is the soul's solar point of rest, his heart's home, his place. See the magnetic needle, that wonderful and beautiful thing, how still it lies until disturbed and agitated. See how, when the disturbing cause is removed, it flies back to its place. Now, God is the pole, and the soul is the magnetic needle; and the affections of the heart point to God. This is piety, when, after the wanderings of the returns, glad, back to the centre. "Return unto thy rest, O

my soul." And this spirit, once fairly known, is the strength of all happiness and joy, as its contrary is that of all misery. We admire that reply in the Church Catechism, "That I should learn, and labour to do my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me." Men who have wandered have, often,—in Holy Scripture,—met with the retribution of God. There was David, who, although he had the promise of God that he should succeed to the throne, fled from the face of Saul, and involved himself in many difficulties; there was Jonah, who fled from God to Tarshish; there was Elijah, who wandered from the path of duty because of its danger. On the contrary, a very inferior, even common-place character, Nehemiah, simply stood his ground, and did his duty in the place to which God called him, and he was honoured with success and Divine approbation. Life does become sublime. Life only becomes sublime when God is known and felt to be the place and the rest of the soul: without this sustaining faith, all men become what Cain was, only fugitives and vagabonds on the face of the earth; with it, we shall indeed be "strangers and pilgrims," but "we seek a country," and we know that is "the city which hath foundations."

To be sure, our proverb is a proverb of prudence; but the proverbs of prudence are not quite beyond the need of recitation. That is a famous and well-known one, "*The early bird catches the worm,*" to which, however, laziness has often replied, "What a fool the worm was to be out so soon."

> "True to the kindred points of heaven and home,"

says Wordsworth, speaking of the lark; and—

> "The bird that soars on highest wing
> Builds on the ground its lowly nest,"

says Montgomery of the same bird; and, says the proverb, "*A bird never flew so high but it had to come to the ground for food.*" "*I'll go myself and I'll see to it, are the two best lads the farmer had,*" says one old proverb. "*When God gives a place, He gives brains to fill it,*" says another. "*The mill does not grind with the water that's lost and gone by.*" "*Luck tapped at the door and said, 'Does Prudence live here?'*" In thousands of proverbs like these, our fathers expressed the wisdom hinted in that mentioned above. But, we have said, there is more. When a man puts himself in a right attitude towards God, his attitude becomes right towards all inferior concerns. Heavenly prudence is highest prudence, and it is inclusive of every other. How many are like the Duke of Alva, when Henry IV. asked him if he had seen the eclipse of the sun; he said, he had so much business on earth he could not look towards heaven. And is it not so with many, they can only mind earthly things? We have heard of a philosopher who, living within the neighbourhood of a blacksmith's shop, and hearing the hammer and the anvil talking together always early in the morning being indeed awakened by it, he said, "What, can a smith with his

furnace and tongs be more in earnest than I with my studies?" And the man of trade, if he serve his trade better than his God, is yet "*like the bird from her nest,*" he has wandered from his place.

At the risk of being thought sentimental, we confess to a feeling of pity and tender compassion for our little friends, the birds, who return the homeward way to find their nest, with all its rich family of eggs, stolen; and we lay an injunction upon all youngsters who desire our love that they steal no birds' nests, or eggs. We tell them that the bird-catcher and egg-stealer is like a grey wolf on his hind legs, charmed from his rough hide into the skin of a man. But our feathered friends have furnished us with a very well-known proverb beneath this range of remark, "*Sic vos non vobis;*"—"*One beats the bush, and another catches the bird.*" Plenty of illustrations of this common proverb occur to the memory both from the world of books and the world of observation. Passing along by a field, writes a friend, I saw this proverb exactly illustrated; a man fired a gun, a rabbit fell; another man passing along that way, unseen by the sportsman, picked up the rabbit and put it in his pocket, leaving the sportsman the additional task of beating the bush and wasting his time in search of lost game. But the proverb is illustrated in innumerable particulars. It is Virgil who says:—

> "*Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves;*
> *Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;*
> *Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;*
> *Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.*"

Meaning—

> "Thus, ye birds, but not for yourselves, build ye your nests;
> Thus, ye sheep, but not for yourselves, bear ye fleeces;
> Thus, ye bees, but not for yourselves, make ye honey;
> Thus, ye oxen, but not for yourselves, drag ye ploughshares."

There is a wisdom which men use for themselves; but, on the other hand, it would seem that very extensively through the world we have realized the parable of the Poor Wise Man. It is the wise Preacher who says, "This wisdom have I seen under the sun, and it seemed great unto me: There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, 'Wisdom is better than strength:' nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard." History furnishes us with many illustrations in which this parable has been realized. Men have developed wisdom which has been the salvation of others, while it has, possibly, only procured for the possessor an inheritance of shame. Lord Bacon discourses on the importance of "wisdom for a man's self;" and he says, "Truly *there are those who will set a house on fire, if only to t their own eggs.*" Further he continues, "Wisdom for a man's self y branches thereof a depraved thing; it is *the wisdom of rats,*

that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall; it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom *of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour.*" Selfishness is no doubt, from this point of view, a very base and merely animal attribute; but yet it seems as if it ought to be possible for a man to be wise for himself, without being merely the possessor of those ugly qualities to which Lord Bacon points the type.

The Legend of "The Mine."

Baron Haxthausen, in his "Transcaucasia," has a legend of a place to which he came, called "the Mine," or cave of treasures—a secret cavern, the entrance to which was only visible during certain hours in the year. One day, the legend says, a peasant, mounted on an ass, was riding past the mountain, and he saw a gate which led to a cavern; he stepped in, and beheld before him amazing treasures in gold and precious stones. With these he filled his sack, and placed it upon his ass; but, as he was about to depart, he found that he had left his old thorn-stick behind him in the cave, and returned to fetch it; but the hour for the gate to be open was past, the cavern closed, and the peasant was never heard of again. The ass, indeed, returned home with its load, and the family of the peasant became very rich; but the peasant made his discovery for himself in vain.

Such is the history and result of many a happy thought and many a noble enterprise. It is the repetition of the Wise Man's parable of the little city and the poor man, or the proverb we have quoted, "*One beats the bush, and another catches the bird.*" Ah, that catching the birds,—it too wakes up the memory of some proverbs, especially that "*Surely in vain the net is spread in sight of any bird.*" The Hebrew poets, psalmists, and proverb utterers were impressed often by the spectacle of the quivering wing of the spell-bound bird, and they liken the peril and terrors of an ensnared soul to its efforts to be free; hence the hymn of David: "Our soul has escaped like a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and we have escaped."

The Bird and the Snake.

There is a pretty little allegoric incident in the life of the useful missionary La Croix, of Calcutta. Sitting in his study, he was attracted by a strange cry from a bird, and a loud fluttering of wings beneath his window. Looking out, he saw the bird fluttering over a particular spot, and uttering the shrillest cries of distress; upon the ground was a snake, lying close to the house, its eye fixed intently on the sparrow, which was evidently fascinated, unable to free itself, fluttering, but slowly drawing nearer and nearer to its dreadful enemy. Before the fatal moment, Mr. La Croix hastened into the garden, broke the spell, drove the snake away, and set the bird free. Poor little flutterer, if it could have sung a hymn, it would have said, "The snare is broken, and I have escaped."

Amazing seems the number of birds, amazing their varieties; but, for the most part, they take up very little room, and they seem to agree very well among themselves; for the most part they keep their own way, and, however some rare instances may show to the contrary, they do not quarrel with each other.

"Birds in their little nests agree,"

says Dr. Watts, to which a modern cynic asks, "Why?" and replies to his own question, "Because, if they did not, they would fall out." Still the dear old Doctor's lesson remains true. The birds always keep the same fashion, and very pretty some of their fashions are. With us, an old proverb says, "*The world is full of other folk,*" and therefore we always seem to be in each other's way; and multitudes waste life in attempting to please, not themselves, or those with whom they are most immediately connected, so much as other people; and those other people are very often exactly those upon whom we are least dependent for our happiness. Thus, in England, our separation from each other is as rigid as if we had here a Hindoo caste; we cannot step over into each other's societies or sets; the fences are put up. Even as a Roman Catholic knows nothing of a Jew, and a Jew knows nothing of a Roman Catholic, so we know nothing of each other outside of certain sets and circles. The first question put, before people take a sitting at a church or chapel, is, "Who goes there?" The first question, before we call upon any person, is, "Who visits them?" for it would be shocking to find ourselves in the wrong set. How dreadful it would be if a professional man should call, in the way of society, upon a tradesman, even if the tradesman should have a better character, or be the better educated of the two! How dreadful if the large butcher should meet in society the little butcher! People who sold meat or bread, candles or candlesticks once, but who do so no longer, are raised to a far greater social elevation than those who are still engaged in such pursuits; while those whose fathers and distant forbears were engaged in the dishonourable practice of trade, look down with pity and contempt on those who still loiter—

"On Tom Tiddler's ground,
Picking up gold and silver."

They have gathered all their gold and silver into heaps.

"The baronet, the highest flyer,
Lifts up his head above the squire;
The squire in turn the doctor shuns;
The doctor from the grocer runs!
While he the latter, as before,
Against the huckster bars the door.
Thus all, alas! as on they go,
Blame those above, shun those below,
And prove, though from the truth they start,
That pride lies hid in every heart.

Oh, let us strive, ere time has flown,
To know ourselves as we are known;
To live in love with best endeavour,
And cast away our pride for ever."

Proverbs, however, take the revenge of society upon all these persons when they say, "*He is as fine as a dung-heap stuck with roses,*" or, "*She looks like a sow saddled.*" And, "*That which covers thee discovers thee.*" And, "*Don't make thy tail broader than thy wings.*" These social foibles also have originated those many proverbs which revolve round "*the pot calling the kettle black,*" and which remind us that "*Prosperity forgets father and mother.*" "*Look,*" says a well-known Scripture, "*to the rock whence thou wast hewn, and the hole of the pit whence thou wast digged.*" And the Danish proverb reminds us that "*Adam got a hoe, and Eve a spinning-wheel, and thence come all our nobles.*" But there is the running satire of truth in the proverb, "*Ever since we wore clothes we do not know each other.*" None are more earnest to imitate grand appearances, and to find an entrance into grand society, than those who have very recently known either a full pocket or a large house. "*It has been blowing hard,*" says the proverb, "*the dirt has been blown into high places.*" And such persons are always in danger of making a revelation of that which they would most carefully hide, but which their aim to display brings into notice. "'*Ladies have ladies' whims,' said crazy Anne, when she dragged her cloak in the gutter.*" Thus, "*Great are the quarrels among the pans and the kettles.*" "*Fie upon thee, how black thou art, said the kettle to the saucepan.*" Or again, "*The raven quarrels with black things.*" And again, "*The raven said to the rook, 'Stand aside, black coat.'*" Thus some birds only become texts for unflattering proverbs; and the narrow-minded and mean-spirited miser is, we suppose, satirized in that—"*Ask a kite for a feather, and she will say she has just enough to fly with.*" And in that other in which the cheerlessness of ambition and great place is depicted, "*Birds of prey do not sing.*" I wonder that parrots have not been made the subjects, more than they have, alike of proverb and of parable, for assuredly there is something very instructive in their wholly mimetic and altogether convictionless style of dealing with language; though that proverb, "*He prays as beautiful as our parrot,*" seems to look that way; and that other, "*Our parson was beautiful this morning; he preached almost better than our Poll.*" Not that we suppose there is any mischief in our Poll; we don't know that, with her singular combinations of words, she has any idea of playing the hypocrite, but she sometimes amazingly shocks our sensibilities.

A Very Wicked Parrot.

Mr. Tregelles, in his "Sketches of Cornish Character," tells the story of one. He fell in with a respectable kind of publican, who supposed that it might be an advantage to his business to have such an entertaining creature in the house. "I'd heerd the parrot ovver to Sir Retchet's and different places go on talking like, and I thot how we should love to

have waun if we could meet with waun cheap." In good time, in the good town of Falmouth, the worthy innkeeper fell in with a sailor who had a parrot in a cage. "What do'ee ax for 'un?" said the publican. "Should be a hundred pounds," said the sailor; "he is such a beautiful speaker. But," he continued, "I shall never get nawthin' like that for 'un in this outlandish country, I suppose; but he'll talk everything like a Christian, and praich a sarmunt if 'twas wanted." But they could not agree about terms in Falmouth. The sailor wanted five pounds, and the publican would only give three. However, the next day the sailor followed the publican to his village, for it seemed there was no one in Falmouth would raise five pounds to buy the bird. The publican's wife was, in Cornish dialect, rather "poor tempered" about the transaction, especially as she said, "the bird anyhow was not good to eat." At last the bargain was concluded, and "the sailor went to the bird," said the publican, "and cried to 'un, and ax'd 'un to spake to 'un for the last time; but the bird wouldn't spake to 'un nor nobody else for days; he awnly 'craake, craake' like, but wouldn't spake at all. So he went on with his craaking till about the fourth day, when I went up to talk to 'un, and to scratch his head. 'How do 'ee do, Poll?' said I. Oh, lor'! Oh, Jemminy!" said the publican, "my dear, my dear," (the Cornish expression for everybody), "if you'd a heerd 'un, oh, you never! How he did go on! Sich swearin', such empidunces! 'Will a talk?' says my wife. 'Oh, iss,' says I. With that she came down from our parlour and tried to make 'un talk to she. Oh, my dear, if you'd a heerd 'un. There was nawthing half so bad I think ever said before. And at last the bird called her an empidunt hussey, and told her to go to hum and sew up her stockings. 'Oh, lor',' says I. 'My dear, this'll never do for our carreter, I reckon. Get a blanket,' says I, 'and throw it over the thing and keep 'un quiet,' and that was the only way we stopped his tongue. Then I sent for my ostler. 'Take the bird down to Falmouth,' says I, 'and ef you caan't get the sailor man to take 'un back, sell 'un for anything you can get.' The sailor man had gone to say, and James sawld 'un to a man for twenty shillin', and he put 'un outside the door, and there a es, cussin' and swearin' ever since. Oh, lor'! oh Jemminy. He is the wickedest awld bird I suppose was ever seen, and to think I lost two pounds by 'un, I did." Such a story as this seems to remove our feathered choristers altogether out of all sentimental relations; but true it is, "and pity 'tis 'tis true," that disreputable parrot has so many analogies among his human fellow-creatures, for the proverb says, "*A bird is known by his note, and a man by his talk.*"

But our stories, parables, and proverbs concerning birds shall not close with the ludicrous instance of the profane parrot. We began with sparrows, we will close with them; although the word for sparrows, as [illegible]ally employed in Scripture, signifies any little bird; and as to the [illegible] "*There the sparrow hath found a house,*" there are versions which [illegible] The sparrow is one of the plainest of the bird

tribe, but one of the most universally known; and if it have, of all creatures, the least dread of man, it certainly is of least service to him. Most creatures give to man a very wide berth, and keep out of his way; the sparrow goes wherever man goes; it is a little fighting John Bull of a bird. Build a new farm in the most lonely place, or in any recent clearing or enclosure, and there the sparrow finds its home, and builds its nest. If men put up a furnace, it builds somewhere about it, unmindful of the noise; it knows no difference in the rank of its residences. The cock sparrow is the most impudent of birds, he is not a bird of fine sensibilities, he has been called "Jack sparrow."

Mary Howitt, in her most pleasant book of verses on "Birds and Flowers," speaks of the sparrow as—

> "The bully of his tribe—to all beyond
> The gipsy, beggar, knave, and vagabond!"

But in the same piece she says—

> "I walk in cities, 'mong the human herds,
> And then I think of birds:
> I walk in woods among the birds, and then
> I think of men!
> 'Tis quite impossible in one or other
> To walk and see not—man and bird are brother."

It is to be supposed that it is the very insignificance of this little creature which has given to it its place in the Bible, as our Lord says, "*Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father; ye are of more value than many sparrows;*" a word which our great poet renders—

> "*There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.*"

And as James Montgomery, in that beautiful poetic aviary, in which almost every kind of bird finds its place in a poetical, proverbial parable, says—

> "'Sparrow, the gun is levelled: quit that wall,'—
> 'Without the will of Heaven I cannot fall!'"

So much for the New Testament; and for the Old we are told, "The sparrow hath found a house for herself, even Thine altars, O Lord of Hosts!"

Perhaps our readers are not likely to forget how the beautiful St. Francis of Assisi—who really seemed to keep up a wonderful understanding with all the creatures, especially with birds—seemed to have an extraordinary liking for these little sparrows and swallows. That must have been a marvellous sight which the biographers of the saint recite to us, when on one occasion he saw a number of sparrows collected, and he went up to them and said, "My brethren, listen to the word of God; you have great reason to praise your Creator, He covered you with feathers, He gave you wings wherewith to fly, and placed you in the air where the breathing is so pure, and He provides you with everything that is necessary without giving you much trouble." And while he was

thus speaking and saying other similar things, the birds remained where they were, turning towards him; and those who were perched on the branches of the trees, bending their heads as if to listen to what he said; it was very curious to notice how they stretched their necks and opened their beaks, and looked anxiously at the preacher. There is a great deal in the life of St. Francis about his preaching to birds. Once, when he was preaching, the swallows kept up such a noise that he could not make himself heard, so he turned to them and said, "Swallows, my dear sisters, you have made yourselves heard long enough, it is my turn to speak now. Listen to the word of God, which I preach, and keep silence." And so they did; they seemed to understand what he said, and were quite quiet until the end of the sermon, which, indeed, we are not surprised to learn, produced a great effect upon the audience. But we must say no more about this droll saint, or we shall make our readers angry by detaining them with such trivialities.

"*Even Thine altars.*" There is a comfortable refuge even for common things. The manner of some is to speak about the Altar and the Church, but not, like the sparrow, to find "a rest" in the House. Lord Eldon was one of the last of the mighty Conservatives of all things belonging to Church and State; he would not have permitted any irreverent hand to touch a brick of the Church, but he never went to church. Somebody called him a pillar of the Church. "No," he said, "not a pillar, a pillar is inside, I never go inside of a church if I can help it; I am a buttress, a buttress is outside."

This wicked old Lord Chancellor reminds us of Falstaff, who had forgotten what the inside of a church was like; but the home of the sparrow is not in the buttresses but in the altar. Surely from the little bird the Bible intended we should find a lesson, not to blame God so much. How often people stay away from church because, like Lord Eldon, they become surly, as quarrelling with Providence, and thinking that God might have known better, or done better.

XXI.

PROVERBS AND PARABLES CONCERNING SUNDAY, AND KEEPING THE SABBATH.

CONCERNING the Sabbath there is surely no story more strange than that which Thomas Carlyle reproduces, after his own fashion, from the Introduction to "Sale's Koran;" but Thomas Carlyle shall tell the story himself.

"Perhaps few narratives in history or mythology are more significant than that Moslem one, of Moses and the dwellers by the Dead Sea. A tribe of men dwelt on the shores of that same Asphaltic Lake, and having forgotten, as we are all prone to do, the inner facts of nature, and taken up with the falsities and outer semblances of it, were fallen into sad conditions, verging indeed to a certain far deeper lake. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the prophet Moses, with an instructive word of warning, out of which might have sprung 'remedial measures' not a few. But no; the men of the Dead Sea discovered, as the valet species always does in heroes or prophets, no comeliness in Moses; listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning, or with splenetic sniffs and sneers, affecting even to yawn; and signified, in short, that they found him a humbug, and even a bore. Such was the candid theory these men of the Asphalt Lake formed to themselves of Moses, that probably he was a humbug, that certainly he was a bore.

"Moses withdrew; but Nature and her rigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all 'changed into apes;' sitting on the trees there, grinning now in the most *un*affected manner; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense; finding the whole universe now a most indisputable humbug.

"The universe has *become* a humbug to these apes who thought it one. There they sit and chatter, to this hour; only, I believe, every Sabbath there returns to them a bewildered half-consciousness, half-reminiscence; and they sit, with their wizzened smoke-dried visages, and such an air of supreme tragicality as apes may, looking out through those blinking smoke-bleared eyes of theirs, into the wonderfulest universal smoky twilight and undecipherable disordered dusk of things, wholly an uncertainty, unintelligibility, they and it, and for commentary thereon, here and there an unmusical chatter or mew: truest, tragicalest humbug conceivable by the mind of man or ape! They made no use of their souls,

and so have lost them. Their worship on the Sabbath now is to roost there, with unmusical screeches, and half-remember that they had souls.

"Didst thou never, O traveller, fall in with parties of this tribe? they are grown somewhat numerous in our day."

This, according to Thomas Carlyle, is a pretty outcome of disregarding the Sabbath, and a strange transformation of its service.

"By keeping a Sabbath," says the great Bishop Horsley, "we acknowledge a God, and declare that we are not atheists; by keeping one day in seven, we protest against idolatry, and acknowledge that God who in the beginning made the heavens and the earth; and by keeping our Sabbath on the first day of the week, we protest against Judaism, and acknowledge that God who, having made the world, sent His only begotten Son to redeem mankind. The observance, therefore, of the Sunday in the Christian Church is a public weekly assertion of the first two articles of the Christian creed—the belief in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord."

Wherever the Gospel goes, it creates a Sabbath. This day was anciently called *Dies Lucis*, the day of light; also *Regina Dierum*, the queen of days; and it is said that in the primitive Church the question was put to young converts, *Dominicum servasti?* Hast thou kept the Lord's day? And the answer was, "I am a Christian; how can I then omit it?"

Without doubt this day, wherever Christianity goes, marks the periodical cessation of toil. It is called in law *dies non*, a day on which no business is transacted, Sabbath day, the rest day. A recent volume of the *Sunday at Home* gave a pleasing pictorial representation of the Sabbath in many and varied regions of the globe—in the wild wilderness, on the waste of the sea, among the mountains of Switzerland, among the forests of Madagascar, as well as in our English parishes and homes. As the sun makes its circuit (using popular, not scientific phrase), or as the earth moves in its orbit, and day travels round the world, so the Sabbath day, even while its evening shadows are creeping over one clime, is mounting into morning or travelling into meridian noon in another. That which has been said of the flag of England, that on its dominion the sun never sets, is in an infinitely higher sense true of the Sabbath. It is the sign of an empire upon which the sun never sets; "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised." In Old Testament times the Lord said, by His prophet Ezekiel, "Moreover also I gave them my Sabbaths to be a sign between me and them;" and now the Christian Sabbath, the Lord's day, is a sign of the better covenant. Wherever this truth travels, it leaves the institution of the Sabbath like a celes sign behind it.

The Sabbath is also like those great heavenly hts which are appointed "for signs and for seasons, for days and ." And, just as an institution is the most certain method of con -setting

up a stone, planting a tree, rearing a building; so, here, the setting apart a day, the stamping on a day an inscription, engraving it, as it were, with a circumstance, calls the mind back to the event. Thus the Sabbath, through all ages and through all countries where Bible light has travelled, becomes a beautiful possession and a beautiful promise, a memory and a hope. As Joshua Sylvester, in his truly admirable translation of Du Bartas's "Divine Weeks," has it:—

"God would this Sabbath should a figure be
Of the blest Sabbath of Eternity.
'Tis the grand jubilee, the feast of feasts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, endless rest of rests;
God's faithful servants and His chosen sheep,
In heaven we hope (within short time) to keep."

Both Henry Vaughan and George Herbert have, in their own fanciful and quaint, but still very sweet way, said some beautiful things about the Sabbath.

The first, Henry Vaughan, speaks of Sabbath days as the "Church's love feasts," and "God's walking hour in the cool of the day." His whole piece is a succession of such epithets:—

"Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of blisse;
Heaven once a week;
The next world's gladness prepossest in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through this heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's flight."

And George Herbert, with that odd beauty so peculiar to his verse, speaking of the change effected in the Sabbath by its transference from the seventh to the first day of the week, likens it to Samson's feat with the gates of Gaza:—

"The *rest* of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake which, at His passion,
Did th' earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day."

There is a very pretty usage in Moscow; indeed, we believe it is general throughout the Greek Church; it is the salutation wherewith neighbours and friends greet each other on Easter morning. "Christ is risen!" says one to the other; and the response is, "Christ is risen indeed!" What the Russians say to each other on Easter morning is what the institution of the Sabbath, as we celebrate it on the first day of the week, has been saying through all the ages since its institution, and in all the countries where it has been observed. It has come to be, not merely the day of rest, but, if we can trust the intention and the signific-

ance represented in the institution of days, it is intended to declare the triumph of Christianity by the sign of the resurrection of Christ. It is an irresistible argument and evidence, too, of the historical truth of Christianity; it assures us, whenever its light breaks along the sky, that Jesus was born; that He lived; that Christ our Saviour rose triumphant over death: and it gives to us the promise that in His resurrection we shall rise also. It is to this custom Novalis, the German poet of the eighteenth century, appears to allude, when he says—

> "I say to all men, far and near, that He is risen again;
> That He is with us now and here, and ever shall remain.
> And what I say, let each, this morn, go tell it to his friend,
> That soon, in every place, shall dawn His kingdom without end.
> Now first to souls who thus awake, seems earth a fatherland;
> And new and endless life they take with rapture from His hand.
> The fear of death and of the grave are whelmed beneath the sea;
> And every heart, now light and brave, may face the things to be."

We have seen in our Introductory Essay that the ancient Jews had a singular tradition, one of those strange fancies which the human mind works out for itself, of a far-off land guarded by dark mountains, through which land there rolled a wondrous river, called Sabbation, because its waves stood still on the Sabbath day; on the eve of the Sabbath they rested, and the river slept until the day closed, when its waves rolled on again; the people of the land dwelt in happiness and security, and the mystical river shed a blessing over the whole region and clime. It is a curious legend. Hebrew scholars have written much about it, and Archbishop Trench, and other poets, have celebrated the wonderful tradition in verse, to which we need not again refer.

This is an illustration of the way in which this deep Sabbath sentiment is created and confirmed by Christian truth, and is borne into darkest and remotest regions as a blessing to man. Life and labour need their resting times. What a calamity would overtake our world and our race, if, with our present requirements, we could put an end to night—beneficent and blessed night—when, if the heavens be dark, the household fire is bright and cheerful; when, if the body be weary, the body rests; and sleep comes, like a blessed lotion, and bathes the frame. It is true that vice prowls abroad and waits in the darkness, and many deeds are done which shun the glare of the day; and many to whom the night comes do not keep it restfully, but spend it in wantonness and rioting; but what if this class of noisy watchers insisted on their right to disturb the community, maintaining that night was neither a time for sleep nor hallowed stillness, but for riot and dissipation? The night is not uniformly kept; there are some who turn night into day; although nature revenges herself upon them, and compels them to turn day into night. What, in our constitution of physical nature, night is to the body, that the Sabbath is intended to be to the mind and to the heart: it has been from eldest times the lull of labour—

"Tired nature's bath;
Balm of hurt minds."

The consecration of time and of toil, to thoughtful spirits "chief minister at life's feast," the day comes with its own credentials. An old writer says: "Other days are like ordinary wax, but this is that stamped and warranted wax which hath the king's seal upon it; other days are like gold, but this is the gold of the royal mint, and it bears the imprint and the image of the king; other days are ordinary black-letter days, heavy and dark, this is the Dominical day, the Lord's day, the red-letter day of the world." Somewhat fancifully, yet truly, says the quaint old Hakewell: "As the fire is among the elements, as the eagle is among the fowls, as the whale is among the fishes, or the lion among the beasts, as gold is among the metals, and as wheat among the grain, so is the Lord's day among the days of the week." In a burst of patriotism, James Montgomery exclaims, apostrophizing Great Britain:—

"I love thee, O my native isle!
Dear as my mother's earliest smile.
I love thee—when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams, that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountains were the sun;
When, hand-in-hand, thy tribes repair
Each to their chosen house of prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On Him who is the Lord of all."

We have seen it stated that in London there are altogether about fifty miles of shops open every Sunday; and over the whole land, as well as on the sea, there are those who may fall beneath the classification of Shakspeare:—

"Whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week."

But in town or village, notwithstanding the growing profanation of the Sabbath, it may be believed that it is still very sacredly regarded as a day of rest. Our readers will remember the Sir Roger de Coverley of Joseph Addison, who said: "I am always well pleased with a country Sunday, and think if keeping holy the seventh day was only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind; it is certain the country people would soon degenerate in a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being." Poetry has laid under contribution all its large store of images and expressions, in order to do honour to this day. Grahame and Cowper have kindled thousands of sensibilities, especially the first, in his long and

sweet poem, "The Sabbath." Often as the following lines have been quoted, they seem so pleasantly to realize the suggestions of our picture, that it is natural and necessary to insert them here:

"How still the morning of this hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song;
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gentle down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mists, is heard at intervals
The voice of Psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzing mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldly bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray."

So far Grahame and his sweet suggestive pictures of Sunday at home in the English or Scottish village; but, upon the same subject and scenery, Lord Lytton has struck at once a deeper and a higher note, in lines probably written in his own charming little village of Knebworth, where from his own beautiful and imposing house, bordering on his park, he could see the unpretensive little rural church, and feel the sweet and perfect sequestration of Sabbath seclusion:—

"Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

"Six days stern labour shuts the poor
From Nature's careless banquet hall;
The seventh, an angel opes the door,
And smiling, welcomes all!

"A Father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast;
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know the wheel may rest!

"Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh, the limb escapes the chain,
And God hath made thee free!

"The fields that yester-morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

"Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
And yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

"So rest, O weary heart! but, lo,
The church-spire glist'ning up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go,
The day that God hath given!

"Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high;
O soul, at peace within thy breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

"They tell thee in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled;
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the altered world.

"Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man,
But subjects man to power.

"Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright Republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,
When God proclaims His own!

"Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet hall—
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds His feast for all!"

This is the poetry of Sunday at home, and by many will be regarded as only the language of sentiment; but it chimes in very sweetly with the utterances of more prosaic and practical minds. A great man was the Lord Chief Justice Hale; our country never produced a better judge, or a more excellent man, more generally trusted and highly respected; and writing to his children upon the great business of life, founding his remarks on his own large practical experience, he said, concerning Sunday and its religious observance: "I have by long and sound experience found that the due observance of this day, and of the duties of it, has been of singular comfort and advantage to me, and I doubt not that it will prove so to you. God Almighty is the Lord of our time, and lends

it to us; and as it is but just that we should consecrate this part of that time to Him, so I have found by a strict and diligent observation that a due observance of the duty of this day hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time, and the week that hath been so begun hath been blessed and prosperous to me; and on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful, and unhappy to my own secular enjoyments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes in my own secular employments the week following by the manner of my passing this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience." This testimony is in unison with innumerable others from like serious minds from all departments of life and occupation. The spirit of the experience has been expressed in a parable which it may not be inappropriate to quote.

The Parable of the Eight-day Clock.

In an old farmhouse, for many years had stood on the landing-place an eight-day clock; it struck the hours, it chimed the quarters. That old clock on the stairs had struck the hours when children were born, and when people died, Sabbath and week-day, week in and week out; there was not a person in the house more important than that eight-day clock. It called up the servants, and it chimed them off to bed; it gave the law to all the household ways in summer and in winter—through the long winter nights as well as on the bright summer mornings, in hay-time and in harvest-time. On the whole farm there was no more important character than that eight-day clock, with its clear, regular, still, beat, or tick, tick, tick, through the day, and through the darkness. But, at last, somehow, they lost the key of the clock, and they could not get another. It ran down and all things went wrong. They did not get up at the right time, they did not go to bed at the right time; for prayer and for church, for the dairy and the farmyard, it was found that all things went wrong when the eight-day clock had run down and could not be wound up again.

The Sabbath is the eight-day clock of life; all things of the week seem to be wound up and ordered by this day of rest; if this go wrong, if the key be lost, life seems to fall into confusion, loses its harmony, its order, its hope, and its restfulness. It is not too much to say,—to change the figure of the parable to another,—that the thermometer of civilization rises and falls with the knowledge of the Sabbath, and with social obedience to the law of the Sabbath. It is Cowper who, speaking of the desecration of the Sabbath in his day, says to Sabbath-breakers:—

> "There is a public mischief in your mirth,
> It plagues your country. . . .
> . . . You have presumed to annul,
> And abrogate as roundly as you may,

The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,
And cent'ring all authority in modes
And customs of your own, till Sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms."

If we go through the nations of the Continent, and observe the kingdoms and the cantons where the return of the Sabbath is like the proclamation of a book of sports, where the gay saloons are crowded, or where the whole village goes out to its fête on the village green, there the people languish, there tyranny and despotism hold the chain, while priest-craft holds the key of knowledge to keep it from the people; there trade has not been prosperous, but has drooped almost to death. In all countries it has been significant, that where society attempts to wrest the seventh day from God, man loses his own day. The Sabbath would seem to be related to the most mysterious foundations of human life and being; without it man does not grow. We need not inquire why it is he cannot, the fact is that he does not. By his perpetual restlessness his whole being withers, he ceases to look up; he and all belonging to him are of the earth, earthy; his life is consumed in dissipation or in trade; his character has in it no divine spring.

Abraham Tucker, in his "Light of Nature Pursued," referring to divine service, says: "If there were not certain stated times appointed for assembling, how should each man know when the rest were disposed to assemble? Nor perhaps would they ever stand so disposed, or turn their thoughts upon their spiritual concerns at all, without the idea of an obligation urging them to it at particular seasons; for it is well known how backward people are to find a time of their own accord for matters of business, not of diversion, which they apprehend might be done at any other time; therefore the command to keep holy every seventh day had a rational foundation in human nature."

No life is true or healthy which is not rimmed round with this hallowed ring and environment of solemnity; without this, life loses its clearness and its invigorating breath. That great industrial nation, France, in the time of its Revolution, found it could not do without a day of rest; so, with that benevolence so characteristic of infidel theories and theorists, it proclaimed itself wiser than the Lord of the Sabbath, destroyed the seventh day, and created *decades*, or tenth days of rest. But this would not work; and in the nation where practically the Sabbath is still disregarded, the decade had to be renounced, and they returned to the seventh day of rest. An Englishman inquired of an eminently industrious French workman whether the decades had been found a more satisfactory division of time to the workmen. "No," was the reply; "quite the reverse. Sunday is the thing, after all is said and done. When there was no Sunday, there was no regular time for work or rest; the tenth day was not obligatory, and the workshops were not shut up; we worked whenever we liked, and sometimes more than we liked; but

not one month of the whole time did I ever make so good a bill as I do now and did before. I was glad when the decades went to the dogs, and the weeks came round again. No, sir, Sunday is the right thing." Chateaubriand says, that during the time of the Revolution the peasants of France were in the habit of saying, "Our oxen know when Sunday comes, and will not work on that day." The ox cannot labour nine successive days; at the end of the sixth his lowing seems to demand the hours marked by the Creator for the general rest of nature. Bianconi, the Irish car-proprietor, said that he could work a horse eight miles a day six days in the week, better than he could six miles a day for seven days in the week. By not working on Sundays, he effected a saving of twelve per cent. This is in unison with the very remarkable testimony of Dr. Farre before a committee of the House of Commons. He said: "A physician is anxious to preserve the balance of circulation as necessary to the restorative power of the body. The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life; and although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. You may easily determine this question as a matter of fact, by trying it on beasts of burthen." God has revealed Himself by this Divine arrangement of time in the same manner in which He has set the night of rest against the day of toil, rounding the day by a sleep, mysteriously adjusting strength and time; so that we feel thankful, and bless God that the time of toil is not longer, feeling that strength would not be equal for a longer period, that we could not endure it. So He has exactly adjusted this seventh portion of time to our rest. Robespierre and Danton thought they were wiser than God, and sought to diminish the resting days of man; but the experiment failed, and society broke down beneath the burden they imposed.

Very singular have been the ideas which some persons have entertained of the observance of the Sabbath; but fashion has sometimes extorted a homage for the day from those who had no disposition to revere it as an ordinance, or to enter into its hallowed instructions. A story of this kind is related in the life of Bishop Blomfield. When he was Vicar of Chesterford, in Cambridgeshire, his village was on the high road to Newmarket. The first day of the great Spring Meeting was on Easter Monday, and the Sunday presented the appearance at Chesterford of a regular fair; booths were erected in the open space in front of the inn, and crowds assembled to see the gentlefolk pass in their carriages. While the Vicar was engaged in divine service in the Church, on Easter Day, the aristocratic sportsmen drove up to the inn in open carriages, gambling, playing at whist. Among others, the Duke of York always came down on this day. It was thought, if this royal person could be induced to change his practice, it would have a favourable influence on others. Urged by the Vicar Howley, the Archbishop of Canterbury, remonstrated with the

Duke, imploring him to alter his practice. The Duke declined to do so. He seems to have been somewhat hurt at the Archbishop's impeachment of his behaviour, and entered into a vindication of his conduct, saying that, although it was true he travelled to the races on a Sunday, he always had a Bible and Prayer-book in the carriage with him. Such was the homage with which his royal highness regarded the day.

Robert Southey, in the "Doctor," mentions a far more innocent instance, which, however, illustrates the curious kind of regard which some have entertained for divine service. "Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious person who was a constant attendant, "Well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week; and you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church." "Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day. I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church on Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks of nothing." Thus, it must be admitted that in many instances the day brings only what Hugh Miller truly calls "a sort of animal decency" with it; as he says, "the Sabbath is pudding day, clean-shirt day, a day for lolling on the grass opposite the sun." It is a poor realization of the day of rest, when the poor child of toil enjoys no more than his horse, his ox, or his ass.

Thus, however, over the whole earth is proclaimed a Sunday at home. As we hinted in our first remarks, the world is bound round with a belt of Sundays; it is one of the greatest of earthly blessings, one of the most beautiful institutions of society. What a singular thought it is, that he who has lived to the age of three-score years and ten, has had ten years of Sabbaths. This is a fine decade of rest; and to some, how necessary! It will scarcely be believed that the writer has conversed with men who have assured him that they never saw a green blade of grass grow. Immured through the week in a grim round of toil, the Sunday has been their only possible time for rest; and so weary were they that they devoted all its hours to rest. Hard are the hearts which would deprive such as these, or others in more rural scenes, of the tranquillity of the day. It is Ebenezer Elliott who says:—

"Poor sons of toil! Oh, grudge them not the breeze
  That plays with Sabbath flowers; the clouds, that play
With Sabbath winds; the hum of Sabbath bees;
  The Sabbath walk; the skylark's Sabbath-day:
  The silent sunshine of the Sabbath-day!
Oh, keep the seventh day holy wheresoe'er
  Ye be, poor sons of toil; sell not to those
Who sold your freedom; sell not for a sneer
  Your day of rest; but worship God where glows
  The flame-tipped spire or blooms the wild wood-rose,
Hallow this day to gladness! for behold,
  The spoilers watch to steal your Sabbath too!
Shall seven days' toil for six days' bread be sold?"

And this last line,—the question of old Ebenezer,—seems wont to be answered in the affirmative, and seven days' toil *is* sold for six days' wages; and Sabbath leagues, and such, are in fact, conspiracies against the rights of labouring men and women. Elliott's sonnet touches, however, only upon the material and social benefits of the day. The true "worship" of God must be first learned from revelation before it can be fitly enjoyed in nature. But how truly all this enters into the idea of rest—God the Father approaching the weary world, and saying to it, "Rest! children, rest!" Rest for the body; rest for the mind; and,—as this rest-day is now the first, instead of the seventh, of the week,—rest for the spirit also, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

We have already quoted some very beautiful pieces of verse; but a volume might be filled with what the poets have said about Sunday. We believe Mr. Christopher, in his interesting book on hymn-writers and their hymns, is wrong in attributing the following well-known verses to Allan Cunningham; we always understood them to be by the late excellent and devout clergyman, Cunninghame, for a long time Vicar of Harrow:—

"Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

"And dear to me the wingèd hour
Spent in Thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of Thy Word.

"And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode;
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, and lives to God.

"And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

"In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But, on Thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

"Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

"Then, dear to me the Sabbath morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice!
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

"Go, man of pleasure, strike the lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
Which bears me to a Father's arms."

Bernard Barton has some quaint lines, which have been not inaptly likened to the manner of George Herbert. Thus he speaks of Sabbath days :—

"Types of eternal rest, fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week:
The next world's goodness imaged forth in this;
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

* * * * * *

"Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

* * * * * *

"Foretastes of heaven on earth, pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights and fiction's story;
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!"

And the following is a verse by another Quaker poet, William Howitt, which clearly characterizes the day :—

"O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies!
Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings;
Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening skies;
The expanding heart from earth's enchantment springs;
Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban,
Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man!"

Pleasant is the sound of that church-going bell; pleasant that rest of the heart; pleasant even the little vanities of a better, because a restful, attire; pleasant the soothing word, to help forward the holy life, in the sanctuary; pleasant the reunions and the interchange of words with dear friends. The household servant looks for less toil, the factory bell does not sound. Other days are days of the body, days of the muscle—this is the day of the heart and of the mind; and in the memory, that "Man cannot live by bread alone," he says, "This is the day the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." Man enters into a happier, freer, purer life for twenty-four hours. As old Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's minister, was wont to say, as he threw off his coat of state when he came home to Theobalds at the close of the day, "Rest there, my good Lord Chancellor!" so many may say, as they throw off their cares on the Saturday night, "Rest thee; tarry ye here while I go to pray yonder." Our fathers used to feel that Saturday evening was the commencement of that pleasant respite from toil. James Sherman, the esteemed and affectionate minister who succeeded Rowland Hill at Surrey Chapel, very pleasantly tells how in his childhood the Saturday evening was always devoted to preparation for the Sabbath; always Newton's hymn was sung—

"Safely through another week,
God hath brought us on our way."

He says, "The recollection of these little preparatory services even now causes my heart to glow with gratitude."

That is a happy piece in the "Silas Marner" of George Eliot, in which Dolly Winthrop gives her experiences, remonstrating with Silas, who had said, "I know nothing o' church, I've never been to church;" and Dolly says, "Well, Master Marner, it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've niver had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help in the right quarter, and gev myself up to Him as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we've done our part, it isn't to be believed as them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' theirn."

And what, if, by a sad and inevitable compulsion, the Sabbath even seems to strike another chord! Suppose its light only streams into a sick room; here is a flower for it. Does it vainly attempt to break through the shutters or the curtains which darken the space where the black coffin rests its brief time before its departure? here is a taper to place beside the coffin. Or, if the day dawn with an inevitable fear for the morrow,—the morrow which, as has been said, will come, like a phial from the doctor's, with the inscription, "The mixture to be taken as before," "The mixture as formerly,"—that is not to-day, and there is a promise for the day—"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." And so Sabbath hours may make a quiet home, and shed their own presence of peace everywhere, and in every room—even the room of sickness, the room of pain. That beautiful and graceful writer, Mrs. Hemans, found it so even while she was dying. Her last lines are understood to be a Sabbath sonnet, written only a few days before her death, when confined, a prisoner of the Lord, to her own chamber. She thought, on that Sabbath morning, of the crowds who, over the whole earth, and especially in her own land, were wending their way to the house of the Lord. And James Montgomery has expressed the same sentiment in his verses called "The Prisoner of the Lord: a Sabbath Hymn for a Sick Room." But it is quite impossible to refer to even a very slight pro- [illegible]rtion of the beautiful words which have been uttered upon the Sabbath [illegible] It is difficult to say at which season of the year it presents to the [illegible] of its ineffable peace. Only to a nature hardened, and [illegible]rated by the satiety of pleasure or the passionate pursuit [illegible] t come unwelcomed. Once more we repeat, what we [illegible]—it is a proof how God reveals Himself in the limita- [illegible]ments of time. Referring to the Sabbath, in the sweet [illegible] Edmeston, a writer to whom we are indebted for [illegible]

"Is there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer-tide.

"Oh, then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above,
And different forms of nature, wear
One universal garb of love.

"And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

"Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief, nor fear;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.

"If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

"Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

"Yet will there dawn at last the day,
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray,
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!"

An imperial edict in Japan has lately decreed that, in Government offices, and throughout the country, the first day of the week is to be observed as a day of rest. We do not suppose that this is to be regarded in any way as a Christian institution, nor that it is connected with religious motives, but is merely an imitation of the customs of Western nations by "the land of the rising sun." Still, it is a wonderful event in the history of an empire but recently opened up to the commonwealth of nations. And it is certainly a providential preparing of the way for the preaching of the Gospel, and will afford unexpected facilities for the missionary efforts already auspiciously begun. It will soon be said with literal truth, that, from the rising to the setting of the sun there will ascend the incense of prayer and the offering of thanksgiving, in the name of Jesus; and the secular day of rest may yet become, even in the far-distant isles of the East, a Christian Sabbath.

It would furnish a not uninteresting chronicle if we could take the wings of the morning, and, flying from the nearest to the uttermost parts of the earth, could take note of the various modes in which minds and communities, either in the more solitary spots or crowded cities, mark their reverence and regard for the Sabbath day. For everywhere,

as Christian truth makes itself felt among men, it draws out from the confusion and the exactions of toil one day, and redeems it to a life of rest and peace. To attempt to gather such descriptions would, however, make a volume. We can only select two or three.

We have seen a series of vignettes illustrative of Sunday in many lands; one, describing the Sabbath in Australia, may remind us how the Christian emigrant carries an affecting picture of the Sabbath into the depths of the lone wilderness, truly realizing the often quoted verse of Cowper :—

> "The sound of the church-going bell
> These valleys and rocks never heard,
> Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell,
> Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared."

Such a Sabbath picture is given by Thomas Pringle, in his "African Sketches." He says his party reached the promised land, which was to be the place of their rest, after six months, during which they had been pilgrims and sojourners; and after pitching their little camp, "the next day was our first Sunday on our own grounds. Feeling deeply the importance of maintaining the suitable observance of this day of sacred rest, it was unanimously resolved that we should strictly abstain from all secular employment not sanctioned by absolute necessity, and at the same time commence such a system of religious services as might be with propriety maintained in the absence of a clergyman or minister. The whole party were accordingly assembled after breakfast, under a venerable acacia-tree on the margin of a little stream which murmured round our camp; the river appeared shaded here and there by the graceful willow of Babylon, which grows abundantly along the banks of many of the African streams, and which, with the other peculiar features of the scenery, vividly reminded us of the features of the pathetic lament of the Hebrew exiles, 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.'" And then Pringle goes on to enumerate some of the portraits of the little band of Scotch emigrants who had sought a home in this wild African glen. The patriarch of the party, with his silvery locks, his Bible on his knee; a high-principled, grave, Scottish husbandman; his respectable family seated round him; the widow, with her meek, kind, quiet look, who had seen better days, but in adversity had found pious resignation; her three stalwart sons, and her young maiden daughter, beside her on the grass; the younger brother of a Scottish laird, rich in blood but poor in fortune, who had preferred a farm in South Africa to dependence on aristocratic connections at home. There the little company gathered. The day, says Pringle, "was bright and still; the voice of Psalms rose with a sweet and touching solemnity amidst those wild mountains, where the praise of the true God, in all human probability, had never been sung before." The words of that sweet hymn were selected as appropriate to their

situation, and we do not wonder to read that they affected some of the congregation very sensibly:—

> "O God of Bethel! by whose hand Thy people still are fed;
> Who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led;
> Through each perplexing path of life our wandering footsteps guide;
> Give us each day our daily bread, and raiment fit provide:
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Oh, spread Thy covering wings around, till all our wanderings cease,
> And at our Father's loved abode our souls arrive in peace."

They held a similar service in the afternoon; and the writer says: "A thousand objects in the scenery of the country reminded us in a forcible manner of the imagery of the Hebrew Scriptures—the green pastures and the quiet waters; the shadow of the great rock in a weary land; the parched ground, and not inhabited; the heath in the desert, the lion's den, the mountain of the leopards, the roes, and the young hart." And a beautiful touch closes his description of the day: "While we were singing our last Psalm in the afternoon, an antelope, which appeared to have wandered down the valley without observing us, stood for a little while on the opposite side of the rivulet, gazing at us in innocent amazement, as if yet unacquainted with man, the great destroyer. On this day of peace it was, of course, permitted to depart unmolested."

Even amid scenes and circumstances where it is usually supposed the sentiment of religion is not very deep or strong, the Sabbath nevertheless holds it own, and wins some sacred regards. One of the illustrations, to which we have referred, presents a Sabbath on the deep; and we are reminded of an interesting chapter, on "Sunday at Sea," in Captain Basil Hall's "Fragments of Voyages and Travels." "'And now, sir,' says the Captain, turning to his first lieutenant, 'if you please, we will rig the church.' Chairs are brought from the cabin and gun-room, for the captain and officers,—for due subordination is made to keep its place even in our church,—and the carpenters and the watch on deck carry aft their benches and mess-stools, and capstan-bars are brought up and placed athwart the quarter-deck, with their ends resting on match-tubs and fire-buckets, or on the carronade-slides; then the pulpit is placed, and the desk covered over with a signal flag; and when all is ready the bell is tolled, and the crew quietly cluster in the places prepared for their accommodation; and when the service begins, should there be any other ship in company or visible, the pendant flag is hoisted and kept flying at the mizzen-peak, to show that the ship's company are at prayers. I will venture to say," says Basil Hall, "there is rarely to be met with anywhere a more orderly or more attentive congregation than on board a man-of-war." Wind and weather, of course, will sometimes interfere with the pleasant exactness we have described, and the regularity of the Sunday service; and there have often been rude times when Divine service had to be stopped to shorten sail, or to trim the yards.

Seldom in peace time, or in harbour, but in war frequently, has a ship's company been called to exchange smartly their Prayer-books and Bibles for sponges and rammers. The gallant captain to whom we have just referred mentions just such an instance in his own experience. When the captain had just finished the litany, the purser, as clerk, had just said, "Amen!" when a voice was heard from the main-royal-mast, "A strange sail, broad on the lee bow!" The commander turned to the man at the wheel, exclaiming, "Put the helm up!" He closed the book. "My lads," said he, "our duty to our king is our duty to our God; and if, as I hope, this sail turns out to be the ship we have been so long looking after, you will not give a worse account of her to the country, I am sure, for having applied in good earnest for assistance from aloft." Instantly he changed his tone, his voice ringing out clearly and loudly, "Hands, make sail; let go the bowlines; round in the weather-braces. Mast-head there! let me know when the strange sail is right ahead." And so the collect in which the crew had just petitioned to be defended from the fear of their enemies, and that their time might be passed in rest and quietness, had scarcely passed their lips before they were eagerly and joyfully scampering up the rigging to shake out the reefs in chase of an enemy with whom they were presently to be engaged in a hot fight.

Such may be the case of Sunday in war-time and on board a man-of-war; but the same pen testifies how at sea, both in fleets and on board single ships, the afternoon of Sunday is generally one of rest and quietness; and thus the spirit of the day steals over the waters, and wraps the appointments of the vessel round with its own peculiar influences. Those who, in quiet English households, have only been accustomed to the primness of the well-ordered Sabbath, might perhaps be even scandalized to hear of some of the odd and grotesque things by which Jack seems to relieve and lighten the hours; enough to say, that even there, on the great and wide sea, where the floods lift up their voice, "the Lord walketh upon the wings of the wind," and proclaims through the vessel the sign and token of His day of rest. And we might mention several instances in which some vessel flying over the deep has on the great watery plain been arrested by the sound of hymns from some other vessel speeding on its way. In a pleasant little volume entitled "Sundays Spent about in the World," by Frederick Hastings, we read an account of an affecting Sabbath in the mid-Atlantic, when, early in the day, the engines paused in their work, while a body was committed to the great grave of the awful deep; and, in an instructive little compilation, "Sunday in many Lands," published by the Religious Tract Society, a paper, entitled "A Sunday at Sea," tells pleasingly how the Divine "Spirit moved over the face of the waters," and a Sabbath service on the deep brought about conversion and moral change. Various are the experiences connected with a Sabbath on the Seas.

Or, take another aspect of Sabbath life in our journey round the world from the wild mountain solitudes of nature, either in Switzerland, Nor-

way, or Canada, where, in many districts, populations lie scattered far apart, and where, if the Sabbath is to be observed by public worship, many long miles have to be travelled before the rude and simple church can be reached. Sometimes, as the artist suggests—if we may take our idea from a charming picture of the great Swedish artist, Tiedeman, which we saw in the Great Exhibition of 1862—the worshippers have to cross some broad stream or fiord to the house of prayer, coming from lone farms far away among the still, dark mountains; the place, when reached, probably a barn-like structure. There are the Norwegian bonders, in their grey wadmal suits, seated on one side of the church, and on the other their wives and daughters, with the black silk cap fastened under the chin, the woollen dress fitting closely up to the throat, and kerchief of some bright silk passed round the neck and tied behind the ears; in some districts the Fin and the diminutive Laplander; but all profoundly reverent. Mr. Metcalfe, in his "Oxonian in Norway," describes such a scene, where he heard the simple pastor of the Lutheran Church preaching to just such an ordinary congregation a powerful, practical, useful sermon, full of natural pathos; and then he joined with the congregation in singing Luther's famous psalm, which we so often sing in England, "Ein feste Burg:"

> "A safe stronghold our God is still,
> A trusty shield and weapon;
> He'll help us clear from all the ill
> Which hath us now o'ertaken."

In another part of Norway Mr. Metcalfe united with the grotesque Fins in worship, in a crowded barn on the Sabbath day; the preacher standing by a small table. The English traveller speaks of the intense and brooding imagination of the Northman roused and called into full play, while the preacher, his eye lit up with enthusiasm, in soft and winning tones, spoke to his hearers of the great love of the Saviour; all were listening intently, numbers of the women in tears. Then they all sang together, and the preacher announced that next Sabbath he should hold his service in a wilder part of the valley, twenty-four miles distant. Then the bonders and their wives gathered round the minister, bidding him farewell, or speaking to him on matters in which they required his advice. Then the "Good-bye!" "Thanks for the day; we have been much edified;" "A happy journey to you!" wished on all hands, and they were all soon mounted on their ponies, or had descended into their boats, and were on their way to their distant homes.

Such little idyllic pictures are very sweet, and they call up a crowd of similar instances. What a lone, wild region is Iceland! better known to us now than when, upwards of half a century since, that admirable scholar, Ebenezer Henderson, gave to us his travels there. But the wild unpeopled spot is much the same. Yet there, estranged from all that seems to constitute the grace and comfort of life, the people are blessed in the possession of a moral civilization, and the Sabbath is not by them

an unregarded day. Henderson was charmed with their pure and simple Sabbath services—not cold and uninteresting, he thought, while they poured out their full confessions or raised their Icelandic psalms. "I almost fancied myself," he says, "in some Christian church of the fourth or fifth century, or in one of those Syrian churches so interestingly described by Dr. Buchanan in his 'Christian Researches.'" Sir George Mackenzie and Sir William Hooker, in their Icelandic travels, have dwelt on the rude beauty of the Icelandic Sabbath. Indeed, Sir George says, "that the attention and the pious care with which the duties of the country priest are performed in so remote a corner of the Christian world, may excite a blush in many of his brethren in more fortunate countries and more opulent establishments;" and he continues: "The moral and religious habits of the people at large may be spoken of in terms of the most exalted commendation." No pictures in Grahame's "Sabbath" are more sweet than those which this traveller has sketched in his simple prose as he describes the Sabbath scene in an Icelandic church—a little edifice, constructed of wood and turf, situated in the midst of a rugged stream of lava, beneath mountains covered with never-melting snows, in spots where the mind sinks beneath the silence and desolation of surrounding nature. Here the people from far distances, male and female, peasants and bonders, gather round the building, waiting the arrival of their pastor; they and their children all in their best, and by no means mean, attire; ponies, which brought them from their separate homes, grazing quietly around. Few opportunities have these quiet Christian folk of social intercourse, so every new-comer is welcomed with a kiss of salutation; and the Sabbath-day is hailed as the occasion for the renewal of acquaintance. Then, when the pastor comes, he makes his appearance among them as a friend, as far as possible speaking to them individually, and giving a paternal kiss to the little ones; and then they all go together into the house of God. Henderson usually found, however rainy the day might be, the church well filled; usually only one service, and that beyond the middle of the day, for the Icelander has his sheep to collect, his cows to milk, the ponies to seek on which he and his family are to travel, to drive home, and then perhaps an incredible distance to go to church after he has attired himself in his best. But who can read such descriptions and not feel what a humanizing power the Sabbath exercises over families doomed to solitude, and perpetually surrounded by the sternest aspects of nature?

It seems to increase our own affectionate regards for the Sabbath-day to realize these tender pictures of the way in which it is regarded in far remote climes. It becomes indeed,—what we have described it,—a sign and bond which unites families to each other, and all to that great Being [illegible] the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Perhaps the [illegible] his own Sabbath-day in England, may naturally find [illegible] such spots, some of which he may have visited [illegible] the higher Alps, in villages surrounded

by the forests of black pines; where the idea of Sabbath desecration, as we understand it, has never obtained an entrance; where the service, perhaps, is at some very early hour in the morning, because the pastor has to travel far to meet several other congregations during the day; or some Protestant Communion Service, when along every mountain path, and through every opening gorge, some family of peasants may be seen, who have heard the voice within, "Arise, and let us go up to the house of the Lord." The white-haired old pilgrim, leaning upon his staff, the staid matron, and the young girl just emerging from childhood, bending their steps to the white old church, standing, even there, in the midst of the heap of nameless graves and green mounds, or the more ambitious little wooden rail on which is painted the names of some of the more honoured dead. Or the imagination flies to the gay green islands of the West, where the dusky children, the descendants of generations of slaves, are assembling to offer their sacrifices to that religion which made their children free, and which has promised them the endowment of a higher freedom than it is in the power of any earthly government to bestow. Or, farther still, the imagination travels to that last chapter in the great history of Christian martyrdom, Madagascar. One of the first exercises of the missionaries there was the creation of the Sabbath; and one of the first consequences of the resurrection of Christianity, after its age of martyrdom, was the restoration of the Sabbath-day. Then the families gathered in companies to attend the Sunday public services—influential officers and their subordinates, with the members of the more servile class—all seemed simultaneously drawn to the house of God on the Lord's day. All the existing places of worship were enlarged, the attendance seemed in excess of the accommodation in every place, and the emerging of the people from the gloomy period of persecution was everywhere attended by the restoration of Sabbath instruction and Sabbath peace.

It is impossible to travel over such grounds and to call up such pictures as we have faintly attempted to suggest, without the conviction that the institution of the Sabbath is intimately and absolutely associated with the well-being of the whole human family.

XXII.

CONCERNING THE ODD LOGIC OF SMITH THE WEAVER.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

SIR JOHN BOWRING tells us that when he was in Lisbon he was conducted by a monk to the Church of St. Anthony. The armorial bearings of that city are a vessel dismasted, but guided through the waters by two crows,—one seated on the prow, and the other on the stern of the ship; and this is in honour of a miracle said to have been wrought in favour of St. Anthony, the patron Saint of the Tagus, and who, when at sea, sailing on a mission to the heathen, fancied himself lost; for all the crew of the vessel in which he sailed had perished of plague, and he was left, wholly ignorant of navigation, to the mercy of the waves. In his despair, he knelt down to pray, when he saw two black-pinioned birds descend from heaven, one of which seized the rudder, and the other perched on the bow of the ship, and by these he was safely conducted to Portugal. And Sir John says, among the majority of the Portuguese there is no more doubt of the miracle, than of the ordinary events of which they have been witnesses themselves. And the monk who acted as guide, said to Sir John, "Come with me, and I will show you such evidence as shall be irresistible." "We walked," says Sir John, "together under the magnificent arches of the church, between avenues of pillars, on many of which the miracles of the Saint were recorded, and we reached a narrow staircase at the foot of the tower. 'Follow me,' said the monk, 'and fear not.' I ascended after him the long, winding, stone steps; the darkness of the way being only lighted by distant gleams which broke through the narrow interstices left in the thick walls; and on reaching the top, the monk pointed out a huge cage,—it was as large as an ordinary-sized room,—in which were two enormous black crows, gravely seated on a metal bar. 'Look there, señor!' said the monk, and bowed his head reverently before the crows; 'those are the identical birds which brought St. Anthony hither! —and do you doubt the miracle now?'" But Sir John did doubt, and he did not doubt the less in consequence of what he saw; the monk [illegible] the question, and took for granted the thing to be proved. This [illegible] *of Smith the weaver.*

[illegible] text, and Mr. Jacox has also discoursed upon

it in his "Reveries of a Recluse," for indeed there is a good deal that is very pertinent to much of the odd logic of our own and other times. Our readers may remember the quotation:—

"He made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive to this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not."

The wisdom of much of Shakspeare's wit lies, frequently, in the almost unnoticed bye-paths and side-scenes of his pieces; thus, in the curious *logic of Smith the weaver* we have what, absurd as it is, may match itself in many grave, and apparently more venerable authorities. This occurs in the second part of "Henry the Sixth;" Sir Humphrey Stafford, in his interview with the rebel and demagogue, Jack Cade, who claims to be the rightful heir to the crown, says, "Villain, thy father was a plasterer!"

But Cade replies that he was the son of the Duke of Clarence's daughter—one of two sons—he continues:—

> "The elder of them being put to nurse,
> Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
> And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
> Became a bricklayer when he came to age;
> His son am I, deny it if you can."

So far we have Cade's unsubstantiated assertion; but Smith the weaver steps forward to prop the testimony. "*Sir,*" says Smith, speaking of Cade's father, "*He made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not;*" "*and therefore,*" says Dick the butcher, "*he shall be king!*" It is the oddest reasoning; whether Cade's father was the son of Edward Mortimer and the Duchess of Clarence drops out of testimony, but it is certain that he was a bricklayer—that he did put up that chimney. We can fancy the appreciation by the multitude of a piece of evidence so irresistible. Francis Jacox, in remarking upon the same curiosity of reasoning, and its abundance of similar instances—many of them in real life—refers to Dickens's description of the old Maypole Inn, on the borders of Epping Forest, where, as an old legend had it, Queen Elizabeth not only slept a night, but on the next morning, while mounting her horse from a mounting-block standing before the door, severely cuffed the ears of a page for some dereliction from duty. Every legend has its unbelievers, who treat the most respectable and venerable traditions as apocryphal; but whenever a doubt was thrown upon this tradition of the Maypole, the landlord was wont triumphantly to conduct the audacious infidel to the door of the ancient hostelry, and, pointing to the mounting-block, to appeal to its existence as an evidence of the whole transaction, and to ask if he would not be a bold man who should dare to question whether Queen Bess had stood there, in the face of such a material document as that? The cases of the more ancient master and the modern humorist nearly resemble each other; but what is noteworthy is, that a very large amount of what is called respectable and sufficient evidence in this world, is little, if any, better than the *logic of Smith the weaver.*

It is laughable logic—almost as good as the well-known story of the gentleman who, speaking of a nobleman high in rank and fortune, lamented that his wife had no children. A medical gentleman present sympathized with the remark, spoke of the misfortune of having no children, but said he thought he "had noticed it to be *hereditary* in some families!"

A world of instances meets us; there is a very vexed question now-a-days, on which many of the strong minds of France are expending the strength of their logical ingenuity. Who really won the battle of Waterloo? Several works have been written lately for the purpose of settling this interesting question;—notably one by Prince Edward de la Tour d'Auvergne, the object of which is chiefly to show that it is a gross exaggeration to credit the Duke of Wellington with that victory; and that upon the field the Duke exhibited neither prudence, nor foresight, nor a happy disposition of his forces; and the Emperor on the same field exhibited consummate skill and genius;—how then came he to fail while that arch-impostor, Wellington, ran away with all the laurels? And this Prince Edward,—whoever he may be,—argues quite seriously that it was because the Duke of Wellington laid plans so utterly irrational that it was no wonder the Emperor failed to imagine what they were. "Here be mysteries!" Is not this also an illustration of the same odd logic as that of Smith the weaver?

We have always thought one of the most remarkable illustrations of the *logic of Smith* is found in one of the last essays (if not the last) ever written by Cardinal Wiseman. It is the oddest set of instances; it is the queerest piece of reasoning on the subject of the truth of supposed legends and fables. Cardinal Manning has thought it worthy of publication in the first volume of his "Essays on Religion and Literature." It is the beautiful and devout faith of the Church of Rome, that it possesses, at this present time, the head of John the Baptist; but, unfortunately, it cannot be supposed that the great prophet of the desert had three heads; and yet, at this day, three separate churches claim the possession of this interesting relic—the church of St. Silvestro, in Rome, the cathedral at Amiens, and the cathedral at Genoa. Cardinal Wiseman set himself to work to reconcile this apparently irreconcilable confusion in relic worship. It is quite interesting to mark the devotion of the Cardinal to his difficult task. One day, when at Amiens, the bishop said to him: "Would you not wish to see *our* head of St. John?" "I should much desire it," said the Cardinal; and he tells the story how the two went together into the cathedral, closed its gates,—carefully lo[illegible] at, and held in their hands, closely examining this, which was but the [illegible] *of the skull.* The Cardinal says, while looking at it "he could alm[illegible] that he had seen the Baptist when alive!" In Rome, the [illegible] St. Silvestro said to him, "Would you not like to see *our* head [illegible] John?" "Certainly I should," said the Cardinal; "perhaps I [illegible] another opportunity." So this was carefully examined

"proving to be," testifies the Cardinal, "*the back part of the head*"—"the most interesting," he thinks, "because it was there the stroke of martyrdom fell." The third relic—that of Genoa—the Cardinal admits he was so unfortunate as never to have seen; but he has no doubt it would comprise the chin and the jaw, though how these could be wanting in what is *the mask* at Amiens, or how they can constitute *a head*, does not so distinctly appear; and out of all this, carried on very elaborately, with the history of several other relics of a doubtful character, vindicated in the same fashion, a great argument is sustained for the authenticity of all relics, and, of course, for the corresponding dogma of relic-worship. Gravely as it is presented by Cardinal Manning, it must seem to irreverent Protestants ludicrous enough, and, altogether, is a fine illustration of the *logic of Smith the weaver*.

But this odd logic has innumerable illustrations; people reason from their feelings without knowing it, and crowd irrelevant particulars together, and fancy they are producing evidences; like Smith the weaver, who proved to his satisfaction, from the existence of a chimney, the royal genealogy of his ragged acquaintance. All persons are not capable either of observation or comparison; they cannot compare fact with fact; they take the first impression or the first appearance that comes either to hand or to eye.

It is not too much to say that very few minds are capable of sound reasoning. What a famous instance that is,—it ought to be known to most of our readers,—which occurs in the sermons of great Master Latimer—the good Bishop Latimer: "Here, by the way," says the good Bishop, "I will tell you a merry toy." Then he goes on to recite the instance of "Master More,"—that is, Sir Thomas More,—who was sent on a commission into Kent, to try to find out, if it might be, what was the cause of the Goodwin Sands, and of the frequent mischief to shipping which happened there. Sir Thomas called all the country before him—men of experience, and aged men, who might, he thought, throw some light upon the matter; amongst others, he saw one venerable, grey-locked and grey-bearded man, it seemed he could not be less than a hundred years old. Sir Thomas called the old man to him:—

"Ye are the eldest man," said he, "that I can espy in this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye, of likelihood can say most of it, or, at leastwise, more than any here assembled." "Yes, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man, "for I am well-nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age." "Well then," quoth Master More, "how say you in this matter? What think you to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich Haven?" "Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands; for I am old man, sir," quoth he, "and I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking

of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven."

Was not this a rare specimen in real life of *the logic of Smith the weaver!*

In our own age,—as we suppose in every other,—certain persons have fallen into this strange and illogical method of reasoning; in our own time we have met with those, and even educated persons, who have refused to receive as authentic and true the existence of the Gospels, but have been strong believers in spirit-rapping; like the old French postilion who said he could not believe in the being of God, but he did believe in St. Markis of Tours, because he had seen the miracle he had wrought.

A large amount of circumstantial evidence has been of the same inconsequential order; quite innumerable instances we have, of men and women too, who have been hanged upon no better evidence. Popular prejudices have been made up of such testimonies; people who want to make out a case can usually do it after the fashion of the manner in which the wolf convicted the lamb. This space will not permit us to recite the painful story of the great *Calas* tragedy, or the horrible details connected with the mutilation of the cross of Abbeville. Both have been recited at some length in my "Romance of Biography."* So, also, all the persecutions for witchcraft, both in our country and in New England, without a shred of real evidence; poor old women, because they were old and ugly, or young women, because they were young and beautiful, were put to unutterable tortures, and consigned to death in cruel flames through this odd logic. It almost seems as if man in general must be a very unreasonable animal. Let any one take to pieces the assumptions of our modern method of madness—called High Ritualism—with all its stiff, unbending, ecclesiastical pretentiousness, what a very odd affair it is altogether. The discussion, for instance, about the chasuble, the essential garment of the priesthood, the thing which constitutes the priest, which, when the priest puts on, clothes him with priestly attributes. "But, dear sir," we say, "where is there anything in the New Testament about this singularly essential garment?" "Oh, says our respondent, don't you remember the cloak which Paul left at Troas? and don't you remember what a variety of meanings the Greek word which expresses it—*phailones*—has?—a cloak, a portmanteau, a portable writing-case! *Therefore* this was the Apostle's *chasuble!*" The author of "The Battle of the Petticoats" refers to a sermon by Dr. F. G. Lee, in the *Church Times*, for "a calm and lucid analysis" of the word in its relation to modern ritualism, and says, we presume satirically, "This is one of the most pleasing excursions of modern philosophy and searching etymological analysis." However that might be, it is certainly an illustration of the *logic of Smith the weaver*, as is all ritualism when it passes beyond a

* "Romance of Biography." By Rev. Paxton Hood: James Clarke & Co.

due regard to decency and reverential order in Divine service. Trace all the usages with cope and biretta, the changing of parti-coloured robes, but, especially what we, in our state of spiritual and Egyptian darkness, regard as the chief folly, as it is unquestionably the chief topic of dispute among Ritualists themselves—the worship from the north side of the altar—all evaporates through our unrealizing mind into *the logic of Smith the weaver.*

In the very gravest matters *that* is a logic which has to be watched very closely. Thus, Uncle Jack, in "The Caxtons;" not only was he getting into everlasting scrapes himself, but he involved his excellent brother-in-law, Mr. Austin Caxton, in his own ruin through this deceitful will-o'-the-wisp kind of logic. It sounded so plausible, as all the schemes of these pleasant speculators sound. It is true, Mr. Caxton was himself very willing to be taken in. The publication of his great work, "The History of Human Error," at an enormous expense, was to attain to such a tremendous sale, and to achieve for its author such an amazing fame, that, like many another in a similar case, *he did not very carefully examine the premises.* He yielded himself to the sweet seductive voice which "told a flattering tale," and, in a short time, found himself a ruined man. Oh, thou, whoe'er thou art, who perchance, hast at thy banker's a pleasant little sufficient sum, the equation of happiness and content, but who lookest with so much jealousy upon the mansion of Mr. Green, or the carriage and pair of thy wealthy neighbour, the city knight, and who art so often tempted by the syren voices of upstart Companies, with their sonorous promises of high percentages; we know it all sounds so plausible, so easy, and so pleasant; but be thou warned, friend, so it has come about that crowds of comfortable homes and happy lives have tumbled into ruins because their chief has listened to schemes which had not a whit more foundation for their assurances and promises than the *logic of Smith the weaver.*

Carry it into graver logic; look at the science of theology; read Isaac Taylor's admirable essay on "Logic in Theology." Young student, think of those immense figments of the Middle Ages, the theses of the great school-men; how their unsubstantial fetters held in slavery the human mind; or apply the same thought even to modern treatises of scholastic divinity; Isaac Taylor applies it to the venerable name of Jonathan Edwards, and his treatise on the "Freedom of the Will." He says:—

"Up and down that work passages occur, at sight of which one stands aghast; the horror of a great darkness comes upon the soul." He continues: "That unfeignedly Christian man, from the peculiar structure of his mind, and from his training, had learned to abandon himself to the *tyranny of a demonstrative and wordy logic.* Come what might, let all principles and all intentions of piety and moral feelings be outraged, yet if the *logic* be right, if each proposition hangs fast by the heels of the proposition which is its precursor, if all be so, then a belief

which is infinitely worse than the worst blasphemies of atheists is, without a doubt, to be taken to ourselves as true."

And let it always be remembered that such books as the Lives of Christ by Strauss and Renan, which have so greatly influenced multitudes of readers and thinkers, are worthy of just such words as those we have quoted; they are infinite speculations from an *assumed* proposition, and therefore belong to the *logic of Smith the weaver!* Ah! that word *therefore*, what a subtle, artful dodger of a word it is! how you need to watch it! "there stands the chimney his grandfather built and plastered, *therefore* he is the legitimate sovereign of England!" Like the young lady who replied to Julius Hare, when he said he was not well enough to read, "*Therefore*, you will be able to write something for me!" So he did, as you may see in his "Guesses at Truth:"—

> "'*You cannot read, therefore, I pray you write,*'
> The lady said: thus female logic prances,
> From twig to twig; from bank to bank it dances."

And the ingenious and meditative man, playing upon her odd reasoning, follows the curious usage to which we sometimes apply the word *therefore;* as absurd as to say, "*Thou hast no leaves, therefore with flowers grow bright.*" Watch carefully the *therefores* of discussion and conversation, and they will frequently be found to contain as rich absurdities as in the instance of that Scotchman, of whom a story is told by Leigh Hunt. The Scotchman claimed to be a lineal descendant of the Admirable Crichton; and the conclusive proof he assigned was, that he "had a grit quantity of old linen in his family marked A. C. —Admirable Crichton!" But literature teems with such jokes, and so do the hoary pages of historical legend and tradition, reminding us of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne, who, for her sins, was at last transformed by magic into an ugly wooden image before her battlemented castle on the Maine; and who can dare dispute the truth of the legend, for there stands to the present day the ugly old wooden image of the lady! Is not this a proof? Would he not be a daring man who, in the presence of that old wooden image, should doubt the transmogrification asserted in the story? But it is not legend alone; grave history itself is full of things which remind us of—and which we are compelled to regard as veracious and convincing as—*the logic of Smith the weaver.*

XXIII.

CONCERNING BEES.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

"So work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom."

ONE of the finest passages of vigorous description, anticipating much later observation, is that in which Shakspeare describes the working of a hive of bees, drawing from thence an analogy to that large hive, a great State. The passage is so good that we will read it together, especially as, although in Henry V., it is not too well known:—

"Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for *so work the honey bees;*
Creatures, that, by *a rule in nature, teach*
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a *king,* and *officers* of sorts;
Where some, like *magistrates,* correct at home;
Others, like *merchants,* venture trade abroad;
Others, like *soldiers,* armèd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The *singing-masons* building roofs of gold;
The *civil citizens* kneading up the honey;
The *poor mechanic* porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The *sad-eyed justice,* with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy *yawning drone.* I this infer—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosèd several ways.
Fly to one mark; as *many ways meet in one town;*
As *many fresh streams* meet in one salt sea;
As *many lines close* in the dial's centre;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat."

It would not be possible, even in a large volume, to put down a thousandth part of all the wise, witty, and beautiful things which have been said about bees—by Virgil, by Edmund Spenser, by Evans, the laureate of the bee, and innumerable others; their science furnishes one of nature's most pleasant mysteries, compelling us to look up with an admiration which rises to adoration, and, while looking within the hive, to gather, as Shakspeare gathered, hints of lessons which statesmen might apply; for, of all creatures outside the circle of humanity, bees seem among the most, if not the most, wisely political, and teach—

"*The act of order to a peopled kingdom.*"

The literature of bees is very extensive; our readers would be surprised at the rich profusion of references to them and their works, from the most remote ages to the present time; but perhaps nothing finer has ever been said, from Virgil down to the present hour, than in the words of Shakspeare. The most learned book on bees was written in 1657, by Samuel Purchas, Master of Arts and pastor at Sutton, in Essex. We have it before us now; it is curiously entitled, *A Theatre of Political Flying Insects, wherein especially the Nature, the Worth, the Work, the Wonder of the Bee is Discovered and Described*—and yet, although the ingenious author appears to have ransacked every kind of learning, of all lands, and all ages, this fine passage from his own countryman, published only a few years before, escaped his curiously searching eye. Bees have ever been regarded as among the most wonderful of the living ways and works of nature until our own day; but we are so happy as to possess in our midst a gentleman, one Mr. Charles Darwin, who tells us that the difficulty of making the cell of the hive-bee is not nearly so great as it at first appears! All this beautiful work, he says, can be shown to follow from a few simple instincts. Mr. Darwin's passage on the hiving and building of the bee, has always seemed to us one of the finest illustrations of the peculiarity of his mode of thought. Mr. Darwin speaks of the comb of the bee-hive almost with enthusiasm: "Beyond this stage of perfection in architecture natural selection could not lead; for the comb of the hive-bee, as far as we can see, is absolutely perfect in economizing wax." So our writer industriously sets to work to get rid of the difficulty. Mr. Darwin's account of the way in which he conceives the bee at last to have arrived at its marvellous geometric architecture, is quite an illustration of the manner in which, according to his theory, natural selection does the work of God. The honey-bee he believes to be the Mexican *Mellipona*, developed by natural selection. Here is the passage which, perhaps, with its succession of hypotheses and suppositions, may have struck the reader before:—

"Hence we may safely conclude, *if* we could modify the instincts already possessed by the Mellipona, and in *themselves not very wonderful*, the bees would make a structure as wonderfully perfect as that of a bee-

We must suppose the Mellipona to make her cells truly spherical,

and of equal sizes (*two* assumptions), and this *would not be very surprising,* seeing that she does so already to a certain extent, and seeing what perfectly cylindrical burrows in wood many insects can make apparently by turning round on a fixed point. *We must suppose* (another assumption) the Mellipona to arrange her cells in level layers as she already does her cylindrical cells; and *we must further suppose* (*fourth* assumption) that she can somehow accurately judge at what distance to stand from her fellow-labourers when several are making their spheres. *We have further to suppose* (*fifth* assumption)—but this is no difficulty—that after hexagonal prisms have been formed by the intersection of adjoining spheres in the same layer, she can prolong the hexagon to any length requisite to hold the stock of honey. By such *modifications of instinct,* in *themselves not very wonderful,* hardly more wonderful than those which guide a bird to make its nest, I believe that the hive-bee has acquired, through natural selection, her inimitable architectural powers."

And so, as our old nurse used to say, "*Pigs might fly, but they are very unlikely birds.*"

Thus widely different is the sense, the instruction, and lesson derived from the bee-hive, by Darwin, who checks his admiration until he sees very little at all wonderful in it, and Shakspeare, who stands listening to—

"The singing masons building roofs of gold,"

and beholds in them—

"*Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach*
The act of order to a peopled kingdom."

Some men appear to have spent their lives in merely watching the ways and works of bees, and have found the study of this department of insect architecture still inexhaustible. The cell and the comb have ever been regarded, even amongst natural things, as amounting almost to the miraculous. The economy of the cell, the wonderful adaptation and fitness of the shape for all saving purposes, the relation of all the parts to the securing of perfect strength, and the consistency of the whole, the perfect geometry of the cell and the entire comb, are not to be accounted for by any of those tentative and hypothetical notions through which the foppery of modern science seeks a solution; the old reflection is the soundest after all, "God geometrizes" here. A bee-hive has been, through all times, full of moralities; the observing eye has constantly found in it various texts for teaching the true lessons of life. Most various are the lessons these "creatures that, from a rule of nature, teach." Old Æsop gives us a fable, how, the bee-master being absent, one came and stole the combs out of the hive, who afterwards returning found his bees plundered, and, while he stood still awhile to examine and consider concerning the author of it, the bees came home from work, and finding their house robbed, and him standing by, did cruelly fall upon him and sting him, to whom he thus spake: "O you wicked creatures,

you let go unhurt him that robbed you, and punish me who am careful for your safety." Such was the way in which old Æsop read a lesson as he watched the hive of bees. Nature is full of parables, it only needs the observing eye to draw the analogy; but then there must be silence, and quiet thought for this, as Thomas Carlyle says: "*Bees will not work except in darkness, thought will not work except in silence.*"

What may be called the poetry of the hive covers a very large field; and still that may be said which Thomas Fuller said so well, so many years since: "The field wherein bees feed is no whit the barer for their biting, when they have took their full repast, of flowers or grass, the ox may feed, the sheep fatten on their reversions. The reason is, because those little chemists distil only the refined part of the flower, leaving the grosser substance thereof." And thus, the great Samuel Taylor Coleridge, so long after Fuller, and other writers, whom we have quoted, beautifully calls upon us, with an understanding heart to contemplate what he finely designates "the filial and loyal bee," and to "behold, while we look, the shadow of approaching humanity, the sun rising from behind in the kindling morn of creation." "Thus," he continues, "all lower natures find their highest good in semblances, and seeking of that which is higher and better; all things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving." What can be the principle of it all? Here, in the singular cell, we discover the most astonishing political economy, the application of the most refined science, not only the previsions of the division of labour, but the provisions of the most manifold industry, from the sagacity of the far-seeing architect to the humblest and most plodding labour. Samuel Rogers, in his "Pleasures of Memory," in some of his most melodious couplets, links this wonderful little creature to the highest mental attainments of man; and though we a little demur to the metaphysics of the last stanzas, we would assuredly rather indulge in the awed admiration of Rogers, than the *nil admirari* principle of Darwin:—

"Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source,
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of summer scents, that charmed her as she flew!
Hail, memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain."

Whether the bee possesses that faculty which we discriminate as memory, we may indeed doubt, although we cannot know; but it seems more natural and simple interpretation to regard its wonderful works as

the operation of that infinitely attenuated consciousness to which we give the name of God, who thus reveals Himself in this instance as guarding the "least link of Being's glorious chain," and giving us in the same instance the knowledge of—

> "*Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach*
> *The act of order to a peopled kingdom.*"

If we may trust,—and why should we not?—the students of the hive, who have given us in large volumes the results of their observations, probably no city has attained to the wise economy which regulates the bee-hive. There, all is order, and all is industry beneath the government of the great queen. Curious too, to notice the extermination of the drones when the honey becomes scarce. Unlike the great human hive, the drones are not permitted to enjoy the spoil to which they do not contribute; and in a right earnest manner these industrious creatures band themselves together to expel, or put to death, the worthless ones. Those who cannot contribute to the store, are judged to have no right to the inheritance in the common stock; as Shakspeare says, they—

> "Deliver o'er to executors pale
> The lazy yawning drone."

As Virgil said,—

> "All with united force, combine to drive
> The lazy drones from the industrious hive."

Where is the great city which has yet attained to the order of the loyal bee? The hive is a well policed republic in which the janizaries of the law are armed with authority against all laziness; and the two principles of loyalty to the sovereign and industry for the well-being of the State, seem ever to go hand-in-hand. And it has been noticed how, as the principle of loyalty declines, as it does sometimes, there is produced a degenerate hive; this we suppose is usually the case when the queen is dead. The bees, content with their store, indulge themselves in their idleness, and only desire to live; and soon all comes to a bad end, until another sovereign is elected, and they go forth, actuated by the old principles of loyalty and industry, to raise from their ruin and degeneracy another hive.

But so little has been said compared with the multifarious illustrations which crowd upon our memory, though we think sufficient to illustrate Shakspeare's doctrine, that—

> "*The honey-bees*
> *Are creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach*
> *The act of order to a peopled kingdom.*"

Shakspeare also said many other things about bees to which in this sermon we have not referred.

XXIV.

CONCERNING FRUITS, FLOWERS, AND FARMING.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

THERE is a world of parable in plant-life; indeed, one pleasant little volume before us is devoted to this world of analogy;* and the eye that will watch, and the ear that will listen may find plenty of pictures to satisfy the heart, from plants, flowers, and trees. Some trees, as especially in Madagascar, of the order of the palm, are called the traveller's trees, because in the thirstiest parts of that island, the traveller who comes up against this tree, parched and thirsty, has but to strike a leaf-stalk with his spear, and he obtains a copious supply of the most delicious pure, fresh water in the hottest and driest season of the year; another tree is called the holy-tree, because it condenses the air in that dry region into moisture, and then rains it down from its leaves and boughs. Deep in the tropical forests of Panama, blooms what is called the Holy-Spirit plant, the *Spirito-Santo*, or Holy-Ghost flower—a wonderful orchid which bears within itself usually the form of a dove, though sometimes lengthening out into a swan; this beautiful plant spreads out over the trunks of huge decaying trees, covers their deformities with its beauty, drinks up their foul exhalations, and transforms them into the most sweet and delicious fragrance. What a beautiful story there is in the date-palm, in the noble fan-palm, in the sago-palm, and in the bread-fruit tree! And it is not uninstructive to notice that very differing tribes of trees have equal gifts of everlastingness; there are evergreens amongst the burning tropics, and there are evergreens amongst the arctic snows. The palm is the evergreen which defies the burning sun; and the great pine family retains its vigour and its verdure amidst the bleak, barren wilds and raging mists of the North. A large variety of instructive lessons and fresh illustrations may be derived from the rich vegetable world, from the dark mangrove bordering on the swamp and drinking foulness from the stagnant waters; from the bright-coloured flowers on which the flies settle, like coarse vultures seeking for carrion; and the modest, simple, pure flowers, from which the bee and other innocent creatures derive their life and food.

Human life has often been considered as a garden, and there is a fine

* "Rays from the Realms of Nature; or, Parables of Plant-life." By Rev. James Neil. M.A.

sermon to this effect in Shakspeare, in the course of which he makes one of his characters to say,—

> "*Oh! what pity is it,*
> *That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land*
> *As we this garden!*"

Certainly not one of the best-known scenes of Shakspeare, but we venture to think, one of the most sweet and tender, is that in "King Richard II." in the Duke of York's garden at Langley; in which the poor queen in her grief hears the gardener,—we can conceive him, a wise, meditative, simple old man,—occupied amongst his plants and flowers, and giving directions concerning them, as he turns his speech in a very natural manner to moralize concerning his sovereign and his failures in life and government.

Shakspeare has with historical fidelity hit the cause of poor Richard's unhappiness in his ill-conditioned reign; but the passage is so pertinent and beautiful that we may quote it—it is scarcely too long:—

> *Gardener.*—Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
> Which, like unruly children, make their sire
> Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
> Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
> Go thou, and, like an executioner,
> Cut off the heads of too fast-growing sprays,
> That look too lofty in our commonwealth;
> All must be even in our government.
> You thus employed, I will go root away
> The noisome weeds that without profit suck
> The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
> *Servant.*—Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
> Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
> Showing, as in a model, our firm estate?
> When *our sea-walled garden, the whole land,*
> *Is full of weeds;* her fairest flowers choked up,
> Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
> Her knots disordered, and her wholesome herbs
> Swarming with caterpillers.
> *Gardener.*— Hold thy peace;
> He that hath suffered this disordered spring
> Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
> The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
> That seemed in eating him to hold him up,
> Are plucked up root and all.
> *Oh! what pity is it,*
> *That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land*
> *As we this garden!* We at time of year
> Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit trees;

Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself.
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.
Had he done so, *himself had borne the crown*
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Is the extract too long? Read it thoughtfully, young friend, and ponder it well; it is Shakspeare's philosophy of life — and a wise philosophy it is—deduced from the occupations of a flower garden. Why, how often, as we look upon the failures of men, we might burst into the natural and pitiful exclamation:

"Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land,
As we this garden!"

Yes, but who does it? How rare are the instances of those who have cultured life with the same care and vigilance which the wise, intelligent, and patient gardener bestows upon his plants and flowers! This is not the only instance in which our great poet draws his lessons of life from pursuits among the pleasant people of the garden; Shakspeare knew that a man very bad in his actions may be very wise in his perceptions; and we are therefore not surprised to hear that intelligent villain, Iago, say:—

"'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. *Our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners;* so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it *sterile with idleness,* or *manured with industry;* why, the power and *corrigible authority* of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions."

Thus, you see that Shakspeare was no mere Darwinian, no believer in the principle of mere "natural selection;" and that word of his about "most preposterous conclusions," reminds us of a capital, and, as it seems, most incisive passage from that wise and helpful little book, "My Summer in a Garden." By the way, preachers might do far worse than deliver the various *weeks* of that book from week to week in their pulpits; the author says, in what might pass as a real commentary on that last quotation from Iago:—

"Talk about Darwinian theory of development and the principle of ıral selection! I should like to see a garden let to run in accordance th it. If I had left my vegetables and weeds to a free fight, in which tl strongest specimens only should come to maturity and the weaker go wall, I can clearly see that I should have had a pretty mess of it.

It would have been a scene of passion and licence and brutality. The chickweed would have strangled the strawberry; the upright corn, which has now ears to hear the guilty beating of the hearts of the children who steal the raspberries, would have been dragged to the earth by the wandering bean; the snake-grass would have left no place for the potatoes under ground; and the tomatoes would have been swamped by the lusty weeds. With a firm hand I have had to make my own *natural selection.*"

This is common sense, and it is good sense, whether applied to the management of a garden, or the far, *far* more difficult task of tending and training human life. But it is quite astonishing to what an extent that philosophy seems to have gained place amongst us which maintains that weeds are not weeds. We are often reminded of the well-known anecdote Coleridge tells, of his conversation with the celebrated John Thelwall: Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself.

"I showed him my garden," says Coleridge, "and told him it was my botanical garden. 'How so?' said he, 'it is covered with weeds.' 'Oh!' I replied, '*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice; the weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

It may be fairly questioned whether any occupation furnishes such a fine succession of human analogies and moral reflections as that of the gardener; almost every turn of the occupation, as assuredly every season, suggests its own lesson; first, and chiefly in that which Shakspeare has so distinctly pointed out, that reason and will must govern alike in life and in the garden; the air may fold the production of the soil around like liquid gold, and the heavens pour down their wealth of rain or dew, but, for all human purposes, all is vain without culture; therefore, says a writer from whom we have not long since quoted, "A garden is an awful responsibility, you never know what you may be aiding to grow in it;"—for who knows the wonderful meaning lying in every little seed? And who knows the wonderful meaning lying in every soul?

Therefore, says Shakspeare, "*Our bodies are gardens,*" that is, the mere soil; our *will*, the master-gardener; but then there is that subtle something, the soul, the seed; and what this may be depends upon the tutoring and training power of the will. Hence it is the same in planting, tending, and training, or grafting all the "corrigible authorities" in man. There is a deliciously beautiful passage in the "Winter's Tale," tenderly setting forth not only Shakspeare's love for and knowledge of flowers, but blending again the philosophy of life and the occupations of the flower-garden. But we will leave this until we hear Shakspeare speaking among the flowers.

It is also a curious thing to notice that scarcely any other occupation

seems to supply such a propensity for idleness and indifference as that which concerns itself either with the farm or the garden. It has been said, perhaps with less truth to-day than in former times, that no other provides the conditions and necessities of life upon such easy terms; so that the typical farmer seems to have less of energy, promptitude, and calculation than other men, and to yield himself gracefully to entire passivity concerning all new ideas and extra effort. Even on the comparatively successful farm, things were pretty much allowed to run on in a routine wildness, terribly like some men's lives, even when a certain kind of success has attended them; all best possibilities uncultured and untended.

But here a whole troop of proverbs come to instruct, or to reprove: "*Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows up all the virtues;*" "*Idleness is the self-made sepulchre of a living man;*" "*Idleness is the devil's bolster;*" "*Idleness is Hunger's mother, and Theft's brother;*" "*A young man idle, an old man needy;*" "*An idle head is a box for the mind;*" "*Idle brains are the devil's workshop;*" "*Idle folks have most labour;*" "*Idle men are the devil's playfellows.*"

If you are interested in the farm or the garden and the practical lessons they bear into human life, there is a delightfully wise little book which it has done us great good to study, called "The Chronicles of a Clay Farm;" it seems to us to teem with lessons and analogies of the order we are indicating, although the wise author says, discriminating himself nicely,—

"Nature is a schoolmaster that teaches without spelling-books; and if the knowledge that is carried away from school or college were all, heaven help our first-class men and senior wranglers;" and then he discourses in a sage and practical way, on what he calls "The Art of Learning."

Of all men who have united together the ideal and the actual, the poetical and the practical in the life of the farmer and the gardener, that wonderful man, Henry Ward Beecher, seems to us to have said some of the most suggestive and delightful things. We have reprinted in this country his lectures on preaching and his sermons; but who, here, knows anything of that tolerably large book, his "Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming"? or his other volume, called "Star Papers," less practical, but rich in the sweetest truths about gardens and flowers. In the first-named volume, however, it is that he discourses about "*Getting poor on rich land, and rich on poor land.*" He speaks of some men who have such rich land that they will not work it, and never get a step beyond where they began; they rely on the soil,—not on labour, skill, or care,—and wisely he states the difference between a good and a bad farmer thus: "Some men expect their land to work, and some men expect to work their land." And he tells the story of two brothers whom, he says, he knew:—one man, on a cold, ugly, clay soil, only yielding to difficult and deep ploughing, raised, at last, a magnificent

revenue of corn to every acre; while the other brother, settled on a rich, fine bottom land, found his farm declining, and gradually, on every acre, his average of bushels of wheat becoming less and less; at last, meeting each other, the desponding brother said, "How is it that you manage, on this poor soil, to beat me in crops?" "Why," said the other, "*I work my land.*" Thus it is in life; Beecher says, year after year he passed through that country; the farm of the first brother was the only good farm he saw; the other was desolate; fences down, sheds abandoned, and the same old stable door hanging on the one hinge just as he had seen it years before; no change, except for the worse. What a human picture it is! How truly illustrating Iago's word, "The corrigible authority is in our wills." Beecher might have quoted our text,—

> "*Oh! what pity is it,*
> *That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land,*
> *As we this garden!*"

In every department of human history, from the king to the cottager, there are wasted lives. Perhaps, excepting when they are related to the possession of great powers or moving in great places, they are not very distinctly noticed. We have referred to Sheridan already, with his immense variety of gifts, of wit, eloquence, imagination, and even practical wisdom; it is very affecting when we see the old man dying debauched and helpless, and leaving his dead body to be rescued from his creditors by the generosity of a friend. Then look at Charles James Fox, the overwhelming orator, the commander of Senates, the leader of political opinions; a man with whom the great Napoleon conversed as with his peer; but the slave of the dice-box and the betting-table, and therefore, with all his wealth and high connections, perpetually dodging his creditors. Theodore Hook again;—the singular master of every power, sending forth the treasures of his mind and lively versatile fancy *impromptu;* ready at every touch, or every call; so able to read and to satirize the foibles and follies of other men and of society; but himself, it may be feared, not only debauched but depraved—for it is not every debauched man who depraves his moral instincts. Poor Hook was surely his own "Jack Brag"—unable to keep a house, but hiring a door, upon which might figure his name upon a splendid plate, and to which his letters might be addressed. Even poor Beau Brummel, giving laws to the empty fashions of a court, and keeping himself alive by the chances of a card-table; but really owning powers of self-possession, wit, and sarcasm which shone through all his ludicrous and flippant affectations of manner and speech; banished, by debt, to a foreign shore, and ending his days in the miserable *ennui* of a wasted and worn-out career. And that poor Lawrence Sterne,—not merely with such singular capabilities of transcendent genius, but one whose nature was fitted for a life of simple goodness and real tenderness and effective teaching,—leaving his works, with all their genius, a brilliant blot upon our literature; and dying himself almost as a beggar might die—how far less happily than many

beggars die! How the catalogue might be lengthened; but two or three names are as sufficient as fifty for pointing the lesson of the text; and beneath the portrait of each we have mentioned, and many another, we might inscribe the gardener's soliloquy,—

> *"Oh! what pity is it,*
> *That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land,*
> *As we this garden!"*

But let no reader suppose that it is only genius that can thus run wild, or which needs the pruning-knife, or the wise hand to bind up the trailing espalier; it is the lesson for every life. No life can be good or useful which does not submit itself to certain laws; they do not interfere with the freedom of life. Laws are imposed on trees, flowers, men, and women, not to impair or impede freedom of growth, but to promote and aid it. Wild pleasure, as in the case of the wild garden, only becomes unsightly and unprofitable decay. In our country and time, and among our young men, there is a great deal of this unsightly and purposeless living, we will not say in its grosser forms, we leave that out of consideration. *The man who touches a betting-book is a fool;* and there is scarcely a pursuit of vice so likely to deprave the moral instincts at their spring and fountain; and, if we knew a young man beginning to bet, and we could hope our prayers might avail, we would pray that his first betting-book might be a thoroughly unsuccessful one, that he might be saved from that grand decoy and temptation of the father of lies—*a first success*—holding out the inducement to future winnings and ultimate ruin.

No, not alone to great careers and splendid powers does this text from the poet apply. Our ordinary streets, our common professions, our lesser and our larger shops of business, our prisons, are crowded with these wasted lives. We see the house in the city, we saw it many years ago, when its present master was a little lad, when the father and the mother were carefully fighting the battle of life, and striving,—the mother with prayerful anxiety, the father, no doubt, with a keen, worldly, business eye,—striving each to attain the end of life. They were soon separated, and, we hope, soon united again, in another and a better world, as we say. The father died, and left his widow well provided for, and to his children sufficient,—almost what we should call large,—means; and to the eldest son a large and prosperous city business. But we know how things are going; the son has broken away from all the old household habits. He is, as they slang it, *a horsey man,* fond of the steeplechase; his betting-book, it is suspected, is generally pretty full of something or other; lately, his times in his office have become more and more uncertain; when he is away, or comes in late, his clerks or shopmen,—for he has both,—wink at each other, especially when the question is asked e he is, or when he will be in. We wonder how it will end! We have r l so many lives like this in the comparatively private and obscure v s of business, that we should not wonder, should our life be preserved

for some few years, if we may look back upon the thrifty father and the prayerful mother, and have to say of their headstrong boy,—

> "*Oh! what pity is it,*
> *That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land,*
> *As we this garden!*"

Why, the other day, we were reading a packet of letters addressed to a broken-hearted mother, and from whence do you think they were dated? Why, from the condemned cell in Newgate!—written in a fine educated hand, dictated by a far more than ordinarily furnished mind, we will even venture to say, and *heart*. We are afraid to tell the story. Let this suffice: that life ended *there* (on the gallows) in *Newgate;* and it was a life that owned sensibility and taste, and knowledge of many books; and its earlier years had been habituated to a most gentle mother's prayerful guidance, and it all went wild. And we saw a letter from a clergyman, attributing all that sin,—whose wages at last were death,—first of all to the *betting book*. Then the man lost his senses, and then the trail of the serpent was left over the whole life. For the first two or three years the profits of his betting were splendid; as splendid as meteors or marsh-lights; then there came a fatal year, loss of thousands; and a fairly good business weltered directly down into ruin; and ghastly crimes came hovering round the poor victim; and so it all ended there; and,—

> "*Oh, what pity is it,*
> *That he had not so trimmed and dressed his land,*
> *As we this garden!*"

But the text is susceptible of a large variety of applications. Let us close this head of the sermon with the quiet reading of George Herbert's tender meditations, and read with emphasis the two last lines:—

> "Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
> Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
> Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
> To rules of reason, holy messengers,
> Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
> Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
> Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
> Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
> Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
> The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
> Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
> Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.
> *Yet all these fences and their whole array,*
> *One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away!*"

But we have not yet done with the garden, and will linger yet a little among the flowers.

"Here's Flowers for you,"

Says Shakspeare; and at the Spring season of the year it seems a very sweetly fitting and natural thing to find ourselves among the flowers.

We have already been with Shakspeare in the garden, where he gave wise laws to life, and, by gardeners' art, suggested hints for the cultivation of the deeper life of the soul.

But we are with Shakspeare among the flowers, watching their ways, their beautiful attire and variegated form! The flowers of Shakspeare have often formed pleasant and suggestive themes; a great many of them seem almost to have faded from knowledge, or to have changed their names; perhaps in Shakspeare's day there was a more widely extended love of natural and simple flowers than now, not so many of the conservatory, and more of the wild flowers of the garden and the field, associated too with supposed mystical meanings, as old Culpepper teaches. One of the sweetest passages is that in the "*Winter's Tale*," where Perdita speaks:—

"The fairest flowers of the season,
Are our carnations and streaked *gilly'vors* (wallflowers),
Which some call Nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Polixenes. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Perdita. I have heard it said,
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. So there be;
Yet *nature is made better by no mean,*
But nature makes that mean; so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it, rather; but
The art itself is nature.
Perd. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in *gilly'vors,*
And do not call them bastards.
Perd. I'll not put
The dibble in the earth to set one slip of them.
Here's flowers for you;
Hot *lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;*
The *marigold* that goes to bed with the sun,
And, with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.
Now, my fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! *Daffodils,*
That came before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; *violets,* dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale *primroses,*
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold *oxlips,* and
The *crown imperial; lilies* of all kinds,
The *flower-de-luce* being one."

So also our readers will remember the passage in *Hamlet,* where Ophelia recapitulates a number of flowers, giving to them their several mystical properties and associations. "There's *rosemary,* that's for remembrance; pray love remember [Rosemary was considered to have the power of strengthening memory]; and there is *pansies,* that's for thoughts; there's *fennel* for you, and *columbines;* there's *rue* for you, and here's some for me [Rue was meant to express ruth, sorrow]; we may call it *herbgrace* on Sundays, oh you must wear your *rue* with a difference; there's a *daisy;* I would give you some *violets,* but they withered all when my father died."

Shall we not say how tenderly and sweetly Shakspeare loved flowers, as indeed he loved sweetly and tenderly all natural things; how instantly he transfers us to the scene, flowers and odours with their dews and clear waters—as when in a single touch he combines the beauty of music and of flowers,—

"Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."

How sweetly he grouped, as we have seen, a number of flowers together —many of them scarcely recognised by his names now, but making a sweet natural conservatory.

"I know a bank whereon the *wild thyme* grows,
Where *oxlips,* and the nodding *violet* blows,
Quite over canopied with luscious *woodbine,*
With sweet *musk roses,* and wild *eglantine.*"

Nor ought we to omit those fine analogies he has drawn from the beautiful creations of the floral world. When the evil youth of Henry V. is reformed, and he rises to a noble manhood, we are reminded how—

"Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him;
The *strawberry* grows underneath the *nettle,*
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighboured by fruit of baser quality."

And man who nurses criminal thoughts beneath a smiling and pleasing exterior is invoked by his companion in crime

> "To beguile the time
> Look like the thyme. Look like the innocent flower,—
> But be the serpent under it."

In Shakspeare's day all kinds of elegant fancies hovered round flowers. All the plain country folk were Homœopathists. Hahnemann was not born, and his doctrine had not been wrought into a science, but they believed that every plant and flower was appropriated to some part of the body of man. If any doubt the prevalence of this old superstition, then read old Nicholas Culpepper's "Complete Herbal," and be convinced. Shakspeare was full of this old wife's lore—the country was one great wild-flower garden, and he might have said, and doubtless felt with Campbell,—

> "Ye field flowers, the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
> Yet, wildings of nature, I dote upon you."

And he was familiar too with the old-world superstitions about those wild flowers. The melancholy and misanthrophic thistle, and "*ladies' smocks* all silver white," alike became tender and instructive to him. Upon the transformation of a flower he makes the whole action of that wild, sweet, dainty poem, the Midsummer Night's Dream to depend; it is the story of the *pansy*, or the *hearts-ease*.

> "Where the bolt of Cupid fell,
> It fell upon a little western flower,—
> Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,—
> And maidens call it *love in idleness*;
> Fetch me that flower, the herb I showed thee once,
> The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
> Will make a man or woman madly dote
> Upon the next live creature that it sees.
> Fetch me this herb."

Shakspeare elegantly availed himself of the popular fancies and superstitions about these lovely little flowers,—the monks called it the flower of the Trinity,—it was popularly known also as "Three faces under one hood;" and concerning this same flower, the quaint old herbalist, Culpepper, tells us "that its spirit is excellently good for convulsions, for the falling sickness, and a gallant remedy for inflammations of the lungs." This was the spirit in which flowers were studied and their mystical and hidden virtues prized; and quaint, odd, and spiritual analogies read in them in Shakspeare's age. Is it in music, or in flowers, that we become most aware of the point of transition at which a material thing touches the immaterial? The answer to this question will depend upon the peculiar mental or moral constitution of the individual. We think we give our voice for the delicate perception, the exquisite sensibility, which finds a soul in flowers. Shakspeare's references seem alive with this

emotion, similar to that wonderful sensibility in Wordsworth when he says,—

"I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind;
Thro' primrose tufts in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes;
The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air,
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there."

Happy the heart which can feel this!

Much of this is altered; the sweet and innocent taste for flowers is decayed; few men care for flowers, and many who care for them, care more in proportion to their cost than their commonness. The time has come when flowers are rather estimated by their rarity. Yet the love of flowers reveals a sweet and simple fountain of happiness within.

"I love," says Henry Ward Beecher, "I love a flower that all may have, that belongs to the whole, and not to a select and exclusive few. Common, forsooth! a flower can no more be worn out by much looking at, than a road is by much travel. How one exhales and feels his childhood coming back to him, when he sees orchards and gardens in sheeted bloom—plum, cherry, pear, peach, and apple—waves and billows of blossoms rolling over the hill-sides, and down through the levels! My heart runs riot; this is a kingdom of glory. The bees know it. Are the blossoms singing; or is all this humming sound the music of the bees? Such a sight is equal to a sunset, which is but a blossoming of the clouds."

Every flower is a poem, but then, like all other poems, it needs an eye to read it and a heart to feel it. Hence poets have *said*,—and the volume would be a very large one which should attempt to record all the sweet things which poets have said about flowers,—especially they have *written* their sweetest verses upon the most common flowers. James Montgomery's poem was the daisy.

"There is a flower, a little flower,
With crimson crest and golden eye,
Which welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky;
On waste or woodland, rock or plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise.
The rose has but a summer's reign,
The daisy never dies!"

Wordsworth sung sweetly about the daisy too. But we always think of the small celandine, or common pilewort, as Wordsworth's flower:—

"There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine;
Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star,
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out;
Little flower! I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer."

And some have delighted to sing the praises of the more glaring and gorgeous flowers. We never see the gladiolus, that fine soldier-like flower, but we think it might be apostrophized in some such strain as Aldrich's verses on the tiger lilies:—

"I love not lady slippers,
Nor yet the sweet-pea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red, or white as snow.
I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow.

"And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window,
And watch them glow and glisten;
How they burn and glow!
Oh for the burning lilies,
The tender Eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in my garden grow!"

Which verses of fine poetic enthusiasm over the more glaring and brilliant flower, remind us that in life there is a showy and audacious piety which satisfies itself rather with *desiring* than *doing*, and concerning which we have a like parable at hand, which we have selected from a friendly volume, from which we have already quoted, and which we will call—

Amen.

Two pious sisters, *Desire* and *Prayer*, one day visited a certain personage by the name of *Pocket*. The same was a member of a large and influential family of Pockets; some of whom were of a most generous disposition, free in giving and liberal in every good cause that sought support; whilst some others were remarkable for their narrowness of mind, and therefore indisposition toward any charity, however worthy, that asked for aid.

After a little conversation on general topics, *Prayer* remarked on the interest she took in the state of the poor heathen, "perishing for lack of knowledge."

"Oh that they might be saved!" breathed *Desire*.

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"I am longing for the day when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," remarked *Desire* with much fervency.

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"And, seeing such glorious time will come, I have felt encouraged to ask the King so to order events as to open the way in such direction," remarked *Prayer.*

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"I have begged of the King to hear our daily petition, '*Thy kingdom come,*'" said Prayer.

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"It is promised, that through the Gospel, the Lord Jesus Christ 'shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth,'" observed *Desire.*

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"How is it to be brought to pass?" asked *Prayer.* To which *Desire* replied, "By the blessing of God on the united efforts of the Church, and the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit:—Oh that the day were come!"

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"Ask of Me, and I shall give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," said *Desire,* in the words of promise, unto *Prayer.*

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"God alone can effect this mercy," said *Desire;* "and that He may bless His word preached to the perishing, in order 'that they may be saved,' we must send them men after God's own heart."

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"Which good servants of the Lord must be sustained in their great work," observed *Desire.*

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"They are men subject to human infirmities; who require habitations; who hunger and thirst, and need food and raiment. And I trust warm hearts and liberal friends will be found to administer according to their wants, knowing that 'the labourer is worthy of his hire.'"

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"We are to-day making calls on the benevolent to aid in this glorious work of the world's evangelization," remarked *Desire* and *Prayer.*

"Amen," said *Pocket.*

"We have therefore come to ask your contribution for the spread of the Gospel, the salvation of the heathen, and the glory of the Redeemer," said *Desire.*

"Ahem!" said *Pocket.*

"The work cannot be carried on without money," observed *Desire.*

No reply from *Pocket.*

What amount shall we say for you, sir?" asked *Desire* very sweetly.

No answer from *Pocket*.

"You said 'Amen' just now to all our matters of petition," remarked *Desire* and *Prayer* together: "the best proof of your love to the cause is in cheerfully assisting its support, and therefore giving as the Lord in His mercy has prospered yourself."

"Cannot afford it really," at last *Pocket* answered, very anxious to get rid of his visitors.

"Then, after all, you wish us to understand you leave the Lord's cause to the support of others, and to excuse yourself."

"Amen," said *Pocket*.

But, as widely different, and illustrating how even in dark heathen minds a great desire fulfils itself, in determined, much-enduring, self-sacrificing energy—alas! how often it finds itself foiled by the inconsistency of professing Christians; but how human effort fulfils itself at last in a fine fruition, and the "bread cast upon the waters is found after many days," we have seldom met with a more astonishing story than—

The Mission of the Four Flat-head Indians in Search of the White Man's Book.

We must condense into our own language the story of "The Visit of the Four Flat-head Indians to St. Louis." It was in 1832. They travelled from Oregon, three thousand miles, on a remarkable mission. They were of those tribes of Indians who had seen the wonderful march of English conquest through the woods. In their solemn meetings around their council fires, beneath their grand o'erhanging mountains, and in the shady solemnity of their forest trees, they had wondered much how it was that the slow, silent, but nevertheless sure march of the white man was outstripping them in their native wilds. They had heard that the white man had a Book, and that it was the Book of God, the Great Spirit, and at last they determined to send a deputation—two of the chief Sachems, or wise men, of the tribe; and two young braves were added, remarkable for their courage, sagacity, and endurance, and they were to do their best to guard the two old fathers through the long and perilous journey. That was how it came to pass that the four Flat-heads appeared in St. Louis. We may well find in all this a pathetic resemblance to the call of the Macedonian, "Come over and help us!" It was a long and painful journey; they passed through the country of hostile tribes, resting in the shadows of the woods all day and travelling all night. The fires they kindled were feeble, lest they should lead to discovery; but by the flickering flame the four sat, or slept, or watched silently, as the stars watched them. Thus through many, many moons—no one knows how many—they travelled, if, perchance, they might find the secret of the white man's Book, the Book of the Great Spirit. Strangers, they arrived

at last in St. Louis, where their appearance did not excite much surprise, not so much surprise as they felt when they saw the great "fire-canoes" going up and down the river without oars, or as they looked upon what seemed to them the vast wigwams in brick, and wood, and stone; but the surprising sights did not detain them from their sacred errand, as they glided up and down and in and out among the streets, seeking for one man to whom they would deliver their message. The one man was General William Clarke. Nearly thirty years before, he had been over the mountains, and had left a high and honourable reputation behind him among the Flat-heads, as a friend to the Indians. He was a grand and brave character, it seems; also, he was now high in office in St. Louis; but how far likely to aid these poor pilgrims in their search for the white man's Book, was, may be, another matter. They delivered their message to him, which was simply that, by the direction of their tribe, they had come their long journey to get the white man's Book, which would tell them of the white man's God and of heaven. How long they stayed in St. Louis is not known, excepting that the two old men took up their last and permanent residence there. They died before they had been long in the city, and one of the young braves died soon after his return to his own people; so that it seems as if their mission had been a failure. St. Louis has the reputation of having always been kind to the Indian tribes; but then the prevailing sentiment in the old city was papal. Rome is principled against the dissemination of the Scriptures, and so the poor Flat-heads could not find the Book. But when the two old Sachems were dead, and the two young braves were about to set forth upon their return journey, there was a ceremonial leave-taking in the council-room of the house of the American Fur Company, and there General Clarke received a farewell address from one of the two surviving Indians; and that address goes straight to the heart of the reader, and is worthy of being quoted with the celebrated piece of Indian eloquence attributed to Logan, the Indian chief:—

Seeking for the White Man's Book: A Noble Piece of Indian Eloquence.

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came, with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people, who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind, to my blind people? I made my way to you, with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with us—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by your great water and wigwam. They were tired in many moons, and their mocassins wore out. My people sent me to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the Book was not there. You took me where

they worship the Great Spirit with candles, and the Book was not there. You showed me the images of good spirits and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. I am going back the long, sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my mocassins will grow old in carrying them, but the Book is not among them. When I tell my poor, blind people, after one more snow, in the big council, that I did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men or by our young braves. One by one they will rise up, and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to the other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no white man's Book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

But although the mission of the four Flat-head Indians seemed to fail, it did not. The poor Indians never saw the result of their mission, yet the destiny of Oregon turned upon it; and altogether this is one of the most romantic chapters in American history. The mournful refrain, "The Book was not there," had a sympathetic hearer in a young clerk who was in the office. He told the story with some sympathy in a letter to friends at Pittsburg. The letter was shown to Catlin, the Indian traveller and explorer. He said, "Give the letter to the world," and it was done. Catlin enriched his Indian gallery with portraits of the two Indians, and a mission was formed; and two young missionaries, the Rev. H. H. Spalding and Dr. Whitman, set forth with their young wives on a long bridal tour, to carry the white man's Book to the heart of the Indian wilderness. And, marvellous to relate, the mission of the four Flat-heads, and the missionary bridal tour, which came out of it, were the commencement of the acquisition of the Territory of Oregon for the United States.

XXV.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

"SLANDER," says Lord Lytton, "*is the adder that dwells in cities.*" But, unless villages themselves are sadly libelled, they also foster nests of the same dangerous reptile. Scandal is, however, a very peculiar reptile. It does not appear to be malignant; it is purely mischievous, and very frequently occupies itself with its meanness purely from the want of other occupation, and the need of saying something. Sir Arthur Helps has some odd remarks on calumny, in reply to somebody who, as Milverton said, in the paper to which we refer, in the second series of the "Friends in Council," was making a great fuss about being calumniated.

"No one can exaggerate the power of calumny, or follow out her busy waifs and singular ingenuity without mixed feelings of awe and admiration. How clever she is, for instance, in making use of dull, ignorant, and idle people, using them as the conduits to conduct, and the feeders to multiply the accidental remarks and jokes and malice of cleverer people, so that she fertilizes the whole groundwork of society with injurious reports, which cannot be well contradicted, about her victims. Let any transaction be as white as a hound's tooth, she can so adroitly discolour it that the original whiteness may never be restored. Calumny herself," continues the speaker in his vein of ironical banter, "has been a most calumniated party, it is time that something should be said on her behalf. See the good that she has done! Consider the comfort that she has been to mankind! She makes men happy by giving them a grievance. Even the worst of us, forgetting what might truly be said against us, rejoice in the fact that the things that are said are for the most part calumnious; the bandit to whom seventeen murders are charged admits that he has had three or four accidents, but appeals to his wife, whether he is not a calumniated man, and feels that society has done him a great wrong in charging the whole seventeen upon him."

In similar vein of clever banter this pleasant writer proceeds, some distance further, in showing that scandal is a mode of the benevo-

lent interest which men and women take in each other. Assuredly this disposition to scandal does show how low and little, how trivial and ludicrous are many of the things and pursuits which seem to have such an abiding interest for the dwellers in society. It is possible that a great deal of scandal and calumny may be scarcely worthy of the name of poison. But strong acids are not pleasant, and, on the other hand, there are scandals which do burn like an acid; they effectually blister, or, perhaps, eventually and entirely destroy a reputation. Shakspeare knew this, and really he has described the thing to the very life, when Hamlet charges his friend Horatio:—

> "That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
> With arms encumbered thus, or thus head shake,
> Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
> As, 'Well, we know;' or, 'There be,' and 'If there might;'
> Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
> That you know aught of me."

Shakspeare, in "Othello," has made the action of his story to turn upon a deliberate and evil insinuation; but this was not scandal, it was a crime of a higher order—it was, as compared with scandal, what a great forgery is to petty larceny; but, in Don John, in "Much Ado About Nothing," he has given to us one of the purest specimens of causeless malignity in mischief-making, as Dogberry says of the whole mischief: "Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly." The poor, beautiful lady, Hero, wrongfully accused, as Dogberry says again: "Flat burglary as ever was committed, O thou villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this." Our poor, stupid friend, Dogberry, imagining himself to be the sum of all wisdom, knowing very little of what he was talking, but scattering about a quantity of purposeless words, most of them misused, is a very fair picture (although this was not Shakspeare's intention) of the scandal-maker and slander-lover of all time. It is very beautiful,—nothing of the kind more beautiful,—than the picture of the sweet, shrinking, Lady Hero in the grasp of a cruel and foul calumny, and the pitiful cry which rises from her, especially when she has to admit how the falsehood looks so like truth:—

> "O God! defend me! how am I beset!"

is the exclamation which has gone up from many. How often has that attestation of the Friar been true of many another, caught in a similar coil of injustice:—

> "I have marked
> A thousand blushing apparitions start
> Into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
> In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
> And in her eye there hath appeared a fire,
> To burn the errors that these princes hold
> Against her maiden truth."

"What shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?" says the Psalmist; and we suppose the images next employed are intended to describe the consequences of those random words which slanderers fling about in their sport—"sharp arrows of the mighty, and coats of juniper." That is a very wonderful Scripture, "*If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.*" It is significant, the tongue is the test of health; not more truly is the glass in the hall the test of weather. You go and rap it, so that it may give its exact testimony. It is like the physician examining the tongue of a patient. "Put out your tongue," he says; and in a second his practised eye has taken a diagnosis of the entire case. There is so much in a clean tongue! How few of us could stand this moral tongue-test. "*This tongue,*" says a Bengalee proverb, "*is a sweeper's shovel;*" and another Hindoo proverb says, "*If your foot slip, you may recover your balance; but if your mouth slip, you cannot recall your words.*" One Scripture draws, in a single sentence, several bad things to describe the evil tongue. "*A man that beareth false witness against his neighbour is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow.*" And yet this "*scandal is a thing,*" says another proverb, "*which one half the world takes pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.*"

Shall we quote here George Herbert's words?—

> "Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
> Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both;
> Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
> The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
> Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
> A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby."

Sheridan, in the "School for Scandal," in the character of Mrs. Candour, has sketched, with inimitable strength, the slanderer for whom Mr. Thackeray, in his way, professes so high an admiration, as he says:—

"With what smiles and curtesies ladies can stab each other; with what innocent dexterity they can let fall the drop of poison into the cup of conversation, and hand round the goblet, smiling, to the whole family to drink, and make the dear domestic circle miserable."

Yet, in the character of Mrs. Candour, Sheridan has delineated the very epic of slander: "Whenever," says Joseph Surface, "I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence." It is to be supposed we most of us know that excellent lady, almost may it be said, "*Chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not escape* CANDOUR." "People will talk," says she, "there's no preventing it." "She murders characters to kill time, and will rob young lives of their good name before they have years to know the value of it."

She is the Mrs. Grundy whom we know so well; and when Candour appears in the conversation, you may truly say, "*Set a chair for Mrs. Grundy.*" Subtly she winds herself into conversation with graceful and winning ease, offends nobody, is altogether impersonal, never expresses

her own opinion, only grief-fully repeats reports. It is true she has an awkward way of so confounding the relations of things that they become exaggerations and misrepresentations; she is the shadow of modern conversation, as it was said, "She does far more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree," there is no escaping her, as we said, "*Chaste as ice, pure as snow, thou shalt not escape* CANDOUR."

Very truly has the tongue been called an "unruly member;" very truly has it been said to need a bridle. We have seen how one of the Apostles makes the whole religious life to turn upon the tongue: "If any man seemeth to be religious and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain." An old English poet says:—

> "I never yet did read of any
> Undone by hearing, but by speaking many."

As another old poet says:—

> "If you your lips would keep from slips,
> Five things observe with care;
> *Of whom* you speak, *to whom* you speak,
> And *how*, and *when*, and *where*."

The proverb says:—

> "*The tongue walks where the teeth speed not.*"

And another wise old proverb says:—

> "*You're safe if you keep your tongue behind your teeth.*"

> "What a single word can do!
> Making life seem all untrue,
> Blighting every flower that grew;
> What a single word can do!"

Put Out Your Tongue.

A story is told of Dr. Rippon, one of the predecessors of Mr. Spurgeon, and is sometimes attributed to Dr. Gill.

An old lady of his flock once called upon him with a grievance. The Doctor's neck-bands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humility; and after a long harangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought her scissors with her, and would be pleased if her dear pastor would allow her to clip them down to her notions of propriety. The Doctor not only listened patiently to her lecture, but handed her over the offending white bands for her to operate upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction, and returned the bibs, it was the Doctor's turn. "Now," said he, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also." "Yes, that I will, Doctor; what can it be?" "Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate; what is it; here are the scissors, use them as you please." "Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, *put out your tongue*."

Did any one ever escape calumny? How should they?

lives limp, however little, are sure to be made the subjects of little neighbourly observations and criticisms; and those who are immaculate—as the text says, "*Chaste as ice, and pure as snow*"—on account of their very virtues must furnish the chatterers with their texts. How the same spirit of slander and detraction comes out frequently in the life of the reviewer! It has been said, "*No beggar is so poor, but he can keep a cur; and no publisher so beggarly, but he can keep a critic.*"

> "Were writers perfect, critics were undone,
> With them the greatest fault is—*to have none*,
> On specks alone and blemishes they live,
> On foulest blood as leeches fastest thrive;
> Self-constituted kings of A, B, C,
> Shielded in their majestic title—*We*.
> In solitary garret they reside,
> Which with *congenial* spiders they divide;
> Like *them* in flimsy *lines* their labours ply,
> And catch an author as *these* catch a fly." *

Seeing, then, that the case is so, that we cannot escape calumny, the next thing is with equanimity to bear it. Tennyson, in one of the sweetest of his poems, "The Grandmother," has simply expressed a great truth when he says, or makes the village parson say:—

> "That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
> That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
> But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

It is rather a ludicrous consolation which sometimes persons take to themselves when they are the victims of false reports. We have heard them say, "And the worst of it is, there is not a word of truth in it;" nay, that must be the best of it.

> "He that hath light within his own clear breast,
> May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day."

And seeing that in this way we all have to suffer,—for "thou canst not escape calumny,"—a large part of the art of a happy life, must be in taking scandal in a spirit of not merely Christian but philosophic fortitude. Take it for granted, good brother, that *you* do not escape. No doubt it is hard to bear. Sometimes calumny means a loss of income, of property, of position, a loss of character; it is not easy to grin and bear it. There are slanderers who go about like ravening wolves, seeking what characters they may devour. And where the words circulated have not this malignant sting, we do very well know how men, not less than women, as they meet together round the table after the cloth is removed and, with their wine and walnuts before them, shrug their shoulders and elevate their inscrutable eyebrows, and look their suspicions, and laugh their innuendoes; they do it with you and they do it with all of us. Do we also go through the same pleasant feats with one another?

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* "Hypocrisy: a Satire." By Rev. C. Cotton. 1812.

That graphic writer, Edward Eggleston, in the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," has a chapter entitled "The Devil of Silence;" and he speaks of a man whose face was a "neutral tint," "neither his face nor voice expressed anything," but who was able to convey his meaning in an invisible, intangible way; who did not speak twenty words, but satisfied the great newsmonger of the village, that the good character he wanted effectually to blister was a bad one, and worthy of all suspicion. That is the way to do it, that constitutes the æsthetics and science of slander.

"Who can refute a sneer?" says Paley. "If all men," says Pascal, "knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world." "*A whisperer separateth chief friends,*" says Solomon.

No; we cannot escape it, and we do not know very well how to look for it, or where to detect it. And there are very religious people who do an extensive business in this way; for, as Eggleston remarks again of two of his characters, "Miss Sawyer was a Methodist, and likewise a Christian; Miss White was a Methodist, but I fear she was *not likewise.*" And although it seems an uncharitable verdict, it is not too much to say that very few of us "are likewise." We pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin; we put up churches and chapels, give at collections, and teach in Sunday schools; but we neglect those other matters connected with the ninth commandment of the Decalogue; and in what innumerable ways we *do* bear false witness against our neighbour!

"*Thou shalt not escape calumny.*"

Calumny is often so polite, so grief-ful; we have known calumny even prayerful; we have heard men turn a prayer in a prayer-meeting or in a pulpit into a piously-edged calumny and libel; some people call the pulpit "Coward's Castle," because ministers have used that rostrum to urge accusations to which the place precluded a reply. It may have been so; but there are other cowards' castles besides the pulpit, and the slanderer has usually been wont to entrench himself round in such a manner that, at last, as the murderer in plan and design, exclaimed to the spectre, "Thou canst not say that I did it;" so he, if the injurious report be traced to him, may exclaim with a self-possessed smile, "Thou canst not say, I said it." Yes, there is a science, there is a School for Scandal. This is the subtle power, like that of the old mystic poisoners, who conveyed their drug, so dreadful and deleterious, in a scented glove, in a ring, in a lozenge or a pastile, in a slight drop, in some exquisite colour and exquisite taste—

> "So they carried pure death in an earring, a casket,
> A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket."

Who then can escape calumny? The holiest life of all was not exempt, His sweet human cheerfulness was denounced as gluttony and drunkenness; and because, in a Divine sense, He received sinners, in an evil sense He was said to be a "friend of publicans and sinners." Who can [illegible] barbed shafts of the careless and the envenomed

tongue flinging about its fire-brands, arrows, and death, and saying blandly, "Why, I was only in sport!" Truly, sometimes we exclaim, as we hear such things, with the Psalmist, "What shall be given unto thee, what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?"

No; make up your mind to it, you cannot escape it. Then let us be quick-eyed and thick-skinned. If there be a science of calumny, let us adopt equally a science by which in our most sacred nature we may foil its venom. As the Venice glass was said to shiver when the poison touched it; so, to foil the malice and the calumny of the unjust and calumnious man or woman, let us watch where the calumny may yet seem to have a tint of truth in it; and if we be compelled to go on in an atmosphere laden with false impressions, let us walk on like men compelled to walk through driving rains or snows, but clothed against the tempest, and keeping a warm and cheerful heart within. And the slanderer may do us good if he strengthen us thus, making us watchful and strong, saving us from the utterance of shallow judgments, and careful ourselves against the utterance of false imputations; and as we have been unable to escape calumny, even perhaps when our motives and intentions were of the purest and the best, we have gained something if we have been taught to form kind and pitying judgments, and ourselves, "keeping the door of our lips," to exercise a wise reticence and a kind restraint of speech. Robert Burns, in one of his wisest poems, preaches a little sermon we might all apply and practise—

"Then gently scan your brother man,
  Still gentlier, sister woman:
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
  To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
  The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
  How far perhaps they rue it.

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
  Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
  Each spring—its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
  We never can adjust it;
What's *done* we partly may compute,
  But know not what's *resisted*."

XXVI.

PARABLES FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY.

IN old times a Christmas song was the first announcement of the dawn of the day,—

"On Christmas-day in the morning."

Bourne, in his "Antiquities," says, "As soon as the morning of the Nativity appears, it is customary among the common people to sing a Christmas Carol, which is a song upon the birth of our Saviour, and generally sung from the Nativity to Twelfth-day." This custom, he adds, seems to be an imitation of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, or "Glory be to God on High," etc., which was sung by the angels as they hovered over the fields of Bethlehem on the morning of the Nativity; for even that, as the learned Bishop Jeremy Taylor observes, was a Christmas Carol. As he says, "Those blessed choristers sung their Christmas Carol and taught the Church a hymn, to put into her offices for ever on the anniversary of this festivity." The festivity of Christmas is a sentiment that rules the world—"an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." Somehow it has so happened that the brighter legends of all the nations, especially of the northern nations, have come to be drawn into Christmastide, constituting the poetry of Christmas; as if those wilder, sweeter legends, and national fancies of cheerfulness, love, goodwill, religion, and immortal hope were supposed to find some interpretation in this great birthday. Christmas-day is a sentiment; it is true, it constitutes a great historical commemoration, and it is a commemoration upon which all infidelity as to the person of Christ goes to pieces. Robert Browning, in his noble poem on Christmas-day, satirizes the German Professor whom he [illegible] in a perplex[illegible], preaching on this day, and attempting to [illegible] wonderful birth. And he tells how he was [illegible] occasion for bidding adieu to the puzzled [illegible] puzzled who do not cut the knot of the [illegible] the anniversary of a Divine birth—"the [illegible] among us." But keeping Christmas- [illegible] a sentiment. Everywhere it is [illegible] evergreen branches, candles [illegible] and blazing yule logs; and what [illegible] is still through the Tyrol

and other parts of Germany—the kindling of the Christmas brand or log; it is celebrated in some of our old verses—

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn,
Which quencht, then lay it up agen
Till Christmas next return.

"Part must be kept wherewith to blend
The Christmas log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there."

But the oddest part of the fancy is, that the best part was to be burning all night, "to keep the Divine Infant from the cold," so that if it burnt low, or was extinguished, it was said,—

"Jesus is Cold," "The Christ is Cold;"

and truly it may be thought the thing is, or was not without its meaning. And we have heard a story of a miserable soul who, although he had plenty of wealth, lived in a wretched manner, on bad terms with himself, and therefore on bad terms with everybody about him. He did not like Christmas-time at all; he said it was a bad invention, the only reason of which was, that it put ideas into people's heads for the purpose of coaxing money out of their pockets. So he kept his Christmas all alone—he begrudged even the bit of wood for his miserable grate—and he just paid a little obedience to the usage of the day by choosing one of the smallest clumps, which he kept from blazing up into a bright flame; and he sat there by the side of what scarcely deserved the name of a *fire*-place, himself shivering, and so he went off to sleep. Now, while he slept he dreamed that he heard a voice in the room, and, looking up, he saw a little child, and he knew by the glory that surrounded it that it was Jesus; and the child said, as he fixed his wonderful eyes on the old man, "*Jesus is cold.*" Now, the old man had no great amount of religion to boast of; but still he bestirred himself a little, and tried to kindle his poor stick into a flame; but the child came no nearer to the fire, and stood still in the distant part of the room, and said, "*Jesus is cold.*" "Then, why don't you go to the farmhouse down the lane?" said the old churl; "you'll be warm enough there." "But," said the young child, "it is you who make me cold—oh, you are so cold, you make me cold." "Then, what can I do to warm you?" said the old man. "You must give me a golden coin," said the young child. "Well, there's my money-chest; I can trust you to take it; you can open it without the key, I'll be bound." "Oh, yes, I could open it; but you must give me the key." So the old man fumbled a long time, but at last he found the key, and he gave it to the young child, and he took out the golden piece. But now a miracle happened, for as the young child held up the gold piece, lo! the dull and dingy old room became bright and cheerful, and a

quantity of fuel such as had not been in the old grate for many years kindled up into a cheerful blaze; but, still more singular, the young child himself began to set off the room in a kind of gay attire. First, he put up some trim bits of laurel and holly, saying, "That is for *life;*" and then he put upon the shelf two tall candles, saying, "These are for *light;*" and then he gave the fuel another stir, and as the blaze rose higher he said, "That is for *love.*" But the strangest thing of all was when, opening the door, the child brought in a young widow who lived in the lane hard by, and a rheumatic old man, and the orphan children; and the table was spread, and, as they all sat down to a merry meal, the young child said, "*Jesus is warm now;*" and the old man, quite startled and amazed, said, "Oh, Lord, I think I am warmer, too;" and then all in a moment, although the feast remained the same, and the lights, and the holly, and the fire, and the guests continued their enjoyment, the little child suddenly became a child no longer, and the old man was awed, as he knew by undoubted signs that it was the Lord in all His manlike and Divine majesty. "Know, then," said He, "that although I am in heaven, I am everywhere; for everywhere is heaven if I am there. But know also, that although I cannot suffer as I once suffered—and you cannot know what I mean—when My children are cold, and hungry, and tired, My human body which I have with Me in heaven is hungry, and cold, and tired too; and whenever My children are made to be well-fed, or warm, or happy, or even cheerful, I feel it too—then *Jesus is warm;* and even in the little nameless acts of love, like offering a flower, or kindling a fire out of love to Me, I know it all. Did I not tell you, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me'? and so *Jesus is warm.*" The legend does not tell us how it befell the miserable sinner to whom this dream was given. Let us hope it converted him. The curious old Church legends are often full of nonsense; but in this there is surely a lesson for the day, and not a bad question for any house while the merrymaking is going on, and the bright log is burning, may be, "*Is Jesus cold?*"

We said that Christmas is not theological; it is a Divine sentiment; it is the season of practical cheerfulness and benevolence. As St. Augustine says, "Be glad in the things which God orders, that you may be glad in the Lord; be glad in faith, be glad in hope, be glad in love, be glad in mercy, be glad in hospitality, be glad in purity—all these are good treasures of the inward man, gems, not of the chest but of the conscience. Love to be rich in those riches which you can never lose by shipwreck; be glad, and rejoice in the Lord!

This is a wonderful season, and it is only the Science of Faith which can a little elucidate the mystery of it. The birth of a quite obscure infant, the child, apparently, of very poor parents, in an obscure province of a by no means very important nation, nearly two thousand years ago, has filled all the ages since with certain luminous effects; has created

what we call a Christian civilization; has sharply cut off and separated the ancient from the modern; and, at the present moment, after all these ages have passed away, it influences more decisively the loftiest thought and the deepest feeling of the greatest and most active nations and peoples upon the face of the earth. Really, taking all the circumstances of that birth into consideration, and contrasting them with the universal sentiment awakened by what we call Christmas-day, most of the so-called evidences of Christianity pale before this annual institution, in which the festive and the devotional so singularly meet and embrace each other. If it shall seem to some, rather disposed to sneer, that upon this day the festive gets the better of the devotional, we may still remember that a fine, humane, and humanizing influence underlies and colours almost all our festivities. Nearly two thousand years ago a little infant was born. Somehow, to commemorate the event, all over Christendom friends meet, old foes shake hands with each other; life realizes, if it be only a temporary, still a pleasant sense of happiness and cheerfulness. Evergreens are plucked, and twisted round objects in the humblest rooms, as if to give a promise of renewed spring and immortality even in the wild winter of life. Where friends cannot see each other, messages are sent, and cards are scattered about, bearing a missive of love to those who are far distant. In the old feudal days the baron's hall smoked with the goodly cheer, and the rafters rang with the merriment of intermingling ranks, which then, for one brief day, were permitted to forget their differences quite naturally; and, giving no occasion for rebuke or forgiveness,—

> "A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
> The poor man's heart through half the year."

Perhaps, in many districts, such festivities as these linger still; but where they do not—and new times have created new manners—this day, in almost every district of our England, and especially in our crowded cities, gives dinners to the poor, sets a sorrowful heart rejoicing, if only for a few hours. Churches devoted to Christian worship are trimmed and tastefully decorated; young hearts meet pleasantly together; those who can seize the opportunity hurry away through many long miles, to see the dear old father and mother by the old fireside; schools break up, and the youngsters, with right goodwill, hie their way home. Worship, Devotion, Festivity, Love, Forgiveness, Generosity, like a band of sacred sisters, wreathe a sort of choral dance round all Christendom on this day; tears and laughter, in no unhappy, but most happy blending, mingle in millions of households—and all because it is believed that long ago a pair of wonderful little eyes looked out upon the world, heralded by angel music, greeted by a tender mother's human kiss, and worshipped by the wise men from the far East, with their gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Since the hour of that auspicious birth, almost all things on the earth seem to have altered; nor is it less remarkable to remember that things have remained unaltered only where the power of that birth has not

touched. We can see what they were doing almost all over the earth while the angels were chanting their Christmas carol. Rome, the great iron despot, held all parts of the Roman world beneath her spell of paganism and idolatry, her government of mastery and force; her couriers were bearing her mandates hither and thither, quite ignorant of the little baby fingers which, in the course of a century or two, were to crumple up all the power of her edicts, and to transform her cruel Coliseum into the shrine of the Crucified. Druidism was almighty in Gaul and Britain; here, where we celebrate our Christmas festivities, human victims were bleeding on the dread altars in Stonehenge, or burning in great wicker baskets on Dartmoor, or in Cumberland. The same is true of those great States of which we now speak as America, where the horrible Mexican rites prevailed. The vast woods of Germany were peopled by wild barbarian hordes, victims also to the cruel superstitions which enslaved the hearts of people. Everywhere, expiation and sacrifice were fearful in their power over the souls of men. Little did the Cæsars, and the Herods, or the Sanhedrim know what was happening; but we know what has happened; and let Infidelity say its worst, and Scepticism vaunt its triumphs as it will, nothing can disprove the fact—that this birth has affected the condition of mankind as no other birth ever did. Barbarism has fled before the light of it; and the old gods of Greece and Rome, Germany, Gaul, and Britain have all passed away like troubled spectres; and over all the regions where they held the mind in thraldom, the power of that birth is potent to-day, and, to the measure to which it is acknowledged, it imparts freedom for slavery, self-government for licentiousness, holiness for impurity, love for hatred, and, in a word, heaven for earth. And so "*a little child leads*" us all in His benignant and blessed chains. Truly, when one thinks of it all, one almost forgives the ensanguined young man, who, when the great Father Lacordaire was pouring along one of his passionate rhapsodies on our Lord before seven thousand people in the Church of Notre Dame, in Paris, sprang up, and with stentorian voice demanded "Three cheers for Jesus Christ!" It was a rough style of earnestness, and, in its way, something like that of the old, but then recently converted, German king who, when he first heard distinctly related to him the story of the crucifixion, flashed out his sword, and savagely exclaimed, "I wish I had been there with my Goths!" The memory of that birth, it may be hoped, makes us all grateful, though our gratitude takes different forms. Milton never touched, it is thought by many, a loftier strain than in his wonderful Hymn on the Nativity, when he celebrates the cessation of the voices of all the oracles on the birth of Christ,—

> "The oracles are dumb;
> No voice or hideous hum
> Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
> Apollo from his shrine
> Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving
No nightly trance, nor breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

But we suppose it was for the hour of our Lord's last passion that the shriek was reserved, when, along all the shores, and through the forests of the Mediterranean, the voice was heard, "*Pan is dead!*" as our noble poetess sings.

"'Twas the hour when One in Zion
Hung for love's sake on a cross—
When His brow was chill with dying,
And His soul was faint with loss;
When His priestly blood dropped downward,
And His kingly eyes looked throneward—
Then, Pan was dead."

Little doubt, then, can there be, we should think, that it is the Divine Child whom Christendom bears upon the heart of its memory on Christmas day. It is fitting that a story should be told by a Christmas fireside, and there is a pretty old legend embalmed in the art and poetry of the Mediæval Church which may not inappropriately be told here. We, in Protestant England, have very much outlived the memory of the picturesque legends of the Church of the Middle Ages; but there are few old German or Swiss towns which do not hold some picture of that fine—

"Old Legend of St. Christopher,"

Not altogether unknown, we may suppose, to some of our readers; nevertheless, let us tell it. The name of Christopher was at first Offero; he was a giant of great stature and strength, and he vowed that he would serve no other than the greatest and strongest of kings. So he travelled until he came to the court of one of the greatest and strongest kings of the East; but he had not served with him long before he found that whenever the name of an evil spirit, called Satan, was mentioned, the strong king crossed himself. When Offero inquired into this, he was told it was because the king feared this Satan; and then said Offero, "If thou fearest Satan, thou art not the strongest prince. I will go and seek Satan, that I may serve him." So, in due time, he found Satan, and entered his service; but as he and the evil one were travelling on the road, they came to a *cross*, whereat a panic of dread seized Satan. "Why dost thou tremble so?" said the giant; and with much hesitation the evil one replied, "Upon that cross died one Jesus Christ, and, ever since, I have been compelled to tremble, for I fear Him!" "Then," said the giant, "*thou* art not the strongest king, and I will leave thee, and I will go and seek this Christ;" and he sought long, and it seemed in vain, until he came to a holy hermit, who said to him, "He whom thou seekest is indeed the strongest king, and the greatest in earth and heaven; but perhaps thou art too weak to serve Him, for the tasks He

sets His soldiers are very hard sometimes." "That is the king for me!" said Offero, not knowing what he said. Then said the hermit, "there is a river down yonder—swift, wide, and deep; people often perish in attempting to cross it. Go and use thy strength to aid those who struggle with the stream. It may be that work will be acceptable to the strong King, Jesus Christ, and He may come to thee." "I know the river," said Offero, "and the task pleases me well. I will go and do it." So he built himself a hut on the banks of the river, and he did much good in saving many lives. And it happened on one wild wintry night that the winds and the waters were very high, and it was very dark, and Offero heard a low, plaintive voice, like the wail of a little child—"Offero, carry me over, carry me over!" and the good giant took his lantern and went and looked about, and at last discovered a little child sitting on the bank of the river, and he called him by another name, and he said, "Christ-opher, carry me over this night!" So Offero lifted the child on his shoulders, and, taking his strong staff in his hand, he entered, and began to wade through the waters; but the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew, and the little child became heavier and heavier, and Offero almost sank beneath the weight, and he could scarcely fix his staff, and he was in great fear; and yet the child seemed, heavy as it was, to steady step and staff, until they reached the other side. Then Offero set him very gently down on the shore, and, looking at him with astonishment, said, "Who art thou, child, who hast placed me in such peril, and filled me with such fear? Had I carried the world upon my shoulders to-night, it seems it could not have been heavier!" And the child replied, "Wonder not! for thou hast not only borne the world, but Him who made the world; henceforth thou shalt be called *Christopher*, for thou hast carried *Christ over*. Me thou hast sought to serve in thy works of charity, and I have accepted them, both thy service and thee!" And thus it was that Christopher, seeking for his master, and the strongest one, took service as a soldier under *the little Child*.

And in the memory of the many offerings for the Christmas season we may not inappropriately quote—

An old Church Legend on the Apostle Peter.

In one of the old Church legends, the story is told how an old man came to the Apostle Peter, as he was on his way to Rome to martyrdom, and poured out grief and tears that his faith was so miserable—his faith so rocked by every kind of doubt; so that, fearfully, he doubted himself, and his interest in the Saviour, and his hopes. And the following answer of the Apostle, which any experienced Christian would have given, is not less beautiful than it is helpful and true:—

"The Apostle delayed answering. His countenance became, as

transfigured, as he looked before him into space. What was it that had moved the old man's heart so happily? It was a recollection! He saw himself in the spirit by the lake of Gennesareth; he heard once more the risen Saviour asking:—

"'Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?' And his heart replied, 'Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee!' And the Saviour added, 'Keep my sheep!' 'Keep my sheep!'

"The Apostle's look fell upon the suppliant. Here was one of the Good Shepherd's lost sheep. And he said to him with inward emotion:—

"'Poor man, as you cannot rectify your faith, henceforth try to rectify your love. Pay attention to what I have to say. Henceforth you shall have but one aim, one thought, namely, how you can show the Lord your love. Your whole life shall be given up to this thought. In all your actions, in all your relations, you shall have this only before your eyes. The greatest thing must not be too great, the smallest too little, for you to show your Saviour that you really love Him. Sacrifice after sacrifice shall you bring Him, as you show Him that in all things you deny yourself for His sake! Yes, for His sake! Henceforth the spirit of these words be your strength! Let them live in your soul, and act according to them! Then shall you find peace, and be happy; for in the same proportion that you let Him feel that you love Him, will you feel that He loves you, and so you will be saved. Love will be in and for you the fulfilment of the law.'

"'See,' continued Peter, with an impressive voice; 'see how wonderful this love of His is! It appears exactly as if it were you who were bringing Him sacrifice after sacrifice. But it is only so in appearance; for the value of all the offerings you bring Him does not benefit Him, but you yourself. He takes nothing, but only gives, according to His word; "It is more blessed to give than to receive!" He is satisfied with your love alone. It is not you, but he Himself who makes the sacrifice, as the fulness of that sacrifice He once offered is of infinite benefit to you, in life, in death, in eternity.

"'My son, now go in peace, and for the rest of your life think only of this one thing; how, in small things as well as in great, in everything you may be able to show the Lord that you love Him!'

"'But faith; O father,' asked the stranger, 'how shall it fare with faith, by virtue of which alone a man can be saved?'

"A hallowed smile lightened up the old man's features as he answered: 'Son, trouble not yourself about it. There shall be no lack of faith. Simple child, do you really think that faith can be lacking there, where the fulness of love is present? Go your way, hold firm to that you have! Mercy and peace be with you.'"

XXVII.

CONCERNING THE VANITIES OF LEARNED IGNORANCE.

IT is a suggestive remark of the illustrious scholar, Sir William Hamilton, that "the highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance; that learned ignorance is the rational conviction by the human mind of its inability to transcend certain limits; it is the knowledge of ourselves—the science of man." But the inability, or the indisposition, to remember this important truth, has led very frequently to some of the oddest mistakes, the most foolish misapprehensions, and, on the part of even those who have been unquestionably learned, to some of the most ridiculous and groundless generalizations. A very pleasing and ingenious writer conveyed this lesson, many years since, under the form of—

A Pleasing Parable in a Pair of Soliloquies.

The first was indulged by a young lady just home from boarding-school. Alighting from her father's carriage, she bounded up into her little boudoir, flung herself down on the sofa, and clapping her little hands together, exclaimed, "Well, my education is complete, and I am not going back to that odious school any more! And dear me!" she continued, "I am amazed at what I know; it seems to me that I know everything," and she began to take off upon her taper fingers all the items of her wonderful knowledge. Said she, "I know all about both the globes, and all about natural history, and all about natural philosophy. Then, my drawings are universally admired; and the music-master says I play divinely; and the French master says I speak French as if I had been brought up in Paris; and I can do fancy work; and I know Italian; and as to dancing and waltzing, they tell me I have the perfect figure, and they can take me no further. I am amazed at myself when I think of all that my poor little head knows; but I am so glad that I have done with it all, and I am not going back to school again, and I do not need to learn any more!" Such was the soliloquy of this poor little feminine kitten, who really did know nothing, although she had acquired the use of a good many tools which might have assisted her to know.

Meantime, in a house not far from that in which the young lady was r ling, an old philosopher was indulging,—if that be quite the term to for his soliloquy, which was rather a monody of grief,—in a strain of

reflection upon the variety and vanity of his attainments. His medical attendant had just left him, and, in a general way, had hinted that medical science could not avail to detain him much longer from his knowledge of the great secret. The old philosopher was an octogenarian; and, soon after the doctor had left the room, he began, like the young lady, to recapitulate his experiences. "I have spent," said he, "a long life of leisure, and a large amount of wealth, in attempting to attain to knowledge, but I do not seem to have succeeded to any satisfaction. What days and nights I have spent employing my telescope in sweeping the fields of the heavens! I can measure the sun, I can compute the distance of the planets, and calculate their periodic movements; intensely interested have I been in the economy of nature, in the mechanics of chemistry, and the marvellous transmutations of matter, and the changes of life on our globe; I have been interested in the history of the races, the nations, and people who have made epochs, who have arisen, and declined, and fallen, through the long periods of time; and the study of languages,—Hebrew and Sanscrit, and all their various families,—has been a delightful amusement; but here I am; the further I have gone everywhere the more I have become bewildered; beyond a certain limit,—and that a very narrow one,—all is confusion and conjecture. All that I know now is, that I seem to myself to know nothing. That is about the value of my attainments over ignorance; I have ascertained how little really can be known."

There was a considerable difference between these two soliloquies. The young lady really knew nothing, yet she fancied she had exhausted the worlds of knowledge. The old philosopher had circumnavigated so as, in a sense, to apprehend, and even to land upon, the great continents of knowledge; but he found himself foiled in every attempt to comprehend, and thus realized, as Sir William Hamilton says, that it is in the scientific—that is, in the intelligent—knowledge of our own ignorance that all true knowledge really begins. After all, it must be admitted that there are a great many brothers and sisters of that young lady about. But the old gentleman had a very great ancestor; and both he and Sir William Hamilton were anticipated in their discovery by no less a person than Socrates. The oracle of Delphi, we are told,—mysterious and final in its verdicts in its day,—announced to the Grecian people that "of all men living on the face of the earth then, Socrates was the wisest." Socrates appears to have been so far wise that, as he reasoned, responsibilities were proportioned to powers. He attempted to rid himself of so large a burden, and, we are told, sought in all directions to find the man wiser than himself; but after conversing extensively with men—artists, statesmen, merchants—he acknowledged that he believed the oracle was right; for, he said, he had found all so inflated by their own ideas, so little suspicious of their own ignorance. "I do know one thing," he said—"I know that I know nothing; but it seems to me that they do not know even that." It is a very odd story, but it was his way of expressing the

axiom we have already quoted—in the knowledge of our ignorance true knowledge begins.

Certainly we do know there is an ignorance which is not intelligent, which is assuredly far from learned—an ignorance which cannot reflect, which does not know, or realize itself; and there is an ignorance which works its way out into knowledge—that is, into relative knowledge—for all knowledge is relative. There is the ignorance of a stone, and the ignorance of a wise dog; there is the ignorance of a lobster or a crayfish, and the ignorance of a man. *Why* the ignorance of a lobster? George Henry Lewis, in his charming and instructive "Seaside Studies," says he has noticed a kind of analogy between certain men and molluscous creatures. The poor mollusc is sensible to the noise of the ever-rolling sea; it has an auditory nerve, it seems, which carries it so far; it has its little world, and it is constructed for it as perfectly as we are constructed for ours; but it knows nothing of the marvellous inflections of speech. Music would be quite lost on it. Deafer than the deafest adder, "charm you never so wisely." And such are some men—ignorant, but they do not know it; they see things, but they do not perceive; for we should apprehend a great difference between sight and perception. To perceive is to see through a thing, or behind a thing, while sight sees merely the thing itself. Sight is sensible, perception is intellectual; or, to use another word: great is the difference between seeing and observing. Observing is a word compounded of the two Latin words *ob*, in the way, and *servo*, to wait. Observation is waiting in the way. There is nothing in the merely ignorant man that waits in the way. Nature and man are no mysteries to him. He is as insensible as a shell-fish to all that power of music which thrills along the nerves of others in Beethoven's melodious thunder, in Handel's choral might, in Schubert's wild pathos, in Mendelssohn's sweet symphonies—a molluscous man. Let autumn mists creep up along the fields, or winter's snows swathe them, or spring or summer's brightness dress them in verdure or bloom; it is all the same; the feelings are touched with no pensive melancholy, no reviving joy. The stars light up no worlds of wonder; the seasons in their annual round speak to no sense of the marvellous in him; his own being he revolves no more than the cattle which ruminate in the fields and look out at you as you pass with those large tender eyes; his highest degree of wonder is as when a cow stands before a new gate in a field. Scripture says, "he is as the beasts which perish." If he have thoughts, they do not wander through eternity. As the same book says, they are "thoughts which perish." They are merely sensuous, neither intellectual nor spiritual. How wonderfully Wordsworth described this character:—

> "At noon, when, by the forest's edge,
> He lay beneath the branches high,
> The soft blue sky did never melt
> Into his heart; he never felt
> The witchery of the soft blue sky!

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
  There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face
In many a solitary place,
  Against the wind and open sky!

"He roved among the vales and streams,
  In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,
But nature ne'er could find the way
  Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
  The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
  Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"In vain through every changeful year,
  Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
  And it was nothing more!"

This is the picture of an abortive mind—ignorance, neither humble, thoughtful, sensible, nor conscious. How different Peter Bell from him who belonged nearly to the same sphere of life, and of whom the same poet speaks,—

"Walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side."

And who found his soul stirred to utter one of the deepest and most mysteriously suggestive truths as he beheld a little field-mouse hurrying away from his plough:—

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
  Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
  An' fellow mortal!"

This is an ignorance which feels and trembles beneath the weight of its own sense of the mysteries lying everywhere around it; sitting, it may be, upon the stile which breaks the hedge;—what, it muses, is this fearful and wonderful reserve of life which is locked up in the clod, or in the leafless branch in winter, and which proclaims itself in summer by the green verdure, in the blossom of the white or purple lilac, or in the gold of the laburnum? What is that wonder which exhibits its tenderness in the rainbow, or in the light of the rising and setting sun? And what are those heavens? Can it be that those dots and points of light are worlds larger than this on which I walk? Amidst this fulness of mystery and majesty all around, thought comes to a dead lock—ignorant of the first springs of nature, and only able to feel that there is "a Presence which

disturbs" us; ignorant of all save a few inconsequential sequences; ignorant of that very consciousness by which we become conscious, using certain words as signs of realities and persons which are lost to us; for who can tell what memory is? Will, faith, and feeling are all resolved into a series of sensations. What is that which correlates these wonderful forces—which marshals into due order our powers? Thus, at last the mind admits,—nay, has forced upon it, if it will not admit to itself,—the knowledge of its own ignorance, and, in a word, that, in the scientific knowledge of our own ignorance all true knowledge begins.

It is because they have forgotten the limitation of our own faculties and the confined horizon to which our powers of observation and discovery are limited, that the follies of the learned comprehend so large a chapter in the history of the human mind. D'Israeli the elder published, exactly eighty years since, three volumes called "Flim Flams;" they are not worthy of his subsequent reputation, and indeed do really contain a great deal of nonsense, but they also contain a redundancy of illustration of the wonders of learned folly; and he likens many of them to the famous edition of the Latin Vulgate of Pope Sixtus V.,—and it is by that very designation the book is known—"the famous edition of the Vulgate by Pope Sextus V." For what does the reader think this book is famous? For what reason is its price so high in the virtuoso's catalogue? For its errors! D'Israeli mentions a copy sold for sixty guineas. We suppose its price would be far higher now. The fact about it is, that it was published in 1590. His Infallible Holiness superintended the work both before and after it was committed to the press. It was no sooner published than it was discovered to be full of errors. Every copy was instantly called in and destroyed; a very few escaped, and when these are to be met with, although they are upon large paper, the collector will cover this book of blunders with new sovereigns in order that he may proclaim himself the possessor of so rare a piece of learned ignorance.

Curious is the fashion by which worthless books have become valuable because scarce. It is to the same writer we are indebted for the story, now perhaps better known, of a certain collector who, in the auction, paid down £100 for some precious volume. So soon as the copy was in his hands, he requested a moment's attention from the congregation of collectors. "Gentlemen," cried he, "observe! I tear into pieces this valuable copy for which I have paid £100, and by which means I become the possessor of a unique copy, for I have another in my collection, which I now value at £300." In saying this, he tore up the costly copy he had bought, and, to the envy of those literary misers, he had a jewel in his philosophic cap—we will not say fool's cap—as unrivalled as the Pitt diamond.

There is a book which, among volumes of travel, once had a most ex-
re fame—and still, if not so extensively read, the interest of
of travels is abiding; they are those of that veracious cir
Captain Lemuel Gulliver. Very interesting is his account

his voyage to Laputa, and, while there, his visit to the University of Lagado. He went through the various class-rooms; and very various and entertaining were the prelections to which the sage captain listened. In the first room he heard a professor expounding his project for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers; in another a professor was at work calcining ice into gunpowder, and he showed the worthy captain a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire. Also the captain was introduced to a projector who had found a device for ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charge of ploughs, capital, and labour; but perhaps the most ingenious exercise of the Laputan intellect was in the architects' class, where a new method for building was being expounded, and whereas the old and ignorant method laid the foundation, and gradually worked the way up to the roof, the very ingenious professor, justifying his principles from the like practice of the spider and the bee, was unfolding the superior method of commencing at the roof and gradually working the way down to the foundation. Such illustrations may perhaps at first sight seem themselves like learned folly; but Dean Swift,—certainly one of the toughest, strongest intelligences the world has ever known,—took this method of rebuking that vanity of empty knowledge which is assuredly learned ignorance, and which presents to us plenty of illustrations, not merely since the time of Dean Swift, but even in our own day.

Perhaps, to many of our readers, to give illustrations and to mention names might seem invidious, but it is surely remarkable how many statements are made and ideas published by even great scientific masters as if they were real and substantial additions to human knowledge and discovery, when they are merely hypothetical—not even worthy of the designation tentative, because having nothing to hold them in consistency beyond the dream of a speculative fancy. How strange it is, however, when such a fancy or dream not only obtains dominion over the waking hours of the dreamer, but captivates with a despotism of thought multitudes of disciples. It is not so long since it was judged, by disbelievers in the sacred oracles, impossible that the human race could have sprung from a single pair; but the tone and temper of faith has quite altered, and a simple mind might deal rather freely with St. Paul's words to the Athenians, as he said, "I perceive in all things you are too superstitious"—or, as he literally says, "you believe too much;" for now, instead of the race having sprung from a single pair, all things animate, it seems, have sprung from a single monad, and it is as if we were called on to believe that the hunter and the dog, the angler and the worm had the same parentage, and quarter the same arms for their heraldry and ancestry. So the malt that lay in the house, and the rat that ate the malt, and the cat that caught the rat, and the dog that worried the cat, and the cow with the crumpled horn, and the maiden all forlorn, and the man all tattered and torn, and the priest all shaven and shorn, and the cock that crowed in the morn, all came forth from one monad! We need not be unfair in our estimate of the law of evolution, or unjust to its

modern expositors, when we reject the learned ignorance which uses the doctrine for the purpose of getting rid of the Being and Personality of God. One of the most remarkable instances is that in the Positive Philosophy of Comte—from which even one of his greatest expositors, George Henry Lewis, recoiled, and confessed himself unable to understand, or to follow. It is that passage in which he denies that "the heavens declare the glory of God," and says, "They declare no other glory than that of Kepler, or Newton, or any of those who have established the laws of the heavenly bodies!" A simple mind, hearing such a statement, will regard it as the last degree of learned folly. It is as if, travelling from London to Edinburgh by train, a traveller, when asked to whose ingenuity and wisdom he was indebted for the long and speedy journey, burst out in admiration of the stoker, or the engine-driver, expressing his conviction that the locomotive did not declare the glory of George Stephenson, but of those who had merely successfully applied his great invention or discovery. Such extravagances,—and there are many almost equally absurd to be found among the scientific agenda of our day,—give emphasis and meaning to the often-quoted words of Pope:—

> "Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides;
> Go, measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tides;
> Instruct the Planets in what orbs to run;
> Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
> Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
> To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair;
> Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
> And, quitting sense, call, imitating God;
> Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
> Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!"

But, as the very purpose of these pages is to link, with our own homiletic words, some incidents in parable or picture which may not be uninstructive, two occur to us here; and one, as showing how reverent common sense answered, and answered so as to proscribe and put down, the follies of a great superstition. It is the story of the way in which a distinguished native lady in one of the Polynesian Islands exposed—

The Folly of the Worship of Pele, the Goddess of Fire.

The island has not been inaptly described as one complete mass of lava in different stages of decomposition; and it is still the scene of the most marvellous volcanic action. Especially the great Goddess of Fire, Pele, was supposed to have her residence amongst the vast craters of Kilauea. There is no more astonishing region of volcanic action in the world. It is situated in the midst of a plain, fifteen or sixteen miles in circumference, the whole surface of which is sunk from two to three hundred feet, and broken into deep chasms; it is a scene of flame, smoke, and vapour, diversified by pools of black bituminous water, which, however,

only increases the grim horror of the scene. Here Pele had her residence, in the centre of the scene, in a vast crater eight miles in circumference, the depth of which from the edge to a black rocky ledge surrounding it, was nine hundred and thirty-two feet, and from this to the bottom, four hundred more,—one thousand three hundred and thirty-two feet. Out of the bottom ascended about fifty cones, some of them constantly vomiting forth flame and liquid fire. Nothing could induce the inhabitants to visit this dreadful scene. Vain were the efforts to put down the worship of Pele. The king, converted himself, could not persuade his people to renounce the worship of the goddess who was supposed to hold thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and streams of liquid fire as the instruments of her power and vengeance. The charm was dissolved and the worship exploded through the instrumentality of a woman, the wife of a chief, a lady of the highest rank. She embraced Christianity, and, desiring to propagate the faith she had embraced, she declared her intention to descend the crater. So the Otahitian great lady set forth upon her journey, accompanied by a missionary, a number of her own followers and vassals, and those of other chiefs. She ascended Pele; but at the edge of the precipice which bounds the sunken plain, most of her followers lost courage and turned back. At the second ledge the greater number of the rest entreated her not to tempt the goddess of the fire. Still she descended; and here, on the rocky ledge, on the very verge of the crater, she caused a hut to be erected for the shelter of herself and those who were with her. Now she was passionately entreated to return, and not to tempt the goddess further by violating her house of fire. It was quite in vain. Her noble answer was, "I will descend into the crater. If I do not return in safety, then you may continue to worship Pele; but if I come back unhurt, then worship the God who created Pele."

Accompanied by the missionaries and two or three others, who trembled indeed, but whom love or duty compelled to continue with her, she descended. She said nothing, but with a long stick she insulted the goddess by stirring up the liquid lava and the ashes of the burning lake. It was expected that the goddess would burst forth to vindicate her insulted majesty, and overwhelm with fire the heroine who had braved her fury. Not so, the waves of fire rolled innocently along; and from that time the charm of that superstition was broken, and the worship of Pele renounced. Surely it was a sublime sight, the missionary in the act of prayer, Kapiolani, with a stick in her hand and a noble anxiety in her heart, engaged in the act which broke the bonds of immemorial worship—bonds too powerful for the art or the eloquence of the missionaries to overcome.

Our second illustration is a parable in verse; its instruction comes a little nearer home; it is a pleasing expansion of an old Church legend, by our distinguished American ambassador—the poet and satirist, James Russell Lowell. We believe, however, that the story is not told of St. Ambrose;—this, perhaps, is a fancy of Mr. Lowell's;—we suppose it

rather finds its fountain in a memory connected with St. Augustine. Let Mr. Lowell's title, however, stand.

A Legend of St. Ambrose.

Never, surely, was holier man
Than Ambrose, since the world began;
With diet spare and raiment thin
He shielded himself from the father of sin;
With bed of iron and scourgings oft,
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.

Through earnest prayer and watchings long
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,
Much wrestling with the blessed word
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,
That he might build a storm-proof creed
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith;*
To himself he fitted the doorway's size,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And knew, by a sure and inward sign,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, "All those shall die
The eternal death who believe not as I;"
And some were boiled, some burned in fire,
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire
For the good of men's souls might be satisfied,
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Resting himself in the shade of a tree;
It had never been given him to see
So shining a face, that the good man thought
'Twere pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he set himself by the young man's side,
And the state of his soul with questions tried;
But the heart of the stranger was hardened indeed,
Nor received the stamp of the one true creed,
And the spirit of Ambrose worked sore to find
Such face the porch of so narrow a mind.

"As each beholds in cloud and fire
The shape that answers his own desire,
So each," said the youth, "in the Law shall find
The figure and features of his mind;
And to each in his mercy hath God allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal
And holy wrath for the young man's weal:
"Believest thou then, most wretched youth,"
Cried he, "a divided essence in Truth?

I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin
To take the Lord in His glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them where they stood
A fountain of waters sweet and good;
The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!"
Six vases of crystal then he took,
And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As into these vessels the water I pour,
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase;
O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
The youth and the stream and the vases were gone;
But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an angel face to face,
And felt his heart change inwardly,
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

XXVIII.

CONCERNING MONEY.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

"Put money in thy purse."

IT is noteworthy that this advice, "*Put money in thy purse,*" reiterated in the passage from which it is cited again and again, six or seven times, comes from the lips of him who has been uniformly judged Shakspeare's most utterly depraved character, Iago. Shakspeare very well knew the worth and value of money; he must have been a keen, careful, and thrifty man of business himself, or, leaving Stratford a poor lad, he could not have returned, in the prime of life, to support his impoverished father, to lend money to the town, and to purchase there for himself a handsome residence in which to close his days. He says, in his various works, many things about money; many true, and many satiric things; but there is a thoroughly bad ring about those words of Iago. We shall not quote the entire speech. Roderigo, to whom it is addressed, is himself a villain,—a villain disappointed in love,—and he talks of drowning himself. "Don't talk of drowning thyself," says Iago, "*put money in thy purse;*" if thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it in a more delicate way than drowning!" And the whole spirit of the advice is, Consecrate, and set thyself apart to the devil by money-making; drown thy passion in the delirium of the gold-fever; and how, dost thou know, thou mayest hope, that the *money in thy purse* may help thee to be a greater villain still! This is the spirit of Iago's advice, reminding us of the pleasant words of Douglas Jerrold, in "Punch's Letters to his Son:"—

"Money," says that worthy; "I have had, in my time, so little of it, that I am not very well informed on monetary history. I think, however, that the first Roman coin was impressed with a sheep. A touching and significant symbol, crying aloud to all men, 'Children, *fleece* one another!' My son, it is true that the sheep has vanished from all coin; nevertheless, it is good to respect ancient symbols; therefore, whatever the gold and [illegible]er may bear, whatever the potentate, whatever the arms upon the [illegible] see with your imaginative eye nothing but the sheep; listen [illegible] ought but 'Fleece, *fleece!*'"

And in the same spirit Dumas *fils* says, "*Business is other people's money*," which does not strike us as a very moral view of business.

Shakspeare was infinitely too wise a man to teach that, to *put money in the purse*, a man must be essentially a villain; but he seemed to teach, too, that of all passions, the passion for gold, followed unremittingly and remorselessly, is most likely to drown all nobler affections, and if it do not find a man a villain, to make him and leave him one. But we may use Iago's advice, "*Put money in thy purse*," without the vile and disgraceful concomitants with which it is mixed on the lips of that arch traitor. It would seem as if it were a hard thing to hit the mean in talking about money; and those who moralize upon it and its depraving powers, have really, usually, done injustice to it, and to a very natural desire, which all honest men ought to feel, to make it, and to possess it. We only know of one really great writer who has done thorough justice to what we may be permitted to call the *money instinct* in us; and no writer has more severely scourged the vices which outrage that instinct in its natural exercise—we mean Lord Bulwer Lytton. The seventh essay in his "Caxtoniana" is entitled, "On the Management of Money," and is "addressed chiefly to the young." The burden of the essay is, *Put money in thy purse;* and this "*What will he Do with it?*" contains lengthy sermons, in dramatic form, on the wise and unwise use of money. How truly he says, "As money is the most evident power in the world's uses, so the use that he makes of money is often all that the world knows about a man;" and then he goes on to show, both in the essay and in the novel, that money is character. "Money is character," he repeats several times in his various works; would you know what a man is, you see it in what he does with his money; screw or spendthrift, lover of art or lover of books, lover of God or lover of men. *Put money in thy purse*, from Iago's lips, was the advice of a villain, and, by a villain, very likely to be villainously followed; but the same advice from Lord Lytton, means the giving at once symmetry to the character and a conscientious affluence to the hand. And the noble lord must have pretty well illustrated in his own life the lessons of sage wisdom and simplest common-sense he gives to the young: "Mark this," he says; "never treat money affairs with levity!"

Money makes different natures look so differently. In the Old Fairy Story, the girl went forth with a humble heart in quest of her fortune. With very simple desires, she stopped, at night, before the door of a grim old curmudgeon, only asking for a crust and a shelter. "What supper will you have?" said the old man; "I only want a crust of bread," she said; but he spread for her a pure white cloth, with delicious white bread, pure butter, fruits, and cream. "Now, where will you sleep?" said he. "Oh," said she, "I am tired; let me lay down in the hayloft; the hay will be soft and warm." But he took her up into the room where the delicate little bed showed sheets as white as the driven snow, and there he left her; and when she was leaving in the morning,

he said, "There are two ways by which you can go out; there is the golden gate, and the pitch gate." "Oh," she said, "I'm a poor lonely girl, I'll go out at the poor gate." No, he would have her go out of the golden gate, through which, as she passed, a golden shower was rained upon her which made her rich as a princess. But when she returned home, and told her proud sister all her adventures, and the questions which had been put to her, the answers she had given, and the treatment she had received, the proud sister went forth, expecting the same pleasant experiences in her travels. Asking for the best supper, she got a crust; asking for the best bedroom, she got a lodging with the fowls in the hayloft; and expecting to pass through the golden gate, she was conducted through the pitch gate, and, instead of a shower of gold and jewels, found herself covered with mud and pitch. It is very much what happens to many who set forth on the journey of life, determined religiously to follow the counsel of Iago, *Put money in thy purse.* At the end of life's journey, proud they may be, and disagreeable, unloved and unlovely; and all their possessions make them as much avoided as if they were covered with pitch and slime. In the old couplet, of such an one,—

> "How he lives, and how he fares,
> Nobody knows, and nobody cares!"

As a rule, it is doubtless true that the man who uses his money ill has not made it well. Every man is *himself* everywhere; and he who takes money out of his purse with a bad heart, is not likely to have put it in with a good one. Of course, there is the old motto or proverb, *Honesty is the best policy,*—a suspicious motto, of more than doubtful morality, even from the day of Seneca's commentary upon it:—Now, what can I get by being honest, and how far will this pay me better than being a knave? Why, Iago himself could have right cheerfully acted and talked in the very spirit of the animating maxim. Never was there a time when the injunction, *Put money in thy purse,* was followed with an avidity so intense. Truly *now,* as Shakspeare says elsewhere:—

> "*If money lie before, all ways do lie open.*"

And again:—

> "*Money is a good soldier, and will on.*"

This is true. What mighty markets are created all over the earth. Never was the passion for the accumulation of a fortune so general and so successful; and it is a curious passion to study, when, as perhaps it is in most instances, merely the *putting money in the purse,* not for what can be done with it, but for the mere accumulation of it; as Goethe makes one of his characters, a merchant, exclaim: "One coin requires another, and one diamond wishes for its fellow. I am not the master of my riches, they are my masters; they command me in imperious tone—'Go, and get more!' they exclaim; gold delights in gold, and jewels in their

It is a singular thing for us to remember, that we have known, and spent some time with, some of the richest men in our empire, and, with one or two exceptions, we have found all equally unable to sustain for ten minutes an intellectual conversation. They knew nothing of books nor thoughts, of art nor music; that *putting money in their purse* had absorbed every other passion and consideration. Stripped of their gold, they would be the thinnest and most shadowy of mortals. No doubt the world was the better for them; for, having *put money in their purse,* they were able to shower it forth as from a cornucopia, to come back again in rich interest. But of *themselves*—of the infinite worlds of *thought* and *science,* they were so profoundly ignorant, that all the rich humorists that cheer us and the great thinkers who probe the regions of mental and material speculation were evidently regarded by them as dreaming dolts; and their comprehension of such things extended simply to such lessons as they wrote when boys in their copybooks, or spelled out in their first primer. This is no exaggeration; and if we turn our eyes round upon our churches and chapels,—not to go much further still,—we shall find how, in innumerable instances, the *putting money in the purse* has stultified what was noblest in them. It is of such, perhaps, that Shakspeare would say:—

> "Money!
> All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
> As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
> Who worship dirty gods."

There is a passage in Orville Dewey's noble discourses on "Commerce and Society," which is so pertinent to our meaning, that, although it is longer than, as a quotation, we could wish it to be, we will quote it:—

"I can conceive of reasons why I might lawfully, and even earnestly, desire a fortune. If I could fill some fair palace, itself a work of art, with the productions of lofty genius; if I could be the friend and helper of humble worth; if I could mark out where failing health or adverse fortune pressed it hard, and soften or stay the bitter hours that are hastening it to madness, or to the grave; if I could stand between the oppressor and his prey, and bid the fetter or the dungeon give up its victim; if I could build up great institutes of learning and academies of art; if I could open fountains of knowledge for the people, and conduct its streams to the right channels; if I could do better for the poor than to bestow alms upon them—even to think of them, and devise plans for their elevation in knowledge and virtue, instead of for ever opening the old reservoirs and resources for their improvidence; if, in fine, wealth could be to me the handmaid of exertion, facilitating effort, and giving success to endeavour, then I might lawfully, and yet warily and modestly, desire it. But if wealth is to do nothing for me but to minister ease and indulgence, and to place my children in the same bad school, I fearlessly say, though it be in the face of the world's dread laugh, that I do not see why I should desire it, and that I do not desire it!"

One of the wisest and most suggestive little sermons on money occurs in that conversation between little Paul Dombey and his ridiculously purse-proud father:—

"Papa, what is money?"

Mr. Dombey was astounded. "Gold, and silver, and copper—guineas, shillings, and half-pence."

"Oh, yes;" said Paul, "I don't mean that; I mean, *What's money after all?* I mean, *What can it do?*"

"Money, Paul," said the great Dombey, "can do anything!"

"*Anything?* Why didn't money save me my mamma? It isn't cruel, is it? If it's a good thing, and can do anything," continued little Paul, "I wonder why it did not save me my mamma?"

The great Dombey was tremendously puzzled.

"It can't make me strong and quite well either, papa," continued the wonderful little philosopher.

Mr. Dombey was so astonished and so uncomfortable as to be perfectly at a loss to pursue the conversation.

It was a conversation the burden of which it would be well for rich men to bear upon their minds: "*This money! this money!* I have put a world of it *in my purse;* what will it do for me?"

It is interesting to notice the effect produced upon the minds of those unhappy ones who have either not been able to *put money in their purse,* or who have, by some mishap, found their purse empty when they expected it full. Shakspeare's *Timon* has passed into a famous proverb, and Lord Lytton's comedy called "Money" is only the adaptation of the old story to the more humorous, and also the more pleasant, impressions of our modern times. Timon—kindly, generous, lavish of his gifts to artist or poet, bounteous to his friends both with his purse and with his table, suddenly finds himself bereft of all his riches, and, at the same time, bereft of all his friends;—he quits the city, pouring upon it withering curses. He flies to the woods, and, from the kindly-spoken gentleman, is transformed into the caustic and biting cynic; nor does the restoration to wealth change his nature again. He has tested the world—he trusts it no more. But the Timons are fools. Timon expected too much; it was, therefore, natural that he should be disappointed. He was the slave all along to his own self-love; though not far from the truth when, digging outside Athens, he discovers heaps of gold, and exclaims:—

"What is here;
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
Thus much of this will make
Black, white; foul, fair; coward, valiant.
Why this? What this? Why this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
Make hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench."

In contrast to Timon of Athens comes the sweet story of "Silas Marner;" and, pity 'tis, that George Eliot gave up the old, healthy style of humorous painting, and instructive watching of the humble ways of human hearts in real life, and betook herself to what may almost be called the literature of human vivisection? Silas Marner,—if not intent upon *putting money into the purse*,—year after year, in his solitude, saw his guineas gathering together in his iron pot; year after year he went on weaving and hoarding; worshipping his crowns, half-crowns, and sovereigns, and loving even to bathe his hands, as it were, in them; and in the pleasant chink of his accumulated heaps, to feel the security of his possessions. And, in one night, he too, like Timon, lost all. Poor Silas! He may well be forgiven if, after all his hard toil, his spirit vented itself in even stupid outbursts of passion. But something saved him from being either a misanthrope or a cynic in his despair; for, with the loss of his guineas, a little, mysterious, golden-haired, orphaned infant was dropped at the feet of the solitary man, and he took it into his affections, and lived to say, "There's good in this world; I've a feeling o' that now; and it makes a man feel as ther's a good more nor he can see, i' spite o' the trouble and the wickedness. That drawing o' the lots is dark; but the child was sent to me; there's dealings with us, there's dealings." And years afterwards, he was able to see that he gained by his loss. "The money was taken from me in time; and you see, it's been kept. It's wonderful—our life is wonderful." The meaning of it all is, that it is a good thing to *put money in the purse*, when it is not put there for its own hard and unfruitful sake; that *love* is the salvation of life—not gold. And, good as is the verse of Burns,—

"Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent,"—

there is something better still; and our own heart is only safe when we have another heart in the purse, and feel that the ministrations of increase and wealth are the ministrations to a purer and nobler affection than the mere love of wealth for its own sake can supply; otherwise, the greedy accumulator is only fulfilling in himself that divine judgment uttered in the old Book:—"He gave them their heart's desire, but sent *leanness into their souls*."

The reader knows the old myth of Midas. Thomas Carlyle, after his grim fashion, recites it to us with a purpose:—

"Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever he touched became gold,—and he, with his long ears,

was little the better for it. Midas had misjudged the celestial music tones; Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods; the gods gave him his wish, and *a pair of long ears*, which were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old fables!"

Let no reader suppose that the writer of this sermon is uttering any ignorant tirade against money. No, *put money in thy purse*, but not, by *any* means; let conscience and affection move the fingers which drop the sovereigns into the bag, or into the bank. *This is the great moral problem of the age, to marry conscience to commerce, and goodness to gold!* We have had a number of wonderful sermons upon money in our time; not the least impressive is Douglas Jerrold's "Man Made of Money," the man whose heart was made of bank notes, and who drew them forth, becoming thinner and thinner, till he waned to a shadow, and appears to have gone to the devil at last. So, also, Thomas Carlyle, in the story we have just told of Midas.

So, O reader, we say to thee, Accept the advice of Iago; do not be, as the same wise worthy says, "one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you." *Put money in thy purse*, but beware of the appendage of the ass's ears!

It is usually supposed, that when literary men talk of money, and deprecate it as the ruling passion of society, it is the old story of the fox and the grapes. Men of wealth are not able usually to understand that there are men to whom its possession is matter of perfect indifference; and yet in these times England has had her Sage of Chelsea, and America, her Sage of Concord; and, beside these, there are multitudes to whom the love of money for its own sake is simply and merely an insanity. For the possessor of money commands no reverence for *that* reason; we may revere a man who stands in a noble ancestry—perhaps a peer who strives to be worthy of the great soldier, or the great lawyer, or the great statesman who received this mark of honour, it may be ages since. We may revere not only the aristocracy of ancestry, but the aristocracy of genius and high intelligence; but the man of mere wealth, to whom, as in the case of Midas, a million ants have brought their grains of wheat, which have turned into gold at his feet—he can command no reverence. *An ass with a pair of paniers of gold upon his back, is an ass still.* Meantime, let us beware of indulging, as the pulpit and press do too often indulge, in common-place, denouncing the thirst for wealth. Very truly says Emerson, "if men should take these moralists at their word, and leave off aiming to be rich, civilization would be undone; he is the rich man in whom the people are rich, and he a poor man in whom the people are poor." And after all, the chief value of wealth is that it gives us a ticket of admission to all that is great, and worthy, and beautiful—to men and books, to galleries of pictures, and to all lovely scenes; to the homes of the poor, to bless them and to the lives of the humblest, to elevate them. But then, *ne quid nimis*—all this is better [illegible] man of moderate wealth than by that most unhappy of all

creatures, a millionaire—a man of whom it may be said, he is usually feared, but never revered.

But, we know, qualities do not exhibit themselves always in the same way. We have a mode of shutting up in a word what are our impressions of it. The word *nous*, for instance, with many, seems to us to be mere bluster—force of character we think they call it! Or perhaps it takes a shape of stinginess, nearness; and all that falls short of realizing the ideal, falls short of this ideal. The philosophy of life consists in putting as much as possible into the breeches pocket and buttoning it up. Now, we go so far with these people,—that is, if they have sense enough to know what we are saying,—as to admit that there is a sense in which money is the thermometer of *nous*. "As money," says Lord Lytton, "is the most evident power in the world's uses, so the use that a man makes of money is often all that the world knows about a man. *Money is character.*" And is not the noble author right? is it not true that the whole man is in what he does with his money? The true philosophy of *nous* therefore, with many is put altogether into this ambition, and life is gauged by success here. How often have we heard commercial men, tradesmen, merchants, put the question, "How will he cut up?" "How did he cut up?" The other day, in the great quarter-to-nine train from Brighton, we heard a party of city men talking over a recent death. "How did he cut up?" said one to the other. "Oh! only about £20,000!" It was clear that they regarded the matter with some contempt; we are afraid that that poor worthy was wanting in *nous*. Yes! O brother! that's the way they will dissect you here; they stretch the dead body on the table of their scandal, and out comes that worst of all dissecting-knives, a cynical and caustic tongue, a gleeful rub of the hands, a chuckle, and "How did he cut up?"

Yet we have no doubt that money *is* a great thermometer of *nous;* perhaps we do not mean so much in the getting it—for, O dear people, it is very hard to come at!—as in the mode of getting rid of it, the appropriation of it; we know that a certain kind of *nous* goes to the getting it, sometimes an honourable, and sometimes a dishonourable *nous*. Lord Lytton, in the essay we quoted just now, mentions an interview he says he had with one of the most distinguished persons in Europe. He was a Prime Minister in one of the countries, we do not know which; they went into the library, one of remarkable magnificence and completeness. Some remark of Lytton's led the other to say, "Not only this collection, but my social success in life I can trace back to the first franc I saved from the cake-shop to spend at the book-stall; then, when I was a young man and received an invitation to a ball, not being then rich, I calculated what it would cost me in kid gloves, coach hire, etc.; I refused the ball and bought a book with the money; the books I bought I read, and they influenced my life." "Perhaps," continues our writer, "this eminent person may have thought of the balls thus refused when, being still young, he gave his own first levée as Prime Minister."

Oh, yes, we fancy it very true, money is the thermometer of *nous*, in the way of getting it, in the way of getting rid of it, too. We don't think people respect you much for keeping up appearances. If we invite them to tea, and bring out the shining silver tea-pot, we know they will respect us much more if they suspect that we have a good balance at the banker's;—not that *the screw* is ever respected;—and it is pretty well understood now, that in the mean man there is always something defective in the intellect, something not only amiss with his heart, but something not less amiss with his head. Was not money the thermometer of *nous* with that old Scotch Earl, who, passing the plate, popped a five shilling piece in by mistake instead of a penny, and was just about to take it out again when the beadle stopped him "Na, na, laird, ye may pit what ye like in, but ye maunna' tak anything oot." "Weel, weel," said the disappointed and disconsolate old man, "weel, weel, at ony rate I'll get the credit for the five shillings up aboon." "Na, na, laird," said the grim custodian, "ye'll ony get credit there for what ye meant to do, an not for what ye done by mistake." It is hard when we lose it both ways; when, so far from making the best of both worlds, we lose in both, and make the best in neither one nor the other.

Nous often holds a tight rein; we expect the man of *nous* to hold a tight rein. Some things are harder to do than to win a senior wranglership; to keep out of debt, for instance—there comes out a noble kind of *nous*. We can't say we have always found it easy to fulfil our own admonition, but we think if we were to institute prizes for a new Olympiad, the equestrian or the racer we would crown would be the young man and the married man who successfully fought that hydra of Society, and kept clear of debt. We suppose that is the worst thing with which you can charge a man—being in debt. If you want to do a man a final, fatal, and irretrievable damage, don't whisper scandal about murder, or adultery, or sly swindling, or any of those trifling infringements of the code—*Debt*, as the Nigger said, "*Dat fetch him.*" We suppose that is the most ubiquitous devil of our times, debt. We suppose that does more to create swindling and forging, and wholesale trickery; we suppose that does more for Dartmoor and Portland Island and Newgate, than all the other devils in hell put together; we suppose this is the incubus of society from which we want to awake; we suppose this is the most ghastly devil-fish and octopede, whose serpentine suckers coil and fold, and drink up brain and blood from us. We know few ways in which a man's *nous* has a finer field for its display than in keeping clear of debt. As we have said, the management of money is the thermometer of *nous*.

XXIX.

CONCERNING OLD AGE.

THERE are many parables and many proverbs, but the finest collection in the world, we believe, is that beautiful and expressive grouping and mingling of proverb, parable, and poem in the twelfth chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes. Every image is so expressive, as descriptive of the phenomena of old age. "*When the clouds return after the rain*"—usually no hope in a change of weather, because every change brings some fresh distress to the weakened frame—"*when the keepers of the house*"—the arms and hands, which were made for the defence of the body—shake *and tremble,*" and "*the strong men*"—the shoulders and knees—"*bow themselves,*" and "*the grinders*"—the teeth—"*cease, because they are few*"; "*and those that look out of the windows*"—the eyes—"*are darkened*"; and "*the daughters of music*"—either the voice or the ears, the powers of expression, or the powers of reception of melody—"*are brought low.*" How sound is the healthful sleep of youth! but age usually finds difficulty in sinking into slumber, and "*they rise up at the voice of the bird.*" Old age is "*afraid of that which is high.*" Once the limbs could leap two or three steps at a time, and felt a joy in climbing the tall mountain or the high hill; but now "*fears are in the way;*" now "*the almond-tree flourishes*"—the white and silvery hair; and "*the grasshopper,*" even the light, aërial, nimble thing, "*becomes a burden.*" At last "*the pitcher is broken at the fountain*"—the circulation ceases, and the heart stops its beating—then "*the silver cord is loosed*"—the special nerve-cord, with all its wonderful branchings, leading out to sensation, and intellect, and feeling, and will; and so "*the golden bowl*"—the brain, the coronet and crown of all—"*is broken.*"

We may suppose all our readers to be acquainted with these singularly beautiful proverbial and parabolic analogies; but it is too wonderful an illustration to omit from such a volume as this. Many strong and im pressive things have been said of old age, even where they have not compressed themselves into the tightness of a proverb. We have often thought Wordsworth's verse one of the sweetest:—

> "Thy thoughts, thy feelings, shall not die,
> Nor leave thee, when grey hairs come nigh,
> A melancholy slave;

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to the grave."

A long twilight where the evening and the night blend with the early morning, different from that picture of a storm-lit age, in Sir Walter Scott's "Rokeby,"—

"And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradation quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night."

Or that in Thomas Hood,—

"Spring, it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly;
When he's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?
June, it was jolly,
Oh for its folly!
A dancing step and a laughing eye;
Youth may be silly,
Wisdom is chilly,
What can an old man do but die?"

So we think we would rather come back to Wordsworth.

But an old proverb says, "*The old man may have a youthful heart;*" and the Afghan says, "*Though the mallet be old, it may be sufficient to smash the pitcher;*" the Greek says, "*The more a good tree grows, the more shade does it give;*" and the Japanese say, "*The heart is the same at sixty as at three.*" On the other hand, the Germans call "*grey hairs death's blossoms;*" and the Arab says, "*Hoary hairs are death's messengers.*" Not inappropriately may we include here a parable, not so well known now as it was once; it is long, but it is good, and from the pen of Mrs. Hannah More:—

The Dark Valley: a Vision.

Once upon a time methought I set out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark valley, which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name, not only on account of the many sorrowful adventures which poor passengers commonly meet with on their journey through it; but also because most of these travellers entered it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguish. This vast valley was full of people of all colours, ages, [illegible] conditions. But whether white, or black, or tawny, all were

travelling the same road; or rather, they were taking different little paths which all led to the same common end.

Now it was remarkable that, notwithstanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vast variety of people, yet all resembled each other in this one respect, that each had a burthen on his back which he was destined to carry through the toil and heat of the day, until he should arrive, by a longer or shorter course, at his journey's end. These burthens would in general have made the pilgrimage quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the valley, out of His great compassion for these poor pilgrims, provided, among other things, the following means for their relief.

In their full view, over the entrance of the valley, there were written, in letters of gold, the following words:—

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURTHENS."

Now I saw in my vision that many of the travellers hurried on without stopping to read this inscription; and others, though they had once read it, yet paid little or no attention to it. A third sort thought it very good advice for other people, but very seldom applied it to themselves. They always desired to avail themselves of the assistance of others, but seldom considered that they were bound to do the same in return. In short, I saw that too many of those people were of opinion that they had burthens enough of their own, and that there was therefore no occasion to take upon them those of others; so each tried to make his own load as light and his own journey as pleasant as he could, without so much as once casting a thought on a poor overloaded neighbour. Here, however, I have to make a rather singular remark, by which I shall plainly show the folly of these selfish people. It was so ordered and contrived by the Lord of this valley, that if any one stretched out his hand to lighten a neighbour's burthen, he never failed to find that he at that moment also lightened his own. Moreover, if a man helped his neighbour, it commonly happened that some other neighbour came, by-and-by, and helped him in his turn; for there was no such thing as what we call *independence* in the whole valley. Not one of all these travellers, however stout and strong, could move on without assistance; for so the Lord of the valley, whose laws were all of them kind and good, had expressly ordained.

I stood still to watch the progress of these poor wayfaring people, who moved slowly on, like so many ticket-porters, with burthens of various kinds on their backs; of which some were heavier, and some were lighter; but from a burthen of one kind or other, not one traveller was entirely free.

A sorrowful widow, oppressed with the burthen of grief for the loss of an affectionate husband, moved heavily on; and would have been bowed down by her heavy load, had not the surviving children with great alacrity stepped forward and supported her. Their kindness, after

awhile, so much lightened the load, which threatened at first to be intolerable, that she even went on her way with cheerfulness, and more than repaid their help, by applying the strength she derived from it to their future assistance.

I next saw a poor old man tottering under a burthen so heavy, that I expected him every moment to sink under it. I peeped into his pack, and saw it was made up of many sad articles; there were poverty, oppression, sickness, debt, and,—what made by far the heaviest part,—undutiful children. I was wondering how it was that he got on even so well as he did, till I spied his wife, a kind, meek, Christian woman, who was doing her utmost to assist him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her shoulder to the burthen, and carried a much larger proportion of it than appeared to me when I was at a distance. It was not the smallest part of the benefit, that she was anxious to conceal it. She not only sustained him by her strength, but cheered him by her counsels.

An infirm blind woman was creeping forward with a very heavy burthen, in which were packed sickness and want, with numberless other of those raw materials, out of which human misery is worked up. She was so weak that she could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind assistance of another woman almost as poor as herself; who, though she had no light burthen of her own, cheerfully lent a helping hand to a fellow-traveller who was still more heavily laden. This friend indeed had little or nothing to give; but the very voice of kindness is soothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other cases, that it was not so much the degree of the help afforded, as the manner of helping, that lightened the burthens. Some had a coarse, rough, clumsy way of assisting a neighbour, which, though in fact it might be of real use, yet seemed, by galling the traveller, to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I observed in others, that so cheap a kindness as a mild word, or even an affectionate look, made a poor burthened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that some human being cared for him, seemed to lighten the load.

Among the travellers, I had occasion to remark, that those who most kicked and struggled under their burthens, only made them so much the heavier, for their shoulders became extremely galled by those vain and ineffectual struggles. The load, if borne patiently, would in the end have turned even to the advantage of the bearers, for so the Lord of the valley had kindly decreed; but as to these grumblers, they had all the smart, and none of the benefit; they had the present suffering without the future reward. But the thing which made all these burthens seem so very heavy was, that in every one, without exception, there was a certain *inner packet*, which most of the travellers took pains to conceal, and keep carefully wrapped up; and while they were forward enough to complain of the other part of their burthens, few said a word about this; though in [illegible] it was the pressing weight of this *secret packet* which served to r[illegible] [illegible]ral burden so intolerable. In spite of all their caution, I

to get a peep at it. I found in each that this packet had the same label; the word SIN was written on all as a general title, and in ink so black, that they could not wash it out. I observed that most of them took no small pains to hide the writing; but I was surprised to see that they did not try to get rid of the load, but of the label. If any kind friend, who assisted these people in bearing their burthens, did but so much as hint at the *secret packet*, or advise them to get rid of it, they took fire at once, and commonly denied they had any such article in their portmanteau; and it was those whose *secret packet* swelled to the most enormous size, who most stoutly denied they had any.

I saw with pleasure, however, that some who had long laboured heartily to get rid of this inward packet, at length found it much diminished; and the more this packet shrunk in size, the lighter was the other part of their burthens also. I observed, moreover, that though the label always remained in some degree indelible, yet, that those who were earnest to get rid of the load, found that the original traces of the label grew fainter also. It was never quite obliterated in any, though in some cases it seemed nearly effaced.

Then methought, all at once, I heard a voice, as it had been the voice of an angel, crying out and saying, "Ye unhappy pilgrims, why are ye troubled about the burthens which ye are doomed to bear through this valley of tears? Know ye not, that as soon as ye shall have escaped out of this valley the whole burthen shall drop off, provided ye neglect not to remove that inward weight, that secret load which principally oppresses you? Study, then, the whole will of the Lord of this valley. Learn from Him how this heavy part of your burthens may now be lessened, and how at last it shall be removed for ever. Be comforted. Faith and hope may cheer you even in this valley. The passage, though it seems long to weary travellers, is comparatively short; for beyond this there is a land of everlasting rest, where all sorrow and sadness shall be ended for ever." Does not this parable supply a commentary on the old German proverb, "*Two troubles well put together, make a comfort or a consolation?*"

To revert back to old age, sometimes it is indeed dark, when there broods over it the memory of an ill-spent or unsatisfied life; a Hindoo proverb says, "*If the man be ugly, what can the looking-glass do for him?*" Again, there are lives whose strength and brightness and beauty only come out in old age, not quite like the idea, but yet illustrating the Scripture, "*They shall bring forth fruit in old age,*" which reminds us of a very pleasing story in the life of Daniel Webster.

The Tender Story of a Wonderful Conversion.

Mr. Peter Harvey gives a very interesting illustration of Webster's religious thoughts and feelings. The two men had a great and mutual regard for each other; and their intercourse through life was constant. This incident occurred in 1851, the year before Webster's death. Harvey

where?" said Colby. "You married my eldest sister, Susannah." "I married your eldest sister! Then who are you?" "I am little Dan," was the reply. Wonder, astonishment, half-incredulity passed over Colby's face. "You Daniel Webster!" The two men looked at each other a moment, and then took each other in the arms, and they both wept. Then, after the first shock of recognition was over, Colby of course began to talk of the newspapers which were always full of Daniel Webster, and he continued, "You are a great man, a famous man; but, Daniel, the time is short, you won't be here very long. I know you are a great man; are you a *good* man, Daniel? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ, Daniel? You know what I have been! one of the wickedest of men, and your poor sister well knew that," and many more words to the same purpose, in the most intensely earnest manner. "John Colby," said Webster, "your question cannot be answered lightly; I hope I am a Christian, I profess to be a Christian, but I must say with shame, not such a Christian as I wish I were; I have lived in a world surrounded by the highest honours, but also by temptations; I am not such a Christian as I ought to be; I am afraid I have not your faith and your hopes; but I am a Christian, and the same grace which converted you, John, and made you an heir of salvation, will do the same for me. No, it will not be long before our summons will come; and I came here to-day, John Colby, only to see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears the reality of your conversion; for, oh! John, what a wicked man you used to be!" There the two old men continued, in the presence of Mr. Harvey, talking of the conversion. "I was worse," said John, "than a heathen till I felt the grace of Christ, saw my sinfulness, and heard the voice of my Saviour. Daniel," said he, "shall we pray together? Will you pray?" So they knelt down, and Webster poured out a prayer which, from such a nature, we need not be informed, was touching; then Colby followed. Then, after they rose from their knees, the table was spread with a pure white cloth, and they shared a primitive meal, of a bowl of pure milk and bread together, over which Webster exclaimed, "Doesn't it taste good? doesn't it taste like the old times?" And shortly after, the brothers-in-law took an affectionate farewell; parting, very likely, to see each other no more on earth, John pursuing his simple way in his remote New England farm, Webster to take up his duties in the Cabinet and the Senate. As they got into their conveyance, tears were in his eyes, and he began to moralize. "I should like to know," he said, "what the enemies of religion would say to John Colby's conversion. There was a man as unlikely to become a Christian as any man I ever saw; he was reckless, impious, never attended church, never experienced the good influence of associating with religious people, so he lives on until a period of life when you do not expect a man's habits to change, and yet he has been brought into a condition such as you have seen to-day, a penitent, trusting, humble believer. Whatever people may say, nothing," continued Webster, "can convince me that any means

[illegible] of the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

XXX.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.—A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

IT is one of the most healthful exercises of life to contemplate an ideal of character before us and beyond us. It has been truly said, that the child in a little boat moored to a great vessel, and attempting to draw the great ship to his little boat, fails in that; but every effort it makes to draw the vessel to its boat draws its own boat nearer to the greater ship; —it is exactly so in all our relations to great ideals—as we attempt to draw them nearer to ourselves, we are really drawn nearer to them.

The great painter was not all the grace, the strength, and sweetness he attempted to portray. Michael Angelo, the wonderful sculptor, embodied in his marbles every form of majesty and might; it is not to be supposed that he was all he so wonderfully delineated; but in his attempts he not only strengthened his own nature, but he also attracted to his ideals and impressed by them the minds of multitudes, who, in all ages, have admired him since.

And we conceive the perfect gentleman to be very greatly *ideal;* but then we must strive to make the character *actual,* or real. Why, of course, such a person is a very bundle of virtuous attributes; and almost the worst effect of the study is the feeling that the character is all but unattainable. And even as some, when they have heard the enumeration of the qualifications essential to a poet, have only been filled with despair, and have said, Who then can be a poet? and others have felt the same despair at the enumeration of the qualifications essential to an orator, or an historian; so also a gentleman is a being so compounded of God's best clay, and so filled and informed by a Divine soul, that we often think we may exclaim, Who then can be a gentleman?

For all men are not gentlemen—*cela va sans dire*—any more than all men are poets, or statesmen, or wits. Perhaps all men cannot be gentlemen. Some men look as if they were only of a near kinsmanship to the animal and the earthly nature. You may shoot a divine spark into their being; you may lead them to suspect that they have a soul for which Christ died; they claim a fellowship with you by the affinities of sense, of common feeling, of love, of hate, of passion; but you feel that, whatsoever they are, and wheresover born, they can only do the rough, hard work of the world; and, sometimes, there are such of these whom society labels "gentlemen." In the catalogue they pass for such, but they are *not;*

they are a coarse compound, made up of mud and money, kneaded together by circumstances, and baked by public opinion, and gilded over by respectability, and varnished by conventionalisms. We know a man may be a gentleman, and he may do the very roughest of the world's rough work; but it is still true there are those who, whatever they have, seem to be destitute and devoid of the tenderness, the delicacy, the quick perception and sense of honour, and the keenness of soul which enters into the character of a gentleman. Certainly, we pray that in attempting to show what is not gentlemanly, we may not, to quote Malvolio, "be like a pair of snuffers, snipping off the blackness only to keep it to ourselves."

What is a gentleman? Is it the old generation? Is it the antique blood? Is it Norman? The Saxon is the oldest—manifestly it is not this—for have we not all one father? We can all go far back, and all our ancestors were in Noah's ark.

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

> "The grand old gardener and his wife
> Smile at the claims of high descent."

Manifestly there must be something more than the mere remoteness of generation. We know a certain joke, which says, a man who is no gentleman, is a man who has no grandfathers. Still we fancy that, gentle or not, we all have had, or have, grandfathers; so we must seek the gentleman in some other circumstances. *Is it in race?* And there you have it, say some; it is not in the ancientness of the blood, but in its purity. *But where is it?* Where is the uncontaminated stem; and, when it is found, is it so noble? Has it the great attributes of self-restraint, self-conquest and magnanimity. Let the house of Hastings or of Churchill answer—

> "What can ennoble fools, or slaves, or cowards?
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

To come to lower standards. What constitues a gentleman? *Is it dress?* According to some, we believe, Pope's celebrated stanzas would be reversed, and they would run—

> "*Dress* makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

We are sure many have thought so. Why, is not this exactly the conception many form of him, that he represents the drawing-room view of the world? Was not Beau Brummell a gentleman—"the autocrat of cravats," "who introduced starch into neckcloths," and fed the pampered appetite of his boots on champagne, and whose friend or whose coat were cut with equal grace? And truly some men form a world in which we exclaim, How great is dress! and we bow before the majesty of the tailor;—the man is what he wears, even more than how he wears it, and so, as Carlyle teaches, the man degenerates into a clothes horse! *Is*

it respectability? What is respectability, etymologically? We suppose it is, what will bear looking at over and over again; but *respectable*, what is that? To live in a large house, to keep a carriage, to give good dinners?—and the respectable so changes its feature, it depends on opinion, on a breath! Think what has been execrated, detested, and martyred in this world! think what wickedness has received ovations! and then determine if respectability shall be the test of the gentleman. It is not admiration alone we covet, we must know whom we admire. The gentleman has little care for the "good opinion" of the "mob," who may shout "crown him!" to-day, and "crucify him!" to-morrow; calmly he smiles on both alike. Least of all should we be disposed to test the gentleman by his possession of money—a very nice thing, money; but two questions go to the possession of it. How did you come by it? A thief passes for a gentleman when stealing has made him rich. And how do you behave with it? In a word, what do you do with it?

You cannot enclose the gentleman, then, in any of the circumstances we have mentioned, for a gentleman is not compounded of circumstances, he is moved by soul, by some spring of character; you cannot *make* a gentleman; he must be born, but you may assist the birth.

Undoubtedly, if you show the gentleman by some leading characteristics, there are two by which he may best be known: first, *he respects himself;* second, *he honours all men.* It is impossible to take a liberty with him; he takes no liberties with others. These are, after all, the chief; limit the attributes to these, and you will not find them *in*sufficient to represent the life we have distinguished. It is a great power and virtue, that old faculty of *self-respect,* for it lifts a man above meanness, and cowardice, and falsehood. We do not mean the strut of the man through the street, who feels that he is "worth" so much. We do not mean the mere autocratic assumption. There are men who will never either melt or carve into the shape of gentlemen, because of their innate roughness, meanness, cowardice, and faithlessness—they are like lost souls on earth. The reverse side saves from this: the man respects others; he reverences the rights of other men; he neither hedges himself round by a remote inaccessibility, nor moves among men with careless and cruel effrontery.

Will anybody say we should not take lessons in the cultivation of this character? The gentleman illustrates the beautiful in life. "The true gentleman is one that is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; his virtue is his business, his study, his recreation, contentedness his rest, and happiness his reward. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is *a man* and *a Christian.*" And does not the Bible set forth the character of the gentleman? What finer one than Abraham? How illustriously, how beautifully he rises there, how courteous, how forbearing,—a child and prophet of the unseen,—for no man can be a

gentleman who does not walk by lights unseen to sense—local lights, invisible lights. And never to him, be you very sure, came the thought that the sole relation between man and man is one of cash payments—a very good relation so far as it goes, and we, for our part, wish we were a little more nimble in cash payments; and when we reach the true gentleman's condition, we shall pay at once our *love* bills and our *money* bills more readily. For cash payment will never represent the completed bond of union between man and man; indeed, we think we may say that the element of the gentleman comes into character when the man feels himself to be moved by some unseen, some disinterested motives and powers.

And, to leap over long intervening spaces, was not Paul a gentleman? Lord Shaftesbury,—the elegant and learned philosophical infidel, and author of the Characteristics,—thought so highly of Paul as a gentleman, that the perfection of the character seemed to command his homage to Christianity itself. There was something shallow in the reasoning, too, for what shall we say of the character of Christ? Surely this, that in it, and in Him, those two attributes we have mentioned, divinely inhere. It is William Hazlett who says, there is something in the character of Christ,—leaving religious faith quite out of the question,—of more sweetness and majesty, more likely to work a change in the mind of man by the contemplation of its idea alone, than any to be found in history, whether actual or feigned. This character is that of a sublime humanity, such as was never seen on earth, before nor since. Thus, then, we say, the Bible, alike by its precepts and by its illustrious examples, moulds the character of the gentleman. The most illiterate and simple nature, in the degree in which it is moved by *them*, becomes more gentle and more genial. Touched by its divine spark, the most rugged undergoes some transformation; some rays of glory lighten humblest homes, illuminate and lift lowliest and most obscure lives, not by taking them from their sphere, but by glorifying the sphere itself, even as the angels glorified the shepherds' fields, not by lifting them up, but by themselves descending to the fields.

And we do not think the gentleman a rare character. There was a time when we were often astonished at the delicacy and dignity of the men of the working classes;—nay, it has often seemed to us that from among them we should be compelled to select the finest instances we have known of the men who could respect themselves and respect others. We have, in such times of observation, had occasion to notice how the gentleman by his mere contact touches the ruder and the rougher nature into some generous likeness to his own. Yes, yes; we have known, and we know, beautiful gentlemen in the habitations of the poor.

Such gentlemen are not noisy nor conspicuous, not men who come to the front of platforms and are very eager in asserting their rights. We have [illegible] that such men are more ready to fulfil their duties than to [illegible] their rights; and they win their rights by calmly fulfilling their

duties. They remind us of what Robert Hall said, after his interview with that amiable, gifted, and accomplished lady, Miss Hannah More—when some one said, "Were her manners striking?" "Oh, no! sir; her manners were too perfect to be striking." So, always, the perfect gentleman is not a man of striking manners. A calm, a self-possessed, diffusive presence, of which you principally notice *goodness* and *strength*. Oh! hard, rough hand; we will not say that thou art therefore separated from the gentleman's heart. We *have* known the two united; we know instances in which they *are* united. Why, the gentleman is the solvent of society, he is of *no* rank, he is of *no* party, he is of *no* creed but Christ's. "A Christian," says Archdeacon Hare, "is God Almighty's gentleman. A gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the devil's Christian. Many gentlemen are to be found, and many more would be, were the true meaning of the word borne in mind and only inculcated. But," continues he, "we are misled by etymology; and because a gentleman was originally *homo gentilis*, people seem to fancy they shall lose caste unless they act as Gentiles." But we will not be so misled. Oh, we have known homes of lowly peasant men, of labourers and artisans, sanctified by the lights of gentleness and grace—homes sanctified by purity and peacefulness, hedged round, and shut in from the thoughts of rapacity, ambition, hasty judgment, and exorbitant expectations. We love the true-born gentleman when we meet him in his wealthy home, his stately park, his cultured library; but what shall we say,—shall we not even love him more when we meet him in his lowly abode, which, if lowly, is yet the abode of taste, the shrine of prayer, where the love of truth, justice, and goodness have raised the lowly home nearer to the habitation of angels? We know it among the fields, we know it in the city's crowded streets. The beautiful *in life*, such, we have said, is our idea of the perfect gentleman, find him wherever we may. And is not humanity beautiful? It is said, when Robert Burns was introduced to the highest Edinburgh society, duchesses felt that there was an equal, or a richer grace when he adjusted their shawls, or handed them to their carriages, even compared with that they ordinarily received from the titled dignitaries of their own class; and yet he came immediately from the field and the plough. Can we wonder at it? Purified humanity is beautiful and strong; we worship caste too much; we set up our banners and we allow none to be gentlemen who do not flock to our standard. We build up our walls and we admit none to the rank of gentlemen who do not belong to our set, our field, our fold; all are gentlemen within, all are vulgar without. We say, humanity is beautiful in its roughest outline. "I love," said the great Robert Robinson, "the soul that must and will do good, the kind creature that runs to the sick-bed,—or rather say, bedstead,—of a poor neighbour, wipes away the moisture of a fever, smoothes the clothes, beats up a pillow, fills a pitcher, and sets it within reach." Beautiful is humanity. It was only ignorance which so grossly assailed Wordsworth because

he found nature's gentlemen so often among the ranks of the poor. But who has not felt the grandeur and the truth of those often-repeated words of his:—

> "Man is dear to man, the poorest poor
> Long for some moments in a weary life,
> When they may know and feel that they have been
> Themselves the givers, and the dealers out
> Of some small blessings—have been kind to those
> Who needed kindness, for this single cause,
> That we have all of us one human heart."

What then, is there nothing in blood, nothing in race, nothing in culture, which goes towards the building of a gentleman? Of course there is; there are the chances, the possibilities, the circumstances,—but they need the will, the soul, to turn them to magnificent account; for no man is made out of circumstances; and ages of culture and command refine and strengthen the character. And, in one word, if the soul be the fountain and test of the gentleman, discipline is the mark of the soul. We wonder whether we shall find in the middle classes, and in the cultivated of the working classes, those plenitudes of strength and power which have given such a character to England in many a strife, and in many a well-fought field. Shall it not be confessed that there is a great difference between bravery and courage. *Bravery* is the animal and savage passion; *courage* is daring, held in check by the reins of discipline, enlightened by intelligence, and commanded by aim and purpose. Hence we see, in the character we call the gentleman, the capacity of the race for improvement. There is a kind of refined blood which is the vehicle through which the soul performs distinguished deeds; and it bears the same relation to ordinary character that ordinary iron does to fine steel —it holds the consciousness of honour higher even than the consciousness of self, and regards it as a calamity if it know the first, and fear a taint upon the last. This character grows in simple tastes, and cares more for a rich soul than rich furniture, and for immortal aliment than for delicacies and dainties; it does not fly to and fro, blowing its own trumpet, proclaiming its own virtues, its own fitness for office; it does not usually present itself as a candidate, does not say, "I am the very fittest person you can have to represent you in the council chamber or the Senate." On the contrary, the gentleman does not shrink from his duties, but, in office or out, you see the man whose character has been refined through the fires of discipline, perhaps through the teaching of many generations. We thought we seldom had a better instance of what a gentleman would not do, and the way in which a gentleman would not speak, than in the reply given by Mr. Lowe, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the occasion of the inquiry whether anything would be done by Government in the way of aiding in the search for Dr. Livingstone. Government had given, he said, £1,000, and that was as much as the expedition was worth. The life of Livingstone—the great African

and inland Columbus, the chief explorer of any land and age, the revealer of a new inland continent, the man who has disclosed the great river system of Africa, its wealth of minerals, of mines, of mountains, trees, and meadows, worth, in Mr. Lowe's estimation, £1,000! And this said without one word of sympathy for his absence or admiration for his genius. Truly, we thought the University of London might be proud of its member, and England be proud of her Chancellor!

Not that we mean to imply that the gentleman is always a man of one temperament. The temperament of man is merely the rough scabbard of the soul. Immortality may reveal all strong, all beautiful, although here the "muddy vesture of decay" closes round, and prevents the full and perfect character from being seen. Hence, you sometimes become aware of the nervous and timid gentleman, the man of many qualms and fears, the man who almost seems to apologize for having been born, who hovers about with a deliberate kind of fussiness. Yes; but by one test you know the man—he is one who moves on principles. And the greater or the lesser power to command, to rise to an exigency, to stand equal to a circumstance, this is *not* the question; but the power of abiding the test of character, the power of saying, "I will," or "I will not," this is the mark of the gentleman. On the other hand, stands the man collected, clear, resolved and firm, prompt and decided. So great is the difference between the bodily and the intellectual vehicle through which the soul acts, as in souls themselves. Hence, the gentleman is equally perfect whether in repose or in action, whether called on to obey or to lead. He eminently knows his work and his place in life, and conforms himself to it.

You have noticed him by many signs. Take another, illustrative of that respect for others—that inability to take a liberty with the feelings and characters of others. He will not do this, even with those on whom he is on terms of the most intimate friendship. Sydney Smith on one occasion met a lively young M.P. They had never met before that day. The lively young man repeatedly called him *Smith*. They were going together to Lambeth Palace, to one of the solemn evening receptions of Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury. Before they entered, the wit took the young man in the most solemn manner aside, and said, "Now, my dear good fellow, whatever you do, let me beg you *not* to call the Archbishop, 'Howley.'" You know the lines of Cowper:—

"It is not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
To finish a fine building.
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom, or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,

> Is such a friend that one had need
> Be very much his friend indeed,
> To pardon or to bear it."

For every gentleman has a room of reserves into which none but the very choicest companions can possibly enter. "What man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him." There is a region in which the man can scarcely feel himself even at home. Not every man can—

> "Enter the sacred temple of the breast,
> And walk and range about, an honoured guest."

How then can he ask another to sit down there? There are those who deal roughly and rudely with the things of other people's minds. Men are not sacred to them. But this will be a feature of the perfect gentleman; he will not wear his whole nature disclosed, and he will resent the impertinent interference with the sanctities of his moral nature, as a thing dreadful and intolerable; he will guard his private opinions, his secret, sacred faiths and affections from the rude touch of the priest, and reserve them, like a sacred church or shrine, for his closest heart and for his God, and, perhaps, his wife—his other self—alone. And this, in a very considerable degree, marks the gentleman—the possession of such an invisible but yet assured territory; it separates him from the herd. It is his elevation, his glory, and his joy, to know his right of inheritance in such a region. He derives strength from traversing it. Power to bear solitude well, is one of the chief marks of a noble nature—ability for self-communion. The finest nature rises high in circumstances where other natures faint and fail; it is because such natures find, when they retreat back upon themselves, how far they *can* retreat before they reach the monotony and the weariness of their nature. Hence, prisons have so often been the nursing cradles of greatest minds—Bunyan, Dante, Elliot, Cervantes. The noblest gentleman is he who can longest and most patiently endure, and from beneath the pavement of the prison turn up the soils to find the flowers and the trees of life.

Thus we have very faintly and indifferently attempted (foiled, we fear, in the attempt) to mention two or three of those which strike us as the imitable points of the gentlemanly character, the chief thing being that the character is *imitable;* and our remarks have really been selected as suitable for the consideration of young men, as suitable to us all, and as calculated to fasten on all the ambition to attain to the rank of the gentleman. In him, we have said, is fulfilled the beauty of life. The gentleman is the consummation of the earthly life of our nature. Did space permit, we should have attempted to recite some of the stories and the memories of those who have shone [illegible] thus; how many and how [illegible]ous [illegible]ch names;—as Sir Philip Sydn[illegible]; John [illegible]elyn, of [illegible] [illegible]or of "Sylva," and the f[illegible] of C[illegible] [illegible]rst of J[illegible]r [illegible] names as that of [illegible].

heroism, and power; and we would mention Charles Lamb, that beautiful, tender, heroic brother—and, but we should be invidious to crowds who, in every rank, have shone, fulfilling the simple lowly duties of life, and thus rising to the highest and chiefest places of glory and esteem. Even as a pretty poem says,—

> "Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
> Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
> And saw within the moonlight in his room,
> Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
> An Angel writing in a book of gold:—
> Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
> And to the Presence in the room, he said,
> 'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
> And with a look made of all sweet accord,
> Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
> 'And is mine one?' said Abou, 'Nay, not so,'
> Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
> But cheerily still; and said, 'I pray thee then,
> Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
> The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
> It came again with a great wakening light,
> And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd,
> And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

We have attempted to show, that if the gentlemanly character is to be found, neither in the herald's office nor in the conventional habits of society; that there really does exist such a character, and that, in Christ, and in Christianity, are in fact, to be found the models for it. Tender, strong, truthful, honourable, and heroic—an example before which courts must pale their flaring fancies of superior manners. Who, for instance, could cite Francis I., or Louis XIV., or Charles II., or George IV. as examples of the manners suitable to gentlemen, or of the way in which gentlemen should act and speak? And yet these were all regarded as the chief gentlemen in Europe of their age and day. They are all left behind amidst the rubbish of history—and, indeed, these men all were, in a manner, masters of speech, but not such speech as reveals the gentleman. The mouth marks the gentleman—and the perfect gentleman is assuredly known by this, that no corrupt communication proceeds from him. We say, they have been left behind; left behind, also, the letters of Lord Chesterfield, in which the manners of a gentleman are immediately built up on a perfect code of immorality. The old days of Sir Roger de Coverley have departed, but may we not hope there are more gentlemen in England to-day than ever before in any period of her history? We will hope it, we will believe it,—that from the middle classes of our country are growing up and going forth those who are refined and cultivated, and enabled by education to take large and noble views, and who will, we trust, bring about the doom of exclusiveness and caste. We assuredly see it; the time when the question society asks of a man before he is invited to sit down at its select tables, will not be, Is

he in trade? or, Is he of one of the learned professions? Has he accumulated wealth? or, Is he only *a labourer* still? but, Is he *a gentleman?* Has he character? Has he culture? Is he worthy? Is he true? Is he faithful, gentle, and believing?

"I ask not of his lineage,
I ask not of his name;
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
The palace or the hovel
Where first his life began,
I ask not that—but answer this:
'Is he an honest man?'

"Nay, blush not now. what matters it
Where first he drew his breath?
A manger was the cradle first
Of Him of Nazareth.
Be aught, be nought, be anything—
I care not what you be,
If 'Yes' you answer, when I ask,
'Art thou pure, true, and free?'"

We need not believe—as many, with almost a fanatical Rousseauism of feeling, have believed—that a savage,—or, say, the Red Indian,—is the highest type of a gentleman; but there are lying before us some instances which do bring out very sharply some of the finest marks of the gentlemanly character;—*unconsciousness*, for instance;—the performing a brave and noble deed, altogether unconscious of its nobility and heroism.

A Pawnee, a brave man (the warriors who have distinguished themselves in the field are called "brave men"), the son of an Old Knife (Pawnee Chief), a handsome youth of a noble countenance, who had by his exploits gained at one-and-twenty, the surname of "brave" amongst the brave, by an act of audacious courage, at once put an end to the barbarous custom of burning prisoners to death. A young woman of the Cadouca nation was destined to suffer the horrible fate of a prisoner. The fatal hour was come. The trembling victim was tied to the gibbet, in presence of the whole tribe assembled to witness the odious scene. Just as the fire was about to be put to the faggots, the young warrior,—who had prepared, unobserved, two strong and swift horses, with provisions for a long journey,—sprang forward from his place, pierced the astonished crowd, delivered the unfortunate woman, took her in his arms, placed her on one horse, mounted the other, and both dashed off at full speed, leaving the spectators thunderstruck at such a bold stroke.

T captive, after three days of rapid course, was conducted through the d s towards her country. Then her generous deliverer made her pr it of the horse she was on, and gave her provisions, so that she regain her village without suffering from fatigue and hunger, and took his leave of her

Such was his popularity that no one attempted to call him to account for this action; and his temerity was considered as an inspiration of the Great Spirit, so that, from that time, the Pawnees entirely ceased to offer up human sacrifices.

This story became known at Washington, and made a deep impression on the ladies and young girls of a boarding-school, who resolved to raise a subscription amongst the members of the establishment, and, with the sum thus collected, to send a commemorative gift to the son of the Old Knife, as a token of their admiration for his noble conduct. They consequently had a silver medal struck, with an appropriate inscription, which was sent to the brave Pawnee, with the following letter:—

"Brother,—Accept this mark of our esteem. Wear it always in remembrance of us; and if thou shouldst have the power to save a poor woman from tortures and death, in the name of this souvenir, fly to her rescue, and restore her to life and liberty."

To this letter the warrior made an answer, which, literally translated, ran thus:—

"Brothers and sisters,—Your medal will give me more courage than I ever had; and I will listen to white people more than I have hitherto done. I am glad that my brothers and sisters have seen my good deed. *They think I acted in ignorance; but now I know what I have done.* I acted in ignorance, not knowing that it was a good action; but the medal teaches me that I have done well."

An illustration of the high charactered gentleman in the savage meets us also in the following story:—

An Indian of the Virginian States, when out hunting, followed the game into the American possessions. The weather was cold and rainy. He stopped at a planter's, where he begged for shelter, which was refused. Hungry and thirsty, he besought a crust of bread and a glass of water. But to each request "No" was the answer; to which was added "Go away, Indian dog! there is nothing here for thee." Several years afterwards, this same planter had, no doubt by the hand of Providence, lost his way in the woods; and, coming up to the cabin of a savage, in his turn begged for hospitality, which was immediately granted with a very good grace. On inquiring the distance from where he was to the white men's possessions, the Indian who had received him so cordially replied, "You are too far from home to think of returning there to-night; remain therefore here, and to-morrow morning I will myself guide you back to your house." The American gratefully accepted this offer and spent the night with the Indian, who seemed to take pleasure in showing him every attention; and the next day, according to his promise, he conducted the planter to his habitation. When about to take leave, the Red Skin turned and faced his guest, bidding him look at him, and try to remember where he had seen him before. The unfortunate white man instantly recognised the hunter he had so barbarously treated a few years before. He was seized with inexpressible terror

at the idea of the fate that he was convinced awaited him. He attempted to speak, but could not find words to express either his gratitude of shame. But the Indian, mildly checking his endeavour, gently and simply said, "Another time, when a poor Indian, cold, hungry, and thirsty, comes to thy door to ask a shelter, a crust of bread, and a drop of water, say not to him, 'Begone, Indian dog, there is nothing here for thee.'" After giving this lesson of charity, the Red Skin disappeared in the forest, leaving the white man to his conscience.

We pride ourselves upon our advance in the world of ideas; but in some particulars we do not seem to have made much headway beyond our fathers.

What, for instance, did our forefathers think of the word gentleman? We, in these interesting years, have come to draw distinctions very finely; we have created the despotism of *snobbery* and *cant*, and we affect to look with contempt from our high altitude upon all who are either engaged in any way of trade, or have sunk by the drift of circumstances into poverty. As Lord Lytton says, "In other countries poverty is a misfortune; with us, it is a crime!" But not poverty alone—we have often been struck with the conventional meaning we attach to the word "gentleman," or to the adjective "respectable." And yet, if we go to one of the most illustrious of the old heralds, old Guillim, of the 17th century, and inquire of him (and surely a herald ought to know, and Guillim better than most heralds); if we inquire, we say, "What constitutes a gentleman?" he replies, "Gentlemen have their beginning either of blood, as that they are born of worshipful parents, or that they have done something worthy in peace or war, whereby they deserve to be accounted gentlemen." "A man who has done something worthy," continues the old writer, "is a gentleman, of whatsoever state he be; although he go to plough and common labour for his maintenance, yet he is a gentleman." Here was a doctrine preached in a grand old folio by a king's herald in the time of the Stuarts. Truly we have not improved on this since. "Done something worthy, he is a gentleman!" Certes! but the doctrine would scare three-fourths of the drawing-rooms of the kingdom, and create a perfect panic in Belgravia! Suppose, in the true old English sense, we instituted an order of merit, and called it the order of gentlemen, and gave the little mark for the button-hole only to those who had done something worthy; we think the order would be much smaller than we imagine it to be at present. Yes; and we believe with old Guillim, many a ploughman would take rank, and many a proud parvenu would have to lower his claim. Having "done something worthy," saved a life, done a good deed, sustained a character in trying circumstances, introduced some useful invention, written some good book, established some benevolent institution, painted some beautiful picture, erected some noble building, constructed some convenient highway, built some commodious bridge, reformed some ancient abuse, *done something worthy!* We call it [illegible] and attainable rank after all.

XXXI.

ON BAD SECURITIES.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

"He liked not the security."

ONE of the noticeable little side-wind sallies of humour in Shakspeare, is that in the second part of Henry IV., where Falstaff has sent to Master Dumbleton for two-and-twenty yards of satin, for his short cloak and slops; sending indeed no money, but offering as an assurance for payment the bond of that redoubtable possessor of the red nose, Falstaff's drouthy and ancient crony, Bardolf. When the page returns, Falstaff inquires: "What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and slops?" And the page replies, "He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolf, he would not take his bond of yours; *he liked not the security.*" Whereat Falstaff plunges into one or his humorous rages against this very dimly-seen hosier and draper, for we know nothing more of Dumbleton than through this incidental allusion to him; but Falstaff's wrath is excessive, "A rascally, yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon *security!* The smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdle; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up [taking up; *i.e.*, buying upon credit], then they must stand upon *security!* I had as lief they put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with *security;* I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security!*" Knowing Sir John, as we do, pretty well, and being also as well acquainted with Bardolf, we cannot be surprised at the prompt decision of the honest citizen, who comes before us, although only introduced in this off-hand way, as plainly as if he were a conspicuous actor in one or several of the scenes. Plain, well-to-do, Master Dumbleton, we see him behind his counter, with his silks, satins, and cloths about him—a right reputable citizen of the ancient time, probably in old Eastcheap—a right reputable man, with a dash of pleasant *savoir faire* if necessary—a well-to-do citizen, asking for no security himself, and exceedingly cautious and wary of accepting security for any one else. We can imagine how promptly he arrived at his decision when such a proposal came from Jack Falstaff; and to what a plight must our poor friend Jack have been reduced—a gentleman, but a gentleman far better

known than trusted. His word evidently with the draper was "melted into air, into thin air." And then to introduce, as his very good friend, Bardolf, the dissipated knight's altogether dissolute and drunken hanger-on, no wonder the draper instantly cut the negotiation short, counting Falstaff and his friend an equally worthy pair, "He would not take his bond nor yours, he liked not the *security*."

It does sometimes happen, although in most instances the security has to smart for it, that a good security will save a very creaky reputation. We have heard the story of a lady who advertised in the *Times* newspaper for a trifling loan, her only security, as she said, being a spotless reputation and a rosewood piano. Well, that was something better than Bardolf; and if the lady procured the trifling loan, she was probably more indebted for it to the rosewood piano than even to the spotless reputation. A good security is a good thing; often the security is really the warrant and assurance in a transaction; unlike the French quack, who, in the days of simple old Paris, when entering that city, caused his boy to run before him through the streets, exclaiming, "My father cures all sorts of diseases;" and with grave, stately steps, splendidly dressed in the mode of the time, the quack himself followed with affected dignity, exclaiming, "What the child says is perfectly true." It was a transaction exceedingly like the proposal of Falstaff and Bardolf, a worthy pair, and such worthy pairs frequently come before us. Our readers probably remember the story of the pair of wits. One said to the other, "Have you faith enough to lend me a guinea?" "Yes," said the other, "I have the faith, but I have not got the guinea." And this is the condition of things in which faith comes in and offers itself as a security. And such vouchers pass current in many ways besides little bill transactions. The popular story-teller, who touts for the surprise of the party, and draws out his marvellous succession of prodigies, has usually some one not far away, to whom he appeals as his voucher for the truth of the strange and amazing incident. Sometimes forced upon personal testimony by the doubt of their auditors, such persons will appeal to their own eyes as their witnesses; it is to these Cowper refers in some well-known lines:—

> "A great retailer of this curious ware,
> Having unloaded, and made many stare,—
> 'Can this be true?' an arch observer cries.
> 'Yes' (rather moved), 'I saw it with these eyes!'
> 'Sir, I believe it on that ground alone,
> I could not had I seen it with my own.'"

Perhaps not very immediately connected with this train of remark,—but these our anecdotes are somewhat loosely hung together,—is a curious piece of correspondence between Samuel Foote, the great comedian, and his mother. The mother, like her son, was often in debt difficulties, and in one of these temporary plights she wrote:—

> [illegible] in prison for debt: come and assist your loving mother, E.

To which was the following laconic reply,—

"DEAR MOTHER,—So am I, which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son, SAM."

We should suppose both of these worthies were hard up for security, and would have been subjects for Dumbleton's demur.

Probably, honest Master Dumbleton was very right in dismissing the idea of security at once. "*He who sleeps upon security, seldom has a good feather-bed for a couch;*" in many ways it is true, as Shakspeare elsewhere says, "*You all know security is mortal's chiefest enemy;*" and, in the language of the old book, "*Whoso is security shall smart for it.*" What an innocent and amiable-looking appearance it puts on; how natural it seems to help a friend, how unnatural, in a great emergency, not to do so. But perhaps in the end faith comes out of the transaction so damaged as to say, with that knave Autolycus, "Ha! ha! what a fool Honesty is; and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!" Perhaps in most instances, when the security turns out badly, the eyes and instincts of the truster were sadly at fault, and he does not know the value or the worthlessness of that upon which he was depending; he became a security, and built his scaffolding for a house upon the sand. A very little examination and thought would have revealed the baselessness of the foundation of the building he proposed to raise. He accepted the conditions of the security thoughtlessly, he was punished piteously, and he takes out a retainer against all faith and virtue; a little examination would have saved him from the loss and the moral waste.

Many affecting stories have been told, and many instances come to our memory, of those who would have saved themselves from a whole life of misery had they been as careful as Dumbleton was in the rejection of Bardolf's bond. It is affecting to think of many a small and comparatively insignificant life which has thus been tormented for years, if not finally lost and altogether thrown away, through some unwise security. The bait has been tempting, the speculation has been vast, and we have heard of splendid and princely merchants whose magnificent freightage has gone down, and they have sunk from a rich palace and all the magnificent endowments,—not merely of competence, but of luxury,—to the bankrupt's court, perhaps to the suicide's grave. The friend has been unfaithful, the scheme has been a bubble, the mine has given forth nothing, and absorbed everything, because they had not the courage to say, "'I do not like the *security!*' Away, you tempter!"

The impudence of Falstaff is matched by very many in our own time in many ways. You wonder at the audacity of many a man who very coolly says to you, "Take my word for it." It has often been remarked upon as quite surprising, the ease, the ineffable grace, with which many a man will pleasantly inscribe his name upon the back of a bill or an acceptance, and feel, as that interesting person, Mr. Micawber, felt, that having done that, he has honestly discharged all obligations. He has put his name to a piece of paper, what can his creditor demand of him more? "Thank

God! that's done with," he says. He troubles himself no further about it; every drop of ink, every syllable which flowed from his pen, he regarded as so many bank-notes, or so much gold and silver, pleasantly terminating that little affair, and reeling the thing delicately off from all the agitations of conscience. Oh! in this world of ours, how beautiful it would be if things could be done like that; but, inasmuch as they cannot be, well does it behove the man who is about to receive the acceptance, or to give one, to look cautiously at the name, and in most instances he will say with Dumbleton, "I do not like the *security*." True it is, as some quaint and very ancient rhymester says:—

> "Who trusts before he tries, may soon his trust repent,
> Who tries before he trusts, doth to his care prevent;
> Thus trust may not be cause of trial, then, we see,
> But trial must be cause of trust in each degree."

Mr. Jacox, that great reader and happy expositor of his readings, has drawn together several illustrations of Dumbleton's demur, as when Jasper Losely, in "What will he Do with it?" tries to negotiate a bill of Madame Caumartin's for £500, Poole shakes his head and intimates the need of security. "*I'll* be security," says Jasper, at which the other shook his head, the second time still more emphatically than the first. Sometimes, as in Bardolf's case, the very security is even more suspicious than the bill, and fairly destroys every lingering possibility of faith.

But not merely in matters of money does it behove us to look well at the security; in matters of thought and in great questions of faith, even when we come among scientific conclusions, we may often pause before we accept some dogma endorsed and enforced by even a very respectable name, and say, "I do not like the *security*."

The story is told of a Frenchman conversing with another concerning the doctrines of the new astronomy; one doubted the reality of the doctrines, the other offered his *parole d'honneur* as a guarantee: "I assure you, upon my honour, that the earth moves round the sun." Certainly it was very odd; but even the honour of a gentleman cannot be understood as going for much in certain great scientific questions; and even then, and concerning these, we may say, "I do not like the *security*." A man may be rich in this world's means, rich also in all honourable ideas, and be yet entirely destitute of all that can give his testimony a valid claim to our faith and trust. Some of our readers may remember the anecdote of one of the sailors of the great Captain, Lord Anson, one of the first circumnavigators of our globe. Jack said, to one of his friends when he came home, "What a liar that captain of ours is; he declares that the world is round, and that he's been round the world. Why, Lord bless you, I've been with him all the way, and I declare that everywhere it was as flat as the palm of my hand." Jack was honest and well-intentioned, and perhaps saw as much as his lights fitted him to see; but if we were called upon to accept his verdict in science in preference to [illegible], we should exclaim, "We do not like the *security*."

A number of the deductions of the so-called scientists of our time are not the deductions of science at all; Mr. Darwin is a very clear observer of the ways of Nature, and one of the most entertaining and delightful describers in the world of natural history our language has ever known; but when he tells us that the beginning of all things was in the sporule of some seaweed which began to develop some three hundred millions of years since, we feel the spirit of Dumbleton's demur stirring within us. And when John Tyndall, in his oration "On the Relations of Science and the Imagination," will have us believe that phosphorus and thought, or mind, are identical, our respect for the dogmatist does not compel us to accept the conclusion. We ask for the *security;* the Professor has none to give, and the bargain between his thought and ours is very abruptly terminated.

But even in things of far greater moment than merely scientific relations we may decline to receive *the security*. Human knowledge has its limitations; and when the arrogant religious dogmatist offends all good taste and sense, meting and measuring out to us eternal conditions and arrangements by the miserable standard, either of his own short-sighted logic or the bitterness and vehemence of his own passion, we may decline the security. The Church of Rome is a very Bardolf in this. She, the so-called Church, passes her bond for our acceptance, warrants our eternal future upon certain conditions, such as the penance of the confessional; the reception of doctrines opposed to every principle of sense—whether the sacred or the secular sense; the performance of masses, pursued, it may be, through years and ages. And when we ask for the warrant of all this, the Church gives her own word. Considering what that Church has proved herself to be, we may be forgiven for saying, "I do not like the *security*." But, on the other hand, we have those who preach to us the pleasant gospel of entire unbelief—to whom there is nothing metaphysical, nothing beyond the reach and navigation of the senses, and who pass to us their word of assurance that it is so, and tell us, as Mr. George Henry Lewis tells us, that, magnificent as the speculations of the metaphysician are, the first obstinate creditor who insists on payment makes him bankrupt. The unbeliever, like the Papist, passes his word to us, gives us his bond that all things are self-created and self-developed, that thought is merely a mode of matter or of heat, and that everything we behold boasts of causation without a cause, of conclusion without intention, of a reason without a purpose, of a cunning happening, of a fitness without any design, of relations without any regulation, of ways and roads without any road-makers. It is rather too much; the assertions, however respectable they may seem in their parentage, have no warrant; they are not worthy of credit; we cannot give them our trust; they are utterly unsustained. We look them through at a glance; we see only a shabby Bardolf behind them all, and are justified in saying, "*I do not like your security.*"

Yet, after all, look to our security as we may, it is possible it may

be most fallacious and unsubstantial. There is an old story we may entitle,—

It is Good to be Sure.

It is the tale of an old usurer who had nothing in his mouth but, "*It is good to be sure.*" Even if his servant went to receive money, the old miser would follow him, for he said, "*It is good to be sure.*" He told his money over and over again and again; for he said, "*It is good to be sure.*" He fell dangerously ill, and his servant asked his master, "Have you said your prayers?" "Yes; I have said them." "But," said the servant, "you had better say them again." "Why?" said the old man. "Oh, because *It is good to be sure.*" "No," said the old miser; "I am sure enough about that; but fetch me my money chest, for I would count that over again." Then said the servant, as he returned, "I saw the devil in the chest, and he says it is all his; and he put his black paw upon all your gold too; he said it was all got from widows, orphans, and poor wretches." "Says he so?" quoth the extortioner, "then bring me the chest, gold and devil and all, for, *It is well to be sure.*"

Thus there are some securities, with lands, and leases, and bonds, and specialities of moneys, which carry the devil and all. Surely Wisdom would say of such, with Dumbleton, "I like not the security."

That most charming of parable-writers, Mrs. Gatey, uses the Will-o'-the-Wisp in a very fresh and illustrative manner, and turns its culminated beams into a very happy analogy of the light of truth.

The Parable of the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

"He's a villain, that shamefaced Will-o'-the-Wisp," says the farmer, who had only just been warned by that same Will-o'-the-Wisp that he had been getting near to a very deceitful bog, and so, by the warning held out by the glimmering light, got home sooner to his wife than he expected that market evening; while the Will-o'-the-Wisp soliloquized as the cart moved on, "Well, they are safe; that's the great point gained; but, in their ignorance, they would have struck me for helping them. But I'll try again, perhaps I may save somebody else. What an ungrateful world one lives in!"

"Detestable Phantom!" cried the traveller, as his horse sank with him into the morass; "to what a miserable end have you lured me by your treacherous light!"

"The same old story for ever!" muttered the Will-o'-the-Wisp in reply. "Always throwing blame on others for troubles you have brought upon yourself. What more could have been done for you, unhappy creature, than I have done? All the weary night through have I danced on the edge of this morass, to save you and others from ruin. If you have rushed in further and further, like a headstrong fool, in spite of my warning light, who is to blame but yourself?"

"I *am* an unhappy creature, indeed," rejoined the traveller; "I

your light for a friendly lamp, but have been deceived to my destruction."

"Yet not by *me*," cried the Will-o'-the-Wisp anxiously—"I work out my appointed business carefully and ceaselessly. My light is ever a friendly lamp to the wise. It misleads none but the headstrong and ignorant."

"Headstrong! ignorant!" exclaimed the statesman, for such the traveller was. "How little do you know to whom you are speaking! Trusted by my King—honoured by my country—the leader of her councils—ah, my country, my poor country, who will take my place and guide you when I am gone?"

"A guide who cannot guide himself! Misjudging, misled, and—though wise, perhaps, in the imperfect laws of society—ignorant in the glorious laws of Nature and of Truth—who will miss you, presumptuous being? You have mistaken the light that warned you of danger for the star that was to guide you to safety. Alas for your country, if no better leader than you can be found!"

The statesman never spoke again, and the Will-o'-the-Wisp danced back to the edge of the black morass; and as he flickered up and down, he mourned his luckless fate—always trying to do good—so often vilified and misjudged. "Yet," said he to himself, as he sent out his beams through the cheerless night, "I will not cease to try; who knows but that I may save *somebody* yet! But what an ignorant world I live in!"

Thus, in the spirit of Mrs. Gatey's parable, these doubtful securities, promising magnificent rates of interest, and so seducing unwary travellers on the road of life, ought, like the Will-o'-the-Wisp, to act as warnings, and waive away the traveller from venturing on the dangerous ground which may prove to him in the end a Slough of Despond.

XXXII.

A SERMON ON SAVOIR FAIRE, CONSIDERED AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

"*Be all things to all men.*"—PAUL.

MANY years have now passed since our mind became first impressed by, and our heart moved to admiration for, the masters of *Savoir Faire.* We are greatly surprised that we, who have a handbook and *vade mecum* for every kind of art and science, and catechisms for etiquette and behaviour, have no popular introduction to what is confessedly the very art of society; at any rate there is none that we are acquainted with, and yet our very social existence depends upon it. A savage, for instance, you may describe by many negatives, Johnson's among the rest, that he has "neither past nor future;" but, we take it, the chief idea of a savage is, that he is a man without *savoir faire.* A young lady the other day asked us what it was: we were obliged to tell her that the thing was perfectly undefinable. "My dear," we said, "you may just as well ask us to define the scent of your *mouchoir,* or the bloom of your cheeks; and yet you know they are the very spirituality and aroma of your personality." So of *savoir faire.* Literally translated, we can make nothing of the phrase, merely "knowing how to do it;" but in itself its very indefiniteness speaks wonders. You scarcely hear of any great success in life, but it is achieved by *savoir faire.* You admire Grigsby in the drawing-room; he is a delightful fellow, chats with you, jokes with you, keeps an unflagging interest alive and awake all around him; how do you reckon him up? In fact, he is a master of *savoir faire.* Do you know Pugglewash, your tradesman in the next street, that master of bland courtesies, who has accumulated, as we know, a nice little fortune, and keeps his brougham and his country villa, and for whom most people have some commendatory word to say, as on the whole a thorough good fellow?—what is the secret of it all? *Savoir faire.* And you surely know that eminent pulpit orator, the Rev. Dr. Ravelby;—did you ever the oleaginous Doctor? *Savoir faire* is the ole nous faculty. We t an evening with him not long ce; was we 't ribe how beautiful he was. Noth wro you d; got that he was a divine, but w was a body rin up with *piquant sauce;*

drawing-room, "Ah, he is always the same, pulpit and parlour, dear Dr. Ravelby!" Whereupon a gentleman rejoined, evidently with great admiration, "Yes, Dr. Ravelby is a great master of *savoir faire*." What makes a successful doctor—the man of large practice, who tires out his half-dozen pairs of horses in the course of the day? Science? skill? Nonsense! *savoir faire*. What gets the Member into the House, and makes him an agreeable and pleasant person there? Principles? We think we know better than that—*savoir faire*. We dare say Mr. Gladstone is rather a great man; but it's just the very thing, the little item wanting in his Titanic intelligence; he has not mixed the salad of his character somehow quite judiciously—a flash too much of the vinegar, and too strong a suspicion of the pepper—condiments which never enter into *savoir faire*. As we have said, we revere the faculty! When we go into the House of Lords on a great field day, or when the Queen forgets the proper dignity of her station so far as to open the House, as we gaze on the bench of bishops, our reverence becomes something fearful to us; we are always afraid of doing some improper thing to mark it, for practically, you see, we are not a master of the science. We say to ourself, "Ah, there they sit, the great professors of the art, every one of them knew how to do it; whatever their Greek or mathematics, whatever their skill at metaphysical and theological conundrums or riddles, each of those venerable men might have been a poor curate, or a poor professor or schoolmaster, at best the rector of a village; but he was a master of *savoir faire*.

As we see these things, and think these things, and hear so much said about success in life, and the development of the resources of the British Empire, and the probable failure of coal mines; and, even as some grim prophets,—like the late Dr. Daubeny, for instance,—prognosticate, the failure of our very soil, we say, but what madness! Ought we not to look to it? Success in life, development of resources, why, all this is rather a question of *savoir faire*. Ought we not to institute lectureships in our Universities upon the science, and give prizes to the hopeful young pupils—the future athletes in this noble sport? Ought we not to have some prize essays, at any rate some scientific treatises, on so essential an element in the manhood of a great people? Ought it not to be made the subject of more profound study in the perception of these things? We have thought we might, at any rate, attempt to fill out some few pages; and oh! may the spirit of the age deign to receive and bless these remarks to the well-being of some whose too *gauche* manners, or too blunt simplicity and ignorant reliance on the universal transparency of our kind,—especially of our country men and women,—may perhaps prove a fatal barrier to their social eminence and future fortune.

We foresee an objection at starting. Some of our readers will, we fear, be impertinent enough,—alas the word! that is not of the approved manners of *savoir faire*,—forgive it, and go on. Some of our readers will say, that by *savoir faire* we seem only to be realizing a kind of

character we usually call "a humbug." Not at all, far from it, perish the thought! There is as much likeness between that disgusting character we call "a humbug" and the master of *savoir faire*, as there is between a pumpkin and a cucumber. No; your humbug is a coarse, vulgar, ungentlemanly ruffian; your master of *savoir faire* "does his spiriting gently." He is like our "tricksy Ariel," he is all refinement; oh, that is his characteristic, he is "a perfect gentleman," like a certain character our friend, poor "Tom," mentioned when he was "a-cold." Your humbug does his work with a rough, hard, grimy hand, he disgusts you; the hand of the professor of our science is velvety soft, usually tightly gloved. In a word, Barnum,—disgusting character,—is a humbug, and the creature acknowledges it; but the dear Lord Chesterfield, the author of those three volumes of classical letters to his son, was a master of *savoir faire*. And by the bye, we wish some one would publish an annotated edition of them, bringing down the state of the science, and those fine essays and prescriptions of that great master to the attainments and wants of modern society. Undoubtedly the object of both is success in life; but their character and the difference of the means they employ is absolutely as opposite as the professions of a burglar and a bill-broker, and we trust none of our readers will see any resemblance between these; the one does outrageous and disagreeable and ungodly things, and in the end comes to be transported, or perhaps hung; the other pleasantly negotiates our little monetary transactions for us, draws our agreeable acceptances, bridges over apparently impossible chasms—

> "Makes the rough paths of peevish nature even,
> And opens in each breast a little heaven."

We beg pardon of the master of *savoir faire* for having,—even in order that we might repel a foul possible assertion,—brought his name into such a possible relation.

For, really, there is nothing objectionable in this attribute which we desire to see so generally inculcated. What is the substance of *savoir faire?* We think it only means, win your own ends by making yourself decidedly and universally agreeable; be on good terms with yourself, and be—or at any rate, seem to be—on good terms with everybody else. And, oh! beloved reader, suppose we were to turn the tables, and attempt to win our own ends by making ourselves decidedly *dis*agreeable to everybody else? We do not think the programme would be successful, but, we must confess, it is very often tried at. And these disagreeable people are precisely they who find fault with *savoir faire;* for there are persons who pique themselves upon their principles,—

> Conscience, honesty,
> And things of that description,"—

All very admirable things, no doubt, in their way, and having a true market value, but not always to be taken out for an airing. Now, the man of *savoir faire* is a man of fine instincts; he knows exactly

to go; he is not a man of nice details. Of course, when you talk upon matters of conscience, you have to take a good deal for granted; you have to leave a wide margin. There is nothing narrow about *savoir faire;* it is decidedly Broad Church; it has no politics; in a word, as we said just now, it aims to make itself agreeable.

One of the first attributes of this character is a wise reserve—we say a *wise* reserve. We do not mean by that, the shutting of the mouth and saying nothing; that is very easy. But to keep on talking for an hour, or hours, and to be reserved all the time, and to impose upon the company the idea of your being delightfully confidential, and eminently *un*reserved, even to win the praise of being so open, so candid, almost too much so, this we take to be rather a triumph of art. Very fine, this, to permit people to think that they are reckoning you up, and taking stock of you, and you to be reckoning them up, and taking stock of them all the while, and winning your own beautiful ends with them; for reserve, O beloved, is one of the last pieces of the finish of high breeding and good behaviour. What is a man worth who can be read off like a sign-post? And how long will it be, think you, before such a man is victimized? On the contrary, the man who knows the length and breadth of his own ground, and who is able to keep up a conscious sense of easy pleasantry,—a man, apparently, rather shallow than otherwise, maintaining his ground of truisms and platitudes, and yet, in the midst of all, never losing sight of his own purpose, like an experienced angler throwing out his line in the dark, and smiling as he sees the pleasant bait taking,—is most beautiful. For the master of *savoir faire* never loses sight of his own ends or interests. What else do we live for? Our object in life is to make ourselves interesting, entertaining, agreeable. We are not anchorites and hermits, we hope, to shut up all our sympathies within our own narrow and isolating selfishness: no; but then, in order to make this most reciprocative, it is necessary that we always are aware of the secret springs and motives of our own character. The happiness of society is founded on a pleasant admixture of hypocrisy. Let us not misunderstand each other. Hypocrisy is a nasty word, we do not know why; it only signifies admirable acting, beautiful seeming. We know it would seem a very singular thing, were we to say, Mr. Fechter and Mr. Sothern were eminent, admirable hypocrites; but in fact it is so, as the poet says:—

"*Act* well your part, there all the honour lies."

The best acting is good seeming; and so in *savoir faire* it is clever acting, what we call in our harsh way of speech, hypocrisy—the choice of a nice veil of words, admirably giving apparent fervour, an intensity to sentiments. People will love you for it; why not do it? This is amiability; it is really the transference of your own imaginary emotions into the feelings of those with whom you are conversing. They think you delightful; you win golden opinions. This all results from keeping a fine vein of reserve, watching and acting out your character. We say, it is very beautiful.

We remember very well, some years ago, our friend Glossy came to us, and told us how sadly the funds of our hospital for the relief of a certain kind of invalids,—no matter whom or what,—were behind. We remember one of the first persons we called upon was one of the notabilities of our town, a very venerable old maid, Miss Tabbytoft. We were some time before we saw her; at last she came into the room into which we had been ushered. She was an ancient virgin, quite seventy; her head was covered with a turban; her fingers were decorated with rings; her gold chains, appended to watch and eye-glasses, sufficiently heavy to have weighed down Zenobia when she was led captive through the streets of Rome. In the impulsiveness of our young enthusiasm and foolish earnestness, we plunged into the matter at once. We were always gifted as a talker; not that it ever did us any good. We represented to her the claims of the hospital, its poverty, the balance due to the treasurer. Her face was as frozen as an iceberg; her lips as pursed up as her own purse was likely to be. We seemed to be making no more impression upon her than as if we had been talking to a mile-stone. Speaking through her pursed-up lips, she told us she never distributed her own alms, she confided everything to her dear friend the vicar, Mr. Cheshire. She repeated it, "I leave these things entirely with Mr. Cheshire." She would say nothing else; she referred us to Mr. Cheshire. We knew it was no use going to Mr. Cheshire; he neither liked us nor was very friendly to our hospital, for we had not made enough of him. We thought it was a gone sparrow. We gave up; so, apparently, did Glossy; but, in the most simple and natural manner in the world, having quite relinquished the affair of our begging expedition, he made some inquiries after her ninty-ninth cousin, Lord Pompey, and his family; took for granted her close and immediate interest in that aristocratic family; implied her great influence with the peer; hinted our desire to avail ourselves of his name as a patron at our forth-coming bazaar, but this was very slightly touched; spoke of the great influence of her own name; wheedled the old thing along by marvellous and purely imaginary descriptions of her influence. We sat aghast; we could hardly draw our breath. Would you believe it? Glossy, before he left, without any reference to Mr. Cheshire at all, had her cheque for £25, and a promise of an annual subscription of five guineas. As we went away, Glossy said to me, "You waste all your shot; you begin too soon; these things want managing. If you want money, you must never begin in that way; you frightened the old lady. She felt that you were very disagreeable. You made her feel ill. I put her on good terms with herself; touched up her vanity—that is the way."

It was a fine lesson in the art of *savoir faire*. Secretaries of boards and great societies are quite welcome to the little anecdote; it may turn out to be a good recipe. We do not say that anything we can give them in this way can add to their knowledge; but if so, we are very humbly thankful.

He did it by his *bonhommie*, which is also a very essential

science of *savoir faire*. We never had much of it, so we failed with the old lady; as, indeed, for want of it, we have failed with a good many people besides. If you are not very cheerful, seem so, at any rate. We do not think that your most cheerful and smilable-looking faces are always the most faithful indices to cheerful and smilable souls, rather the reverse; there is a science in grinning! But let it be remembered, that if you are sore within from any cause, you are not to take your biliousness out for the benefit of every drawing-room to which you happen to be invited; and, if you do, few will be the drawing-rooms to which you will find an entrance. What business have you to be showing off your private griefs and venting your grief-ful crotchets and petty spleens for the entertainment of an evening party? People like sunshine. The miserable man may be interesting to a small circle; but the interest soon wears out, and the company is seldom disposed to make much allowance for him, when he comes in the way of their own enjoyment. On the contrary, your sunshiny man makes a way to all hearts; it does not matter much that he talks a great deal of nonsense, that of course; his "light and sweetness" may be all as artificial and affected as the author of that celebrated generalization of modern society. But what does that matter? An exhibition of artificial fireworks, if got up upon a splendid scale, will attract scores of thousands to gaze and to gape. You never heard of multitudes going out to look at either a setting sun or a full moon. And it all enters into the spirit of good behaviour; it is all a part of the science which makes up a well-behaved man. And who can tell the measure to which it conduces to a man's position and prospects in life? *Savoir faire* describes, in fact, the weight of personal character; looked at from our point of view, it is the art of beauty. For what is beauty, but the sense of that which is agreeable? It wins its ends by surprisingly agreeable means; sometimes they are startling in their results, wonderful, but they reveal genius and statesmanship. We read how, when the first traders in the Hudson Bay Company purchased from the wild Red Indians their stores of skins, the clever purchaser was wont to clap his own Dutch foot into the scale opposite to the skins, and so produce an astonishing balance in his own favour. What can more strikingly illustrate the weight of personal character? It is even thus the clever professor of our science brings about startling results, by his easy, cheerful, graciousness of manner, and turns the scales, which seemed against him, in his favour.

Truly it is quite astonishing. Personally, we never regarded our brethren of the celestial empire as remarkable illustrations of beauty; rather, their features have sometimes struck us as decidedly *un*æsthetic, too utterly too-too—but altogether the wrong way, you understand; yet from certain of their proverbs they seem rather equal to some of the problems of life. Quite in harmony with what we have already said, are such wise words as, "*You must use the little to get the big;*" "*A man without a smiling face must not open a shop.*" That is a suspicious proverb of theirs, "*Those who would do a good trade, don't quarrel over the taxes.*" One of the

collectors of these proverbs says there is a good deal of Mark Tapley in a Chinaman. *"If the wind be strong, yield to the wind; if the rain be heavy, yield to the rain;" "Much politeness offends no one;" "Make every bit of money serve two purposes;" "If you would not be cheated, ask the price at three shops."* And, *apropos* of this, we remember the instance of a dear friend of our own,—now no more,—who voluntarily permitted himself to be "cheated by asking the price at three shops." He was one of the best men we ever knew; he was a most devout believer in Almighty God, but, by a singular infirmity, he was just as hearty a disbeliever in the average of mankind. He was a wealthy man, in large practice as a physician, and there were few eyes which saw him and which did not bless him. In a large town in which he lived, he called in at a watchmaker's one day, and taking his watch from his pocket, he said, "Can you tell me what is the matter with my watch?" The watchmaker soon replied, "Oh, it wants cleaning and generally setting to rights." We must premise that it really was in perfect order. However, our friend left the watch, and, calling in a few days, paid the fee for cleaning, put the watch in his pocket, and took his way immediately to a distant part of the same town; there he alighted upon another watchmaker. "Will you tell me," said he, "what's amiss with this watch? Does it seem to you that it ought to keep time?" The man looked at it carefully, and then said, "Well, sir, it seems to want cleaning." So again the watch was left; again called for in two or three days, a second fee paid; and again he went off to another part of the town to another watchmaker, who brought his strong eyeglass to bear upon it and upon its works, and then expressed his opinion that it wanted "thoroughly cleaning." So again it was left; in due time called for, and a third fee paid; and the watch carried away to a fourth watchmaker. But this time, when the old question was put, "What was amiss?" the watchmaker, after a curious inspection, said, "Well, sir, I can't see that there is anything amiss with it; it seems to me that it is perfectly right, and that it ought to go right." *"An honest man at last!"* said our friend. That was the result of his asking not at three only, but at four shops. A cynical friend says, "He was lucky to find it at the fourth." But, oh, dear friends, good and great as this man was, in this little transaction, was he not altogether wrong? We should not seek to know too much. Let us keep our knowledge of human nature quiet, and avail ourselves of its frailties and weaknesses in an honest and independent manner, and act accordingly!

One of the most agreeable men we know, is our friend Percy Presswell; he is the most remarkable attorney in our county; we do not think he ever condescends much to petty business of the little law courts. We are very thankful to say we know very little of him in his [illegible]ating-room, but we often meet him in the fraternal intercourse of so[illegible] life; and we are told by those who should know, that he is the [illegible] in [illegible] consulti[illegible] room and in the drawing-room, the sa[illegible]tiri[illegible]d [illegible] manner when he jokes over *salmis* and o[illegible] as

making the worst of a good cause or the best of a bad one. And lawyers are wonderful in this—masters, they, of *savoir faire*. Our heart goes out to those barristers; we feel an even tender admiration for those accomplished attorneys; there is such a genial politeness, even when they deal out a strenuous blow, or hand you the most unpleasant message; they shed round it such a cheerful radiance of *don't-carishness* that you are half relieved, and feel that there cannot be much in it after all. And oh, how beautiful is that art which can take the sharpness from the steel and the hardness from the iron! It is mingling with the world which does it all, the beautiful education of refined society. However, there is no education like that of the lawyers for knowing how to do it. We never give them credit for earnestness; they never pretend to be in earnest themselves, and yet they deal with the sturdiest facts, and they generally win their ends too; and we notice that while we do so, they always keep within the confines of good behaviour and good breeding. Who ever heard of a blustering lawyer? Worlds are won by the presence of *savoir faire*, everything may be lost by its absence. Calm, grand, reticent, why, it is the soul and secret of all power. Talleyrand was greater than Napoleon I. Talleyrand circumvented and out-witted Napoleon.

To descend from such lofty flights, it is not an unfrequent recreation with us to note some of the ways and words, the doings and the successes of some of the apostles of the science. Diplomacy, we all know, would be nothing without it—that ingenious and beautiful game of reciprocal reticence, where each actor strives to cover his design behind the blandishments of the most stately breeding, and even affable courtesy. But characters widely different attempt the same distinguished game. As we have said, for every department of life, the study of this admirable science is indispensable. We are but sketching the poor outlines of a work whose true dimensions it would require the genius of a Balzac, a Carlyle, or a Thackeray to fill out; then only, beneath the impressive colouring of their descriptive genius, could be depicted in adequate lines the triumphs of the art. We would fain see a gallery of its apostles, of those distinguished men who, by their winning graciousness of manner, compel the most adverse hearts to go down before them; especially how interesting to study the clergy of all denominations beneath such lights as are derived from the study.

And now, in conclusion, young preachers should look to it; it is this happy art which, in so eminent a degree, makes what is called a comfortable preacher. We hope this paper will not fall beneath the eye of our friend the Rev. Dr. Nobissimus Peachey. We should not like too much to excite his vanity, but we cannot doubt that his great success as a divine is largely owing to his very adroit cultivation of the art; indeed, he has often said to us, "The world is an uncomfortable place; people do not go to church to be made uncomfortable; why should I preach so that people shall fancy they hear the wind whistling through a keyhole? Why should I plague them with thoughts until they become so uncomfortable in their

pews that they almost fancy they have an attack of Asiatic cholera? So I cultivate a melodious style, and I use words upon the principle of charming the people, not frightening them; I never speak too plainly. I know they call me a delightful man, a charming preacher. What is more to the point, my church is always crowded, and I have an average of two hundred persons always waiting to obtain sittings. This is a much more satisfactory state of things to the interests of Divine truth and public worship, than the condition of the church of my good neighbour, Raven Rightwell. His place is never one-third full. I suppose his income is really distressing, and why? Because he sets truth in such sharp lines, says such disagreeable things, talks about sin and sorrow. Dear me! people know all about that. Then the very lines of his face! When I go up into the pulpit I always smile upon the people; they like to see it. One of them called me a 'white-necked dove' the other day; it will be a long while before stern-faced Rightwell has such a compliment. And yet, would you believe it? I heard some one, not long since, who described me as a peach, all lusciousness without, and a hard uncrackable stone within; and they spoke of Raven Rightwell as a rugged cocoa-nut, full of the milk of human kindness. People are so unreasonable, and it is such a wickedly misjudging world." Which remarks of our good friend, the Doctor, lead me to this further observation: How great the necessity for preachers to mind *what* they say, as well as *how* they say it! Does not the Apostle Paul caution against preaching in an unknown tongue? Of what avail is it to tell people a world of things of which they never heard, and can form no idea? That great writer, Washington Irving, mentions an instance of a Dutch preacher, who really deserves to be had in immortal honour, not only as a great pulpit orator, but as a master of *savoir faire*. For a long time the village had been discoursed to by a preacher who described the joys of heaven after the approved fashion of ceasing from sin, singing upon harps, walking in white, etc. The church was empty, and continued empty, until this new orator came, who tried quite another tack; he showed how heaven was a place of canals, and the new Jerusalem cut up into beautiful dykes; and how all the places prepared there were in the most approved fashion of Dutch houses, shining with paint, varnish, and glazed tiles, into which should enter nothing which defiled or made any kind of dirt—horse, or ass, or dog, or cat; and where the pleasant years of the long eternity should be spent in scrubbing and rubbing, washing and painting. The church was crowded, and all the good housewives turned their faces Zionward. Did not this great preacher illustrate the principle with which we started, as the foundation of *savoir faire*—putting people upon good terms with themselves? But here, lest we should be in danger of sinning against our own canon, with these few suggestive hints, which we trust some great genius may work out for the benefit of society, we lay down our pen.

XXXIII.

CONCERNING THE VANITIES OF LEARNED IGNORANCE.

Second Paper.

IT would take a large volume, and the volume would certainly be both interesting and humorous, which should recite the vanities of learning. For instance, some men have devoted themselves assiduously through a long life to the study of spiders,—arachnologists the gentlemen are called,—and they have written volumes devoted to the description of the habits and manners of those sly and solitary personages; but we apprehend this study is not so laborious as the attempt to master the ways and usages of butterflies. There once existed,—we are not aware if it still exist,—an Aurelian Society, the purpose of whose existence was butterfly-hunting; and a learned author in this department of natural history, speaking of his toils as an entomologist, says: "I have diligently examined many parts of England on foot; and sometimes, accompanied by pedestrian friends of congenial sentiments and taste, industriously we have sought woods and lawns, hills and lanes, marshes and fens. One summer I travelled one thousand miles, in spite of wet and drought, and heat and cold, without grumbling, frequently content with bread and milk, not despising an occasional lodging in a hovel." And all for the purpose of obtaining some rare butterfly!

A still more interesting study has been that of the ant. It is said that Swammerdam, the great naturalist, spent the greater part of his life lying on his stomach watching ants. We read of one of the great naturalists of France, that he traversed the banks of the Niger, shaking every tree to which he came, speculating on ants; unfortunately for him, on one occasion he found he had roused a perfect banditti of red ants; they fell upon him, he declares, like a shower of fire. In the Isle of Goree he pursued the same interesting investigation; but there, among the white ants, they appear to have gnawed and blistered him in a lamentable manner; but he bore all with exemplary patience, and was rewarded by making one curious discovery in the natural history of white and red ants: he discovered—that the red ants bit the hardest!

We might pursue for many pages the interesting catalogue of the follies and frivolities of learned men. It has often been supposed that

such minds are almost confined to the pursuit of the study of metaphysics, and it seems to Spencer that study has an entire monopoly. Although metaphysics has produced some rare and curious illusions, especially when men have begun to speculate upon the relation between mind and matter, and have come to regard the external world and all its scenery as a succession of phantasms or phantasmata, ending in summing up their facts in the old lines—

> "You say you see the things that be.
> I say, you only think you see:
> Nor even that; it seems to me,
> You only think you think you see.
> This thinking weaves so many a lie,
> Methinks the world is all my eye:"

There is certainly a wondrous propensity, even in real learning, to darken information by words which, if not without knowledge, are so technical as quite to veil or obscure the intention and the sense; this is not the case alone with the mere pedant, who is fond of interlarding his discourse with a little bit of Latin, or some word or two of doubtfully accented Greek. Such persons have often reminded their auditors of the old man of Greece, who, having a house to sell, managed to take a brick from it as a sample, and going out to the market with this as a specimen, sought to dispose of his building. Only the frequent impression has been, when such literary wares have been exhibited, that perhaps the pedant had not the house after all. However, when we hear fine, hard technical words,—perhaps little, learned, inconsequential quotations,—we are disposed to say, "Ah! that's his little brick." Language ought to clear our ideas and our thoughts even to ourselves; and usually it seems safe to say, we only think clearly when we speak clearly, when our words are crisp and distinct; and when we speak unnaturally we speak ignorantly. This is not invariably the case. As we have said, there are some writers and speakers who seem to take delight in using a dark oracular phraseology. No doubt, in scientific books, technicalities must be expected and admitted; but, even in these, such terms are often used in such a manner as rather to bewilder than elucidate or enlighten; as, for instance, in Dr. Drosser's really charming book, "Unity in Variety in the Vegetable Kingdom." The entire work is very much made up of such lucid intervals as the following: "Also of indehiscent compound fruits, the hesperidium and maculanium are so closely allied as to need no comments. The pepo, berry, and balusta are also mere modifications of each other." We have lying before us a really exceedingly interesting paper on the "Encephalic Centre of Perception," illustrating the principle of binocular vision. The essay starts off after the following humorous manner: "By centre in neurology is usually meant an anatomical disposition of grey neurine (ganglion), making the afflux and efflux of nervous centres."

But the bad language of an Englishman is always innocent compared

with that of a German. Thus we read in Dr. Delitzsch's "Psychology;" he tells us that the supernatural and the natural ecstasy are to be discriminated as the "Somnambulic glossolalia with the charismatic." Exceedingly intelligible! Amongst such exploits of words we have been reminded of some recent elegant translations of popular proverbs. Thus, "*Carrying coals to Newcastle*" has been rendered,—

> "Bear not to yon famed city on the Tyne
> The carbonaceous product of the mine."

Or, "*A cat may look at a king,*"—

> "It is permitted to the feline race
> The contemplation of a regal face!"

Famous old Abraham Tucker, in his "Light of Nature," dilates upon the vice we are reprehending, and cites the story of the old gentleman who said to his servant, "Tom, take off the saddle from the bay horse and lay it on the ground; then take the saddle from the grey horse and put it on the bay horse; and then put the other saddle on the grey." The fellow for a moment or two looked bewildered, but then very naturally said, in language which, if not learned, was luminous, "Laws, sir! couldn't you a' said, 'Change they saddles'?"

One vice which may be called a vice of learned ignorance is, that words are made to attempt to carry too much. In this case they will assuredly break down. The thing itself, of which the word is only the sign, must be more than the word; a word is only a poor finite symbol or medium between the mind and the thing. Think of the word SEA. What is there in those letters to represent the mighty round of waters on which the heavens are mirrored, and on which float the navies and fleets of the entire world? Or think of the word SKY. What is there in it to represent that vast concave, with all its bright chronometers of days and years and ages? Or think of the word LOVE. What is there in that to represent the mighty passion it expresses? Then think of the word GOD! All these words are quite finite and inadequate to what they represent; but they are true words—true symbols, and as such they faithfully represent to the consciousness what is signified. Now, in Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma" there is a bad passage. Indeed, the book is bad in this way, because it attempts to unfix words from their moorings. And shall we not say all books are bad which do that? He says the language of the Bible is "floating," "fluid," "passing," "literary," "rhetorical," not rigid, fixed, and scientific; but that when St. Paul used such words as "grace," "new birth," "justification," he employed them as terms of eloquence and poetry. In the same manner he goes on to say that the word GOD has no definite meaning, as the term "triangle" is definite. All these other terms are indefinite. Here, then, let us say, while we do not overburden words, let us make them carry their fair quota of weight, and so "hold fast the form of sound words" by making them test themselves. We know their reality by our

knowledge or consciousness of that which they were intended to teach. Thus we know the terms of arithmetic, mathematics, and navigation. They are, and must be, unalterably fixed. We cannot steer a vessel if our knowledge be "floating," "fluid," "rhetorical"; and thus those terms "grace," "justification," "new-birth," and the like, represent, not floating analogies, but ideas fixed in human consciousness; and we know them by that which we find either as a want or a satisfaction in ourselves.

The learned and lamented Dean Mansell, in his very clever satire, "Phrontisterion," ridicules that propensity in much of the literature of our day, and especially that which has a German origin, to play purposely upon words sonorous and high-sounding, without conveying anything substantial to the understanding.

> "With a ceaseless Bug, Bug, Bug, and endless Hum, Hum, Hum,
> Behold the great professors come!
> Professors we
> From over the sea,
> From the land where Professors in plenty be;
> And we thrive and flourish, as well we may,
> In the land that produced one Kant with a K,
> And many Cants with a C.
> Where Hegel taught, to his profit and fame,
> That something and nothing were one and the same;
> The absolute difference never a jot being
> 'Twixt having and not having, being and not being,
> But wisely declined to extend his notion
> To the finite relations of thalers and groschen.
> Where, reared by Oken's plastic hands,
> The Eternal Nothing of Nature stands;
> And Theology sits on her throne of pride,
> As Arithmetic personified;
> And the hodmandod crawls, in its shell confined,
> A symbol exalted of slumbering mind.
> Bacon, be dumb,
> Newton, be mum;
> The worth of instruction's a snap of the thumb.
> With a Bug, Bug, Bug, and a Hum, Hum, Hum,
> Hither the true professors come!"

There is another kind of learned ignorance. We have spoken of words, and how vainly, and even flippantly, they are frequently employed, so as to impair rather than strengthen, and impede rather than accelerate, the powers of the mind. There is a like ignorance displayed in dealing with facts. It is a great part of education to know the place and power of a fact. We have already said, there is a great difference between seeing and observing. Observation may be spoken of as t cross-examination of the testimony of the senses, or of obvio The reader will remember the old story of the Chinese traveller in En and. In th days, not so long since, when the pleasant shores and ks of the T m re li by watermen, our Chinese traveller was la worthies who ed a wooden leg It was a it

stranger saw that the wooden leg was used to stand in the water, while the other was kept high and dry. The economy of this fact struck him very much; he saw in it strong evidences of design, and he wrote home that "in England one-legged men were kept for watermen, to the saving of all injury resulting to health, shoes, or stockings from standing in the water." The fact was correct, the inference or generalization was ludicrously wrong. There is a story told by the once very popular writer Dr. John Moore, of a French student in London who lodged in the same house with a poor man ill of a fever, and who was continually teased by his nurse to drink, although quite nauseated by the liquids she offered him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he whispered, "For Heaven's sake, bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please!" The woman indulged his request, the man perspired profusely and recovered: the French student inserted in his note-book this aphorism: "A salt herring cures an Englishman in his fever." On his return to France he prescribed the same remedy for the first patient in fever he was called to attend: the patient died. The student inserted in his note-book: "N.B. Though a salt herring cures an Englishman, it kills a Frenchman." This may be a satire upon that rapidity of generalization for which our French neighbours are remarkable. But, true story or joke, it certainly illustrates the false method of mind that is called observation. And these old stories only reveal to us how often the apparent is very far from being the real truth.

Is there not another old story of the two boys playing on the village green, when, as they stopped for a little while in their play, one said to the other, "I say, how fast the sun has been going down. Why, not long ago he was right over there, and now he is nearly out of sight behind that hill." But the other to whom he spoke was a young philosopher, and he said, "Ah, but you know father explained all that to us, and showed us how the sun has not been moving at all, and it's we here who have been moving, while the sun has been standing still." To which the other replied, like a young dogmatist or ultramontanist, "Yes; but you recollect what mother says, that 'Seeing is believing.' Now I can understand that, but I could not understand a bit of what father said about our moving and the sun standing. Why, we see different, you know." "Yes," said the young philosophic intelligence; "but father explained it all to us, and showed us a picture that we might know how it was." "Oh, yes, I know all that," said the other, "but I couldn't make it out, and I stand by mother; she's always right, and she says that 'Seeing is believing,' and we know that father often talks to us in what he calls 'parables,' and when he says that we keep moving while the sun is always standing still, why, I think that must be one of his parables." And does not the mere possibility of the truth of such a story compel us to feel modest, and read to us a lesson on the changed aspect of unchanged truths, or the differences between the truth as it appears in an isolated fact and the truth as it really is? There are matters in which

many wise and learned men have been, and are, in slow of belief, and in haste to convince, as was the young ingenuous of the playground. It takes an educated mind rightly to observe; and especially is this difficult when we have to measure our faith in proportions.

Bitter things are often good times. Peruvian bark and quinine have been, we venture to say, wonderful benefactors to the human race; but Archbishop Whately tells us that, when he was Rector of Halesworth, he had an excellent but very old man, a trustworthy parishioner, and who once said before the Rector the collected sum of a long experience. "I've a observed, sir," he said, "that everything that is right bitter is healthy and wholesome." The rector told him that it was a notion which might cost him his life, if he came in the way of a dose of strychnine; yet the observation of the old man was so far correct, only, like the Chinese in the instance of the waterman, or the French student with the herring, he generalized too rapidly—he did not qualify his observation, and therefore it was not true. Such, however, is an illustration of what has so often happened when a single fact has been elevated into a principle.

For the nature of man is threefold; he therefore has only a completed nature when he lives in the light of a threefold existence. There is the light of the external senses; this is explicitly and universally followed—man hears, and sees, and feels; but we have seen that these senses are sometimes contradicting, and, therefore, behind this man of mere sensation there is the man of the intellect; and here comes in comparison, which is also contrast; he corrects the evidence of the senses by that which is higher; he calls judgment to his aid, so he generalizes; he collects instances and he strikes an average, and so he arrives at a higher truth than that which the mere sense could give, unsupported by such an examination and such a judge. But behind this man of the intellect there is another man, deeper, even yet more inquisitive and searching—the man of intuition and faith; and he is as often needed to correct the decisions of the judgment, and generalizations from partial facts, as they are needed to correct the verdicts of mere sensation. And, indeed, a man is a poor thing, however large his intellectual possessions, who is not able to fall back upon a possession of faith; it need not be a mere blind, unreasoning, and unapprehending faith, but there can be no doubt that faith is the region of primary ideas, and that from hence are derived those precognitive hints which have led the way to all great discoveries, and are in fact the foundation of all symbol and of all language.

In the learning of many men they will often have occasion to feel the want expressed by the Frenchman who, in a time of great money panic, came to his banker. He had escaped from Paris, in one of the great revolutions, with some poor fragments of his property, and a letter of in[illegible]duction to a highly respectable banker, who had [illegible]en an [illegible] in [illegible] poor ref[illegible] ol[illegible]ned for him good inte[illegible], and [illegible]r that l[illegible] divid[illegible] is [illegible]ly; but, one mo[illegible]ng, [illegible] arl[illegible] Frenchman [illegible]

little hoard. The friendly banker expostulated with him, advised him to let it lie; told him he could not get better interest, that it was in good hands, and in attempting to get it into better he might lose it all. But all this only roused the Frenchman's suspicions. "No," he "wanted his money," he "wanted it at once—immediately—directly—pretty quick!" So, with some grief, his kind banker proceeded to hand him over the sum. Then said he, "Ah! I can have him?" "Of course," said the banker, "in any form you like—cheque, or notes, or gold." "Then," said the Frenchman, "you shall take him back again." But the banker was cross. He said, "No; you are trifling with me and with my time. I have done with it, I will have no more to do with it. You come here;—you say you want your money directly;—I reason with you kindly but in vain;—I give you your money, and then directly you tell me to take it back! No; I have done with it!" "Ah, ma foi," said the poor Frenchman, "I do not want de money. When I tink you have not got him, I do want him very mooch; but when I tink you have got him I do not want him at all. I do not want de money; I do want de grand faith; *I want to believe dat you have got de money.*" Thus we are inclined to regard all intellectual possessions as a mere vanity, unless stayed and underpropped by that noble faith which gives coherence and rectitude to all intellectual attainment. Without this the human mind, whatever its high achievements, is reduced not merely to despondency, but to despair.

There is an impressive passage with which Pope closes his satire, "The Dunciad." Shall we say we should like to see some modern Pope delineate with the same caustic satire the progress of the empire of dulness in our own day, since some of the following lines seem to be literally fulfilling themselves in our times, and we are called upon from several sides to hail a world of reconstructed thought?

"She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away;
Thus at her felt approach and secret might
Art after art goes out, and all is Night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head!
Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more;
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense;
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die;
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires."

XXXIV.

CONCERNING FASHIONS.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

"All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

TRUE—without a doubt—in all times and most countries, unless we except some wild and savage tribes, amongst whom are still retained their custom through countless generations of disposing the feather or the plume, their skin or mocassin, after the same mode and fashion. The interesting tribe our lamented and revered Livingstone encountered in his remotest travels—the great tribe of Go-nakeds, who were wont to invest their bodies with a fanciful covering of red and yellow ochre, assuming no other attire, had probably rejoiced in that dress for centuries; but civilization, as we call it, creates many despotic wants and useless desires, and no tyranny is more inexorable than that of *Fashion*. Even the savage soon becomes aware of the want, and wakes up to a desire for variety in dress.

Our readers will remember the pleasant little story of one of our ships dropping anchor upon some barbarous coast, when captain and crew were not a little entertained by a savage gentleman who came down to the water-side, accompanied by others of his tribe, and who was picturesquely arrayed in a *bare skin*, surmounted by a cocked hat and shirt collar, which, to his great delight, had been left by the officer of an English ship which had called there some time before. It may really be believed that some of the stray gifts of fashion in different periods have been not less grotesque, and scarcely more decent.

The fashions in Shakspeare's day were, almost beyond conception, extravagant; and he appears to have satirized them with that cheerful heartiness and kindly good humour which was his mode of dealing with the follies and foibles of society. Well might he use such an expression as that we have quoted as our text; for the wardrobes of those who could afford such luxuries, and doubtless of many who could not, grew to something wonderful. It is very well known, and has often been recorded, that when Queen Elizabeth died, she left above three th[illegible] d d[illegible] behind her. It is an index to t[illegible] si[illegible] lar mu[illegible] y [illegible] ec[illegible] the dresses both of the men and [illegible] of [illegible] . C[illegible] E[illegible] contemporary writer says "Oh, h[illegible]

upon our bodies, and how little upon our souls; how many suits of apparel hath the one, and how little furniture hath the other!" Even that recent buttress of beauty, the *chignon*, existed then; and Shakspeare speaks of,—

"Those crispèd, snaky, golden locks,
Which made such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposèd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre."

And in one of his sonnets he refers to the same disgusting means of meeting the demands of Fashion,—

"The golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
And beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

"*What a deformed thief this Fashion is!*"

Our poet makes one of his characters exclaim, and presently he repeats himself: "What a deformed thief this Fashion is! how giddily he turns about all who are between fourteen and five-and-thirty!" A very modest computation!

There is a scene in the "Taming of the Shrew," where most of the items of dress are thus taken to pieces. Thus Petruchio speaks of the gown of his wife:—

"*Thy gown!* why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see't.
Oh, mercy! why, what masking stuff is here?
What's this? A sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What! up and down, carved like an apple tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why what, tailor, call'st thou this?"

Ben Jonson, Shakspeare's friend, satirized the dress of the times in the same manner; and it is in the midst of one of his severest satires upon the painting, perfuming, and peruking that he introduces that sweet little song, which we quote, not merely for its pertinence and propriety, but as one of the gems of the language of our land:—

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free.
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art,
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart."

Thus the moralities of these poets renew themselves from age to age. If our dresses are something less curious, and even various, less picturesque, but, to common-sense and mere good taste more pleasing than in Shakspeare's day, it is as true now as then, that "*the Fashion wears out more apparel than the man,*" and, for that matter, than the *woman* either.

Fashion has sometimes haunted and pursued her votaries with ideas which were to take effect even when the man or woman was quite worn out. Who does not remember Pope's Narcissa, and the dread she felt as to how she should look in her coffin?

> "'Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke!'
> Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
> 'One would not sure be ugly when one's dead,
> And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!'"

We sneer at the vices which are not our own particular tyrants; and yet it was Lord Lytton, who was understood to be not indifferent to the matter of attire, who laughed at these children of fashion, as those who, like the Chinese in their old Paganism, are always engaged in burning incense to the needle. Of all the exquisite satires on slavery to the fashion of dress, nothing seems to surpass that great novelist's story of "Pelham;" and in it he has favoured the world with a set of maxims, exhibiting a remarkable mingling of the superb dandy and the shrewd philosopher and man of the world, by which we are enjoined to regulate all our intercourse with our tailors. Yet even some of these are remarkable for their kindly wisdom and good sense. "Always," says Pelham, "remember that you dress to fascinate others, not yourself." And again, "Never in your dress altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentricity in great things, genius; in small things, folly." Again, it is wisely remarked: "Never let the finery of chains and rings seem *your own* choice. That which naturally belongs to women should appear only worn for their sake. We dignify foppery when we invest it with sentiment."

But is it not strange that society has set this eminent value on dress; and, perhaps, even stranger still, that the taste is constantly varying, and scarcely any idea can be formed from the fashions of to-day as to the probable fashions of to-morrow.

But, what is fashion? What is this which *wears out more apparel than the man?* This is only one of those idols of the tribe, the worship of which, Lord Bacon tells us, is inherent in human nature. It is that singular charm of gregariousness which, in so many ways, manifests itself in man; fluctuations of taste and opinion; changing forms of philosophy and religion; varying passions for different orders of bo[illegible], nove[illegible] and poets. Man is pretty much the same through[illegible] ti[illegible]; but w[illegible] different attires of thought and u[illegible] he puts on! [illegible] the i[illegible] of [illegible] is by no means to be limited to dr[illegible]. It is *the* [illegible] *r opte* [illegible] not because it is beautiful and [illegible]

able. "*You may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.*" Few people have much character. They would not like to be told so; but they are content to be the shadows of that indefinable something called, *the world.*

"What mortal," says Mandeville, "that had never seen a soldier, could look without laughing upon a man accoutred with so much paltry gaudiness and affected finery? The coarsest manufacture that can be made of wool goes down with him, because it is an imitation of scarlet or crimson cloth; and, to make him think himself as like his officer as 'tis possible, with little or no cost, instead of silver or gold lace, his hat is trimmed with white or yellow worsted, which in others would deserve Bedlam."

But the laughter in which this singular old writer indulges against the soldier would be not less just if indulged with reference to society almost in general; women and men too are cheated by gaudy colour and fantastic form. It was wittily said, that in women's attire in our own day the whole purpose seems to be to bring into conspicuousness that which all dress was intended to conceal. But, if Fashion says it must be done, it is done —done in the great world, in Belgravia, and by the imitators of Belgravian ways; while we admit gladly that there are women, and those amongst the most honoured in the land, who never yield themselves to the tyranny—they glide along their own gentle course, and do not even seem to smile at the shadow of it. Yet, probably, no women win more affection and respect in general than the modest members of the Society of Friends; they for a long time seemed to lift up a standing protest against the truth of our text. Amidst the altogether innumerable varieties of hats and bonnets, gowns and coats, from the time of George Fox to our own, of them alone we suppose it may be said, "The fashion has (*not*) worn out more apparel than the man."

Of all the sermons we can preach, this is upon one of the most hopeless of topics. In the first place, we do not suppose many who are the victims of the ideas of fashion will read our words; in the next place, the followers of fashion are not the makers of it; they have not the courage, even if they should have the quiet taste and sense, to follow their own will. Our friend Lipscombe Flimsey, when we meet him in the City, in his own office, seems a decent fellow enough; he is dressed like a man, and really, in spite of his name, he looks and talks like a gentleman. But when we meet him at a dinner party, and see him swaying himself to and fro, entirely at a loss what to do with his hands, apparently moved by a constant fear lest they should get into pockets; although well educated, his language is far away from what we should call good English; his breast displaying, by shirt and waistcoat, a vast shield or target of unimpeachable white, his unimpeachable tights, and still more unimpeachable brilliant and glossy black coat, exhibiting his decorations as a Knight of the Order of Camellia, standing there and grinning amiably upon the gathering company—we declare he makes us laugh. But when, from

him, my eyes are directed to my not naturally immodest friend, Mrs. Clarinda Golightly, who, for our especial benefit on this auspicious occasion, hath so far unveiled her charms, we are almost disposed to apostrophize her in the language of Shakspeare, and say :—

"Hide! oh, hide those hills of snow!"

We never doubted the beauty or the whiteness of her arms; but why, oh why, we say, should she have been so determined to show them forth to all of us, in all the rotundity of their undraped beauty? We should have thought, from what we have known of Clarinda, that even those heavy bracelets could scarcely have tempted her to such a display of her charms. Yes, and singularly enough, such pairs as these are often to be met with in what we should call Christian drawingrooms and at Christian tables. And even the pleasant Clarinda, if we are sitting next to her at dinner, will entertain us with pleasant talk of the ways of Christian experience and the work of God in her soul. Do we think Clarinda is a hypocrite? There is not a truer creature living; but she, like our amiable companions of the other sex, has simply got herself up in this odd fashion because she lives beneath the shadow of Belgravia, and has upon her the awe and the terror of neglecting to do as other people do.

We have already told the Red Indian story of Moowis—the man made of rags. We believe we have occasionally met him in English society; for there are instances in which it is not merely true that "*the fashion wears out more apparel than the man,*" but the fashion and the apparel *are* the man, and these gone, you find nothing remaining, like Thackeray's George the Fourth, a thing made up of waistcoats and padding and stays, a miserable mummy and nothing more!

Of course we know, in reply to all these moralities, it will be said, "But trade, my dear sir; consider trade! The variations of fashion are the benefactions of Providence! Think of the millions of fingers that are set to work to give their various tints to the lizard or chameleon of fashion! Think of the immense populations of chattering spindles, and the coiling and revolving of the innumerable immense engines—all that Madame Bubble may dress beautifully!" And, of course, we know it is in vain to attempt to set aside all these interests; nor would we seek to do so. Oh! but we know another thing. We know the houses in the West End of London, and in many another large town in the empire, where young girls waste away, while their long, thin fingers—getting longer and thinner every day—ply the needle through the long, long night, that madame may swim in her silk and tulle through the ballroom on the following evening. It would be a terrible story, that of the martyrs to fashion; and the most painful part of it would be that of the innumerable victims necessary to give [illegible] t to the [illegible] nolation of more conspicuous victim; like [illegible] me [illegible] d [illegible] w [illegible] e tl [illegible] tendants are contributed to [illegible] il [illegible] [illegible] bwid [illegible] ascends in hon [illegible] of [illegible] lf

in the fashion of dress, and use combined with natural ornament, we should have a much more sensible state of things in society; the fashions would not change so often, but the beauty would not be impaired. The beautiful things of nature do not change their fashions, but they are very lovely and loveable. Through all ages the lark has the same speckled breast, the eagle the same brown wing, and the zebra and the gazelle the same coats; and they are, in all, not less ornamental than useful. Their old fashions do not wear out.

What a word is that—*fashion!* "Vanity Fair," as the Great Dreamer called it, and as Mr. Thackeray expounded it. Doubtless it may be very entertaining and instructive occasionally to see life in Belgravian abodes, but not to find a home there. But to go gadding about from drawing-room to drawing-room, what weariness like that? Why, these people look to us like the ancient zany at the tables of the great, decorated with cap and bells!

> "Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair!
> Pray, can you tell me who'll be there?
> Simper, and Prate-apace, Brazen Stare,
> They'll be there—they'll all be there!"

And all this fashion in the most vain quest of *something*, who shall say what? But, in order to obtain it, merely being like other people, and doing as other people do.

The Legend of the Saffron-yellow Fly.

We are reminded of an old tradition from the south of France, pleasingly told by that charming writer, Emile Souvestre. It is among the legends which have lingered longest in the south of France, that once upon a time a man desired to know how he might obtain pleasure, wealth, and power; and he was told that in a certain pass of the mountains of the Pyrenees was *a saffron-yellow fly*, which he must catch if he would obtain wealth and power. The saffron-yellow fly was to be caught in a net *made of the hairs nearest to the brain, which was to be dipped in sweat and blood.* The seeker went to the mountain-pass and sought, *and he saw the saffron-yellow fly, and he chased it for many days and nights* over rock, and ravine, and thicket, and wood; his clothes were torn, his flesh was torn, but still *he followed the fly.* To his immense chagrin, he saw it settle on *the roof of a shepherd's hut,* and vain were all his efforts to dislodge it. Disappointed and mortified to find a shepherd so blessed, he set fire to the shepherd's hut, and, the hut burnt down, the fly flew away, and the unfortunate seeker began his quest again. His quest was unsuccessful; but, at last, *he saw a young ploughboy* catch the saffron-yellow fly in his cap. The seeker was frantic; he seized a stick and killed the boy. *He then indeed caught the saffron-yellow fly;* but the fly stung him, and made him sad for the remainder of his days. He was very rich and very powerful; but he languished until he died a lingering death. A fatal pursuit is that of the *saffron-yellow fly!*

And we will close this series of remarks with another apologue illustrating our danger when we permit anything, merely because it may be a habit or a fashion, to act the despot and the tyrant over us.

An Eastern Apologue.

Abdallah sat at his morning meal, when there alighted, on the rim of his goblet, a little fly. It sipped an atom of syrup and was gone. But it came next morning, and the next, and the next again, till at last the scholar noticed it. Not quite a common fly, it seemed to know that it was beautiful, and it soon grew very bold. And lo! a great wonder: it became daily larger, and yet larger, till there could be discerned, in the size as of a locust, the appearance as of a man. From a hand-breadth it reached the stature of a cubit; and still, so winning were its ways, that it found more and more favour with this son of infatuation. It frisked like a satyr, and it sang like a peri, and like a moth of the evening it danced on the ceiling, and, like the king's gift, whithersoever it turned it prospered. The eyes of the simple one were blinded, so that he could not in all this perceive the subtilty of an evil gin. Therefore the lying spirit waxed bolder and yet bolder, and whatsoever his soul desired of dainty meats he freely took; and when the scholar waxed wroth, and said, "This is my daily portion from the table of the mufti: there is not enough for me and thee," the dog-faced deceiver played some pleasant trick, and caused the silly one to smile. Until, in process of time, the scholar perceived that, as his guest grew stronger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

Now, also, there arose frequent strife betwixt the demon and his dupe; and at last the youth smote the fiend so sore that he departed for a season. And when he was gone, Abdallah rejoiced, and said, "I have triumphed over mine enemy; and whatsoever time it pleaseth me, I shall smite him so that he die. Is he not altogether in mine own power?" But after not many days the gin came back again; and this time he was arrayed in goodly garments, and he brought a present in his hand, and he spake of the days of their first friendship; and he looked so mild and feeble, that his smooth words wrought upon this dove without a heart, and saying, "Is it not a little one?" he received him again into his chamber.

On the morrow, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youths, the mufti said, "Wherefore tarrieth the son of Abdul? Perchance he sleepeth." Therefore they repaired even to his chamber, but to their knocking he made no answer. Wherefore the mufti opened the door, and lo! there lay on the divan the dead body of his disciple. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of a finger, broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff, the gold, and the changes of raiment belonging to the hapless one were gone, and in the soft earth of the garden were seen the footsteps of a giant. The mufti measured one of the prints, and behold! it was six cubits long.

Reader, says the late beloved Dr. James Hamilton in telling the story, canst thou expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting-book? Is it the billiard-table or the theatre? Is it smoking? Is it laziness? Is it novel reading? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It will come in at the keyhole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. Know, also, that no evil habit can take the life of your soul, unless you yourself nourish it and cherish it, and by feeding it with your own vitality give it a strength greater than your own.

XXXV.

CONCERNING CROWNS AND CROSSES.

"No cross, no crown."

IT is noticeable, that although the symbol of the Cross has been so universal throughout Christendom as an object of veneration,—in churches, on the sceptres of princes, over the dome of cathedrals, sparkling on the bosom of beauty, and everywhere recognised as the significant heraldry of Christendom,—it has found a place in but very few proverbs; it shines rather in parable and poem. There is, however, one famous proverb, and it is curious that this is not to be found in most of our popular collections; we allude to the famous truth involved in the great saying, *"No cross, no crown,"* the title also of a well-known book by William Penn—still a great favourite with the Society of Friends.

The Vision of the Angels of the Crosses.

We read a Church legend from one of those dreamy old saints, Marina d'Escobar, setting before us the almost invariable melancholy of the good, and the mysterious aid which enables them to overcome it. Perhaps our severe Protestantism will still permit us to be instructed by the vision: "One morning," says the saint, "I beheld many angels bearing golden crosses with great solemnity and joy; and they bore them to earth. And the first angel fixed his cross in a certain foreign land, and walked about seeking some who would embrace and adore it; and, finding no one, he carried it back to heaven. The second angel fixed his cross also in another land, and then went to seek for those who would adore it. He met, walking in the fields, a certain poor rustic, who seemed a hermit, walking as if searching for something. 'Servant of God, whither goest thou?' asked the angel. 'I seek,' replied the hermit, 'that hidden treasure which the man, finding in his field, sold all that he had and bought it.' 'Come with me,' said the angel, 'and I will show you this treasure;' and he led him to the cross, and said, 'Lo, there is the treasure which enriches the soul, and leads it to eternal life; for he who finds it finds his supreme good.' Then the hermit, prostrate, adored the cross. The angel placed it on his shoulder, assisted him to bear it, and so it was carried to his poor hut, where the angel said, 'Now, I will remain here with you to the end of your life, and I will never cease helping you to [illegible]y that cr[illegible]' Then I saw the third angel, who also fixed his cr[illegible]; an[illegible] certain [illegible] poor woman who was walki[illegible]

anxiously and weary, with expanded arms, seeking something, embraced it. 'Servant of God,' said the angel to her, 'what seekest thou?' 'I seek,' she replied, 'the royal way to blessedness—the plain and secure way to find my God.' To whom the angel said, 'Behold that cross! That is the royal way to blessedness, the plain, safe way to heaven, on which no one perishes.' The woman adored and embraced the cross. The angel placed it on her shoulder, and helped her to bear it to her poor house, which seemed like a hovel; and then he said, 'Here will I remain with you all the days of your life on earth, and I will assist you to bear it.' The fourth angel fixed his cross in another region, and then walked about till he met a certain nobleman walking in the field, very thoughtful, as if he searched for something; and the angel said, 'Noble servant of God, what seekest thou?' The nobleman answered, 'I seek the treasure of the soul—I seek peace and security.' 'Oh, what a good you seek for!' replied the angel. 'Come with me, I will show you all at once;' and showing him the cross, he said, 'There is the true treasure of the soul, comprising all good; he who embraces, and loves, and wishes it, possesses this peace, and finds true security. All who embrace that cross reign with God in heaven; and nowhere else is anything secure.' The noble prostrated himself, and adored the cross, and took it for his spouse; and the angel placed it on his shoulder, and helped him to carry it to his house, and said, on arriving there, 'I will remain hereafter always with you.'"

And very much in the spirit of this vision are those fine words in "John Inglesant." "Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."

An old writer very truly says, that if passengers to a certain place are told that their way lies over a steep hill, a craggy rock, and a moorish fen—if they come up to these things, they may naturally suppose themselves to be in the right way; on the contrary, if in their pilgrimage they pass only through enamelled meadows and flowery gardens, they may naturally suspect whether they be on the right road. No doubt, amidst life's contradictions, travellers have often to betake themselves to Luther's great parable, when, in his prison in the Wartburg, he thought of—

The Props of the Firmament.

"Two signs I have had lately. I was looking out of my window at midnight, and I saw the stars,—the whole majestic vault of God supporting itself, without my being able to see the columns on which the Master rested it; but it fell not. There are men now-a-days who insist upon finding out these invisible columns,—nay, who insist upon touching them with their own hands; and because they cannot achieve this, they tremble, and lament, and beat their breasts, fearing the firmament is about to rush down upon them. The heavens will not stir any the more for their groping.

"In the morning I saw huge, heavy-laden clouds floating over my head like an ocean. I saw no pillars supporting the enormous masses: yet they fell not, but, saluting me gloomily, passed on; and as they passed, I perceived beneath the curve which had sustained them—a delicious rainbow. It was very slender and very delicate, and some might have trembled lest the heavy clouds should destroy it, yet its slight aërial line was strong enough to bear all that weight, and protect us from danger. We have among us too many who fear the clouds and distrust the rainbow; they would fain ascertain, by some experiment of their own, the exact force of the rainbow; and as they cannot do this, they are all alarmed lest the clouds should break and overwhelm them in their fierce waves. The clouds are very heavy, they say, and your rainbow is very slight. Time will try its strength."

The proverb we quote is the proverb of life—"*No cross, no crown.*" We have elsewhere remarked that life seems so unfair that we are compelled to seek, outside our visible and diurnal life, for the Divine law which at once controls, completes, and crowns it; and *that* law is the Divine grace which supplements and sanctifies our weakness.

How well we remember one summer evening some years since, in one of the sweetest of our sea-board villages, among the crags of our western coast. We had stood in the gathering twilight, watching a fisherman's wife straining her eyes over the "low moaning and leaden-coloured seas." She was attempting to catch a glimpse of her husband's trawl; and we wondered whether some evening, perhaps, those earnest eyes would watch for—

"One who would never come back to the town."

Then, as we walked away, we held that evening two conversations with two to whom life seemed so unfair, two lives in that little village on the cliff on the coast.

Our first talk was with an old man of eighty-two years of age. He murmured out his tale; he had two shillings a-week from the parish. Thirty years since he lost his trawl, or fishing-boat. He might have got over that, but in that one night he lost everything; for that same night, in the same storm, he lost his only son, a pilot. He had never been able to obtain another boat; all was gone; he could only look back on thirty years of weary poverty. We were tenderly affected by this story; and only a few moments after we talked it over again with a neighbour of the old man, an old sea captain. He did not seem to think the case of the old man so singular, or so cruel; but his own case! that took all the strength of nature, or of grace, to enable him to bear. He had been on the seas all his life, a cruel life of toils and separations. It was only a year or two since he gave up. He said, "Soul, take thine ease." "I said," said he, "life shall be enjoyed now in the dear old home in the village on the cliff; no storms more, no dangers more, no parting from

the dear wife more! Home, home!" So he settled in the old cottage —he had no children—he and his wife together would walk to the happy end—he was a sweet-spirited old Christian. Ah, that longing expectation for rest with the companion of his younger days! In a few months—suddenly, in a moment, with no warning, all fell to disappointment—his wife died! We shall never forget how each of these old pilgrims, having so different a tale to tell, could neither well understand the other; but in both it was a subtle trial of strength, illustrating that all our ideas of life on this side the grave are tangled, incoherent, and cross-burdened, and need the crown beyond to give completeness.

Polycarp and the Catacombs.

Beneath the city of Rome there is a long succession of subterranean streets and galleries, quarried from the rocky strata of the soil. These are now opened, and strangers may visit them. They are remarkable; they are even wonderful; they are the most astonishing cemeteries in the world. They are called the Catacombs; they are the burial-places of the martyrs of the young Christian faith. The inscriptions over innumerable tombs are to be read even yet; they seem fresh, almost as if painted yesterday; and they are fragrant with the flowers of immortality. Many of the inscriptions are passionately, touchingly affectionate. They speak tenderly of the Star of Hope which had just risen on the confines of the grave; they stand in wonderful contrast to the despair of Paganism and the poetry of Horace. Thither, from torturing racks and burning coals, the early Christians conveyed revered and beloved forms, precious dust. They deposited them there, with tears, but in the full assurance of the life beyond death, beyond the flame and the dungeon. It is remarkable that in these low catacombs Christian art had its birth—art which is always the struggle of mind with death; and in the palpable carving in the stone, and the floral delineations of the pencil, the chisel and palette were first consecrated there. When John wrote, as we believe he wrote, at the dictation of the Divine Spirit, those fine words—"*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,*" the martyrs were crowding into the catacombs; and not only so, the profession of the Christian faith everywhere had an outlook to martyrdom.

It is said these words were addressed to Polycarp, and were the prophecy of his death beneath the persecution of the mild Aurelian; for however mild and merciful an emperor he could be to others, he could only be merciless to Christians. Polycarp was a disciple of John, and the Bishop of Smyrna, to which Church these words were written. He was "faithful unto death," and in Smyrna received the crown. He was seized; he was called upon to renounce his faith. "Blaspheme Christ," said the proconsul, "and I release thee." "Eighty and six years," said the old bishop, "have I served Christ, and He has never done me wrong; how can I blaspheme my King, my Saviour?" Thus he was "faithful

unto death," and thus he received the crown of life. Such is the historical connection.

But there is a deeper lesson than the merely pleasant revival of an historical story, however venerable and affecting that story may be; it is that which is given in our proverb, that every crown is won through the pathway of the cross. Such is the condition of nature beneath which we live. This is the everlasting lesson—

> "On whose still-recurring page
> Nought grows obsolete with age."

How it comes about we need not curiously inquire. It is clear that life is a perpetually renewed crucifixion, a perpetually renewed contradiction of self. But revelation, especially in the person and work of our Saviour, assures us that thus we attain to our degree of immortality. If we take our crucifixion bravely, "and, for the joy that is set before us, endure the Cross and despise the shame, we shall sit down at the right hand of the throne of God." We stoop into a dark tremendous sea of cloud; but if we press this God's lamp close to our breast, "its splendours soon or late will pierce the gloom" from which "we shall emerge one day."

This is the law of all true eminence, of all real attainment and dignity. Therefore we say, there is no true Crown that has not its Cross, which requires Faithfulness. Is there any degree in this life, worth the having, which is won without working for it? Do we not interpret the honest heart rightly when we say, "We want to win nothing by craft, by cunning; rather the honest pittance well won than the large fortune obtained by fraud." The noble masters of the thought of the world won their way through hard and strong toil; they battled with rough winds and waves, and so, at last, by such rough navigation through those stormy seas, they became great discoverers; they won their place of power through midnight studies, fighting off sleep, and going forth to prove their soul. This was the law. We know how capricious is human fortune and human fame, but we shall not believe that real toil—honest-purposed toil—loses in the long run. We do not envy the trickster, the gambler; we neither envy him nor his conquest. Hold fast Faith. Persist with a purpose to the Crown. Thou shalt win and wear the Crown.

Such is the law of the spiritual life too. There is a daily martyrdom which wins. Suffering in this world is a great, it may be an impenetrable, mystery; but anguish of soul or pain of body do, as we often see, transfigure and change our whole inward being; and we often feel that suffering plants the mind of a man at a point of sight in the spiritual world from which things altogether hidden from ordinary eyes—and even from the sufferer until then—become visible. There is a great difference between truth known and truth felt: the one may be an intellectual perception, the other is real; even as it is said of our Lord, He "learned

obedience by the things He suffered." "It became Him for Whom are all things, and by Whom are all things, to make the Captain of our salvation perfect through suffering." Great teachers suffer from internal fires, which waste and consume them; this led the poet perhaps to say,—

"The favourites of heaven die young,"

And we must believe that if our Lord had not been murdered,—dying so early by martyrdom for our salvation,—His human frame would have been rent by the Divine fire it carried within. Is it not written of Him, "The zeal of the Lord's house hath eaten me up," "hath consumed me"? Such are our human frames, we cannot go far with God at once. Suffering is the law of life; so we attain. We say, the mystery is impenetrable and the contradiction is wonderful; is it not?—"God is love." The universe attests it and proves it, from the pulsations of the remotest star to the breathing of the meanest insect—"God is love"—and yet the whole creation groans and travails in pain; but pain is not its own end. The Crown of life is the end of being. This is the end of life, and it is not what we seem to see at the beginning that is important, but what we are at the end; the knower has to learn to love; the lover to learn to know; so the end of life is gained. "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off;" it is in the warfare that the stamp is given to character.

The day in which we live is, in this, like every other day in every other age: it calls for courage. Many, we know, are afraid of the possession of convictions, because it may, it ought, to involve the avowal of them. What circumstances are they in which a man is not called upon to be faithful? The modern method is for a man to say, "I have no convictions, and therefore I cannot be unfaithful to them. I have nothing to maintain." Such a man is placed at an immense distance from, and has an immense advantage over, the man who has them; it enables him easily to play the part of a scoffer and a persecutor; and it must be admitted that, in our day, usually convictions are not sharply cut, and all creeds seem very pleasantly to melt into each other. There may be an amiable and hopeful side to this; but it is also true that this is the case with—

"Conscience, honour, honesty,
And things of that description."

It is quite understood that these, too, are rather fluid than fixed, rather rhetorical than real; for meantime the world goes round with the bag, and offers to buy up all sharply-defined faiths. Not many could adopt Luther's crest,—a human heart surrounded by flames,—or his who was contented to postpone success until the morning, adopting as his motto in the night, "*Post tenebras lux*"—*The light after the darkness;* or Bishop Hooper's significant crest of a lamb in the fire, and the motto, "*Through the flames to heaven.*" The spirit of all is, that "Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom;" that we must be faithful unto death; and that *for every Crown is a Cross.*

But for every purified Cross there is a Crown. Stephen was the first of all the noble army of martyrs; we have often thought his name was very significant; it signified the crowned one! Crowns differed among the ancients. There were two orders of Crowns: there was the *Stepho*, or *Stephanos*; and there was the *Diadem*, or *Diadema*. The Stephanos was a crown of honour conferred, but the Diadem was a crown assumed by the sovereign by right. Hence it is said in the text, "I will give," I will confer, "the crown of life"; but it is literally written of our conquering Saviour, "Upon His head were many diadems."

"A crown of life." What is life, considered as a crown? Here life is too often to be regarded as a cross, and even, very frequently, as a curse. And the question is often put now, Is it worth while to have been born at all? Is life worth living at all? And the ingenious satirist, Mr. Mallock, has written a large volume in answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" Such a question marks the despair of the age. Such questions were put in the dark days of Pagan Rome, when faith in the old gods was dying, and it is worthy of the creedless minds of Juvenal or Horace; but no one who has ever loved, or been loved, can ask that question—no one can doubt it who has faith in the Crown of life. How good is this life! There are seasons when we are carried on, merely in the zest of life,—on the waters of the lake, in the buoyant airs of mountains, by the tree-shadowed but rejoicing river, in some sweet consummation of affection, in some deep-satisfying joy. Have we not said, Now life has its consummation and its joy,—no weariness, no pain, no hunger, not even a hope,—all satisfied, and at rest? Youth and love know such moments. We have known such moments, and, having known them, know that they will be repeated in the long for-ever of the Crown of life.

But life is not, alas! even as immortality, worn by all as a crown. There are souls which have not plucked the immortal amaranth, the flower which grows and blooms aloft, shading the fount of life, with which the spirits elect bind their resplendent locks. Even in immortality, the sensual, the selfish, and unsanctified life is tainted by the influences of its sins and occupations here. How can it be other than that life's pursuits follow, and infiltrate our immortality? It is only those for whom "an abundant entrance" is reserved who will receive life as a crown. For it is a gift, a reward. "Be faithful, and thou shalt be crowned." The crowns of earth are not only perishable and decaying; the wreaths and garlands which bind the brow—dying themselves, they confer death,—like that crown with which they decorated the brow of Voltaire, in the theatre of Paris, only two months before the vain old man died. The ivy, the laurel, and the flowers shed their decay on him—a crown of vanity, but not a Crown of life.

But then, "I will give thee a Crown of life;" t is, life in ful- [illegible] in its freshness. Life is impaired, [illegible]; [illegible] conditioned, even when it is " w

loving-kindness." But that which is given there is life in its power,—infinite, intense, immortal. Faithful unto death, "Thou askest life of Him, and He gives thee life for evermore." "When time, pain, chance, and death expire, an unfading Crown I will give to thee,—to thee, who hast borne the Cross,—I will give to thee, not as an equivalent, for the most faithful are flawed." You cannot purchase the amaranth; but as you have followed Him in the regeneration, He will condescend to crown that fidelity. To *thee;* even as we all die, one by one, separately; so shall we be glorified separately, individually, distinctly. *The Crown of life,*—not as an absorption, as in the dreary metaphysics of the Hindoo creed of Nirvana, which regards the body as a vessel, containing life; death breaks the vessel, and life loses its individuality, and melts into the ocean of impersonal life. Not so. It shall be said to *each* by Him who wears the diadem, the jewelled Crown of life, "Step forth, thou good and faithful servant;" as warriors receive the medal and the mark of honourable conflict one by one, as we are born one by one, and die one by one, so shall the Crown of life be conferred one by one, and life shall be disentangled from death for evermore.

We may, then, take immortal comfort even here from the anticipation of the coronation moment, and morning of the soul. Is our cross heavy? Of course it seems heavy, or how could it be a cross? Does it seem unreasonable, even in its purposeless weariness, and weight? Of course it seems unreasonable, or how could it be a cross? Is our faith and our righteousness questioned? Let us think of the joy of Paul: "Henceforth,"—and, when he said it, he was in prison, ready to be offered; the headsman was ready with the sword,—we seem to hear the clanking of the chain on the pavement. But he said, "Henceforth,"—he looked to the end beyond the shining of the dim cresset-lamp in the dark cell, where he wrote. He said, "Henceforth, there is laid up for me a Crown,"—*a Stephanos,*—"of righteousness, that fadeth not away." And He, whose are all the diadems of life, and those which sparkle amongst the eternal dwelling-places, will confer,—unmixed with the rue and the rosemary which blend their poison with all the roses and orange blossoms of time,—"THE CROWN OF LIFE," the unfading and unpoisoning Asphodel of the eternal plains.

And yet, before we quit the proverb, we may drop down a little to notice some of the curious contradictions which human vanity gives to the desire for a crown; indeed, the history of crowns, as the symbols of material empire, is a singular story. It is strange to remember that, probably, Nero, that vile abomination and outcast from all our human feelings, was the first Roman monarch who adopted and wore the radiating crown; and, since his day, through what a variety of phases the history of this revered symbol has passed—especially the tiara, or threefold crown of Rome, a triple crown, intended to represent a triple royalty as chief of the Church, as Bishop of Rome, and as a temporal sovereign. Sometimes the crown has been even ludicrous in its associations, as in

some verses our readers may never have seen, translated from the old Greek anthology:—

"A dealer in cabbage and rue,
  Oh! *Stephanus* once was his name;
But as soon as so purse-proud he grew,
  Philostephanus then he became.

Five letters have swollen out that name,
  And his pride may come to this pass;
That soon he may alter the same,
  To *Hippocratippidias.*

Yet though he should call himself even
  Dionysiopeganodorus,
In his Ædileship's book he is plain *Stephen,*
  Now strutting so stately before us."

Not unusual is it to notice many who, like this old Greek worthy, prefer some of the classic, sonorous, and high-sounding inflations of seeming dignity to the simple royalty of the Crown of Life.

And what mistakes men make; what deceptive guides they choose to win the End of Life!

The Guide.

A party of travellers to a great city had a map of the way, but, distrusting it, resolved to take a guide. The road was confessedly difficult and intricate. Several guides offered themselves, who modestly said that they had taken great pains to understand the matter thoroughly, and would do their best to bring them thither safely, offering to show them by the map, as they went along, how the road lay. But these were all thrust aside by one swaggering fellow, who declared that he was an *infallible guide,* and could not possibly mistake the path by day or night. The travellers took him at his word, and "congratulated each other" on getting a man whom they could trust entirely. But, after a while, some of them thought that the road along which he led them had a very suspicious appearance, and on looking at the map they found that they were on ground which was there laid down as *dangerous.* Thereupon they ventured to remonstrate; but the guide immediately knocked them down, and, turning to the rest, assured them that the things marked on the map as mountains, were rivers, as rocks marshes, and the marshes firm ground, etc.; in short, that they could not understand the map: and, so saying, he put the map in his pocket, and bade them trust to him to guide them according to its *true meaning.* They did so, and "both fell into the ditch."

True it is, that in *all* questions where there is a right and a wrong, several different parties cannot be *all* right. When all are forced into agreement or outward submission, what they submit to *may,* conceivably, be right. But suppose it is not? Then *all* are in the wrong, and truth and right have no change at all to the end of time.

And, on the other hand, how grand and noble. Through what pathways some have won the Crown of Life! Does the reader know—

The Story of John Maynard.

John Maynard, a pilot on one of the fated steamers of Lake Erie, toiling summer and winter, and exposed to all weathers, scarcely seemed engaged in princely employment. But on board that steamer one day was heard the cry of "*fire.*" The flames broke out amidships; the captain gave command to head for the shore; the passengers rushed to the prow of the boat. John Maynard was at the wheel; the flames and the smoke became suffocating, driving him from the wheel-house farther astern; there he adjusted the spare tiller, keeping the boat meantime headed for the shore. The lives of all on board were in the hands of that rough, copper-faced man at the helm. Ten minutes! If the boat could be kept headed for the shore, they were all that was needed to save every imperilled life.

"John Maynard!" shouted the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply.

"Can you keep her head as she is for ten minutes?"

"I'll try, sir."

But every minute the flames and smoke increased; every minute saw the flames creeping onwards towards this faithful pilot.

"John Maynard!" again shouted the captain.

Every ear was strained, and caught the stifled,—

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Can you keep her head as she is for five minutes?"

And the quick ear of the captain just caught the response through the roaring flames,—

"I'll try, sir."

That was enough. The boat sped on. She veered not one inch from her course. A few fathoms more—the distance is passed; the keel grates; the shore is reached; not one life is lost—save that of the pilot, who was found burned to a cinder, but holding fast to the tiller.

Surely he must be a sceptic indeed who can believe that the soul of such a man was burned out to a cinder like his body; is it too much to say, if he did not hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant,"—

> "The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And Heaven's base built on stubble?"

XXXVI.

SHAKSPEARE'S ADVICE TO PREACHERS.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

> "*In this business*
> *Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant*
> *More learned than the ears.*".

ALTHOUGH we have taken as the text for this sermon the words quoted above, no doubt Shakspeare's best advice to preachers is Hamlet's to the players; and the intention of that good advice throughout seems to be, to teach very much the lesson of the text, that "*action is eloquence.*" We may be sure that Shakspeare was far too wise a man, and too accomplished in the arts which constitute the orator, to teach that "*action is eloquence*" merely because it is action. Action, indeed, without a word, we know, may be overwhelming and most convincingly impressive; but then it must be action through which soul is revealed. Shakspeare refers to the other order of speech when he says:—

"Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it."

Surely this condemnation, characterized as it is by good sense and truth, is just as true for preachers as for players. Action, as the multitudes understand it, is not always passion; deep feeling does not usually exhibit itself in an uproar. Shakspeare teaches the necessity and the power of self-possession in words which are the context of those quoted above:—

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

Is it too much to say, that where there is real feeling th[illegible] will always be fine action, but what action? Not the sawing of the air [illegible] arm, not the stamping of the foot, not the moving to and fro [illegible]t b[illegible]; something like these there may be possibly, but not [illegible]y, f[illegible]

may be intense action when the body and all its members are entirely still to outward appearance. You may mark the action in the bright and kindling movements of the eye; you may mark it in the animation of the face, in the nervous movement of the fingers, in the whole body, apparently quiet to the shallow observer, and yet full of life. No doubt there are moments when roused passion flames and pours forth feeling in torrents. Eloquence, when at its true pitch and movement, is sometimes like the broad and heavy fall of the Niagara, a mighty mass of waters bearing along, and overwhelming by their breadth, the calm passion, if we may so speak; but another order of eloquence is like that of the Trollhatten Falls, in Sweden. When we were there we heard a gentleman by our side contrasting its effects with Niagara. It is a torrent that leaps from a height, thunders along from crag to crag, forces its way through separate ravines, seeming to leave pausing places behind it as it hurries tempestuously along. There is an eloquence in which thought marshals and commands feeling; there is another order in which feeling marshals and commands thought, and both may be equally great and real, and in both the doctrine of Shakspeare is true, "*Action is eloquence.*"

Dr. Chalmers must have been a noble example of the Trollhatten style of eloquence. *Subsecivæ* Brown gives a fine illustration of his listening to the great Scotch orator, when he was a youth in the High School of Edinburgh, in a moorland district on a summer evening:—

"As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell.

> "'He had a hardness in his cheek;
> He had a hardness in his eye.'

He was our terror; and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw *him* going in. The minister came in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a *great* look about him, like a mountain among hills. The tide set in, everything added to its power; 'deep called to deep.' How astonished and impressed we all were. He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness; the drover was weeping like a child, the tears running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks, his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's, his whole body stirred with emotion. And when the wonderful speaker sat down, how beautiful to our eyes did the thunderer look; exhausted, but sweet and pure. We went home quieter than we came; we thought of other things, that voice, that face, those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence, that piercing, shattering voice."

Here, manifestly, action was eloquence; of such eloquence now we seem to have no examples, no illustrations, perhaps because faith in unseen things is at a very low ebb in the average congregation, and the hearer's feelings do not assist even the great preacher.

As a pendant to this in the "*Horæ Subsecivæ,*" we remember to have

heard a dear departed friend tell how, when a boy, he was taken by his father, one still summer evening across the Northamptonshire fields to hear Robert Hall, in one of those old village chapels with the square galleries. As in the other instance, the place was crowded from the neighbourhood round with plain farmer-folk, a sprinkling of intelligent ministers, and the gentry of the neighbourhood. The minister came in, a simple, heavy, but still impressive-looking man; in due course he announced his text, "The end of all things is at hand." His voice was not shattering, but thin, weak. There was no action at all, only of the twitching of the fingers, more especially as the hand moved and rested upon the lower part of the back, where the speaker was suffering almost incessant pain. As he went on beneath the deepening evening shades, falling through the windows of the old chapel, his voice and his words first chained, then charmed and fascinated his hearers. One after another, the whole place and all in it seemed as if beneath a great spell. As he talked about the coming end, the spell upon the people seemed to begin to work itself out into an awful, fearful restlessness, one and another rose from their seats and stood stretching forward with a kind of fright and wonder. Still there was no *action*, only the flow of that wondrous voice, with a marvellous witchery of apt and melodious words; but through them the "end of all things" sounded like some warning bell. More people rose, stretching forward; many of those who rose first, as if they felt some strange power upon them, they knew not what, got up and stood upon their seats, until, when the "great master of assemblies" closed his passionate, pathetic accents, the whole audience were upon their feet, intensely alive with interest, as if they had heard in the distance the presages and preludes of the coming end, and felt that it was time to prepare. Our readers will well believe that our old friend spoke of this as a never-forgotten moment, one of the most memorable of his life.

In both of these instances action was eloquence; but in the last, the action was especially inward, the soul within the speaker making the words move over other men's souls as with the power of a necromancer. Such eloquence as we have in our own day seems never to be of this order, although much of it perhaps is worthy of that characterization by one of our poets, though we could never see its justice as applied to the statesman to whom the lines were addressed:—

> "An eloquence, not like those rills from a height,
> Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
> But a torrent which works out its way into light
> Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore."

But those "filtering recesses of thought and of lore" [illegible] the impedi-
ments of that eloquence which speaks in action, and th[illegible] mov[illegible] in
the atmosphere of the mind which create [illegible]n [illegible]s of [illegible]
[illegible] the hearers [illegible]ameness must on the [illegible]

the vice of even many who may yet be regarded as eminent speakers; and to them Shakspeare's words, which seem to invoke to action, might be especially applicable :—

"Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing [*preaching*], whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre [*or church full*] of others. Oh, there be players [*preachers*], that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

Such, in a word, are the differences which Shakspeare indicates between animation and dulness. Thus, the idea of action is to be very variously construed; it is true, the hand is an organ of expression, and the orator speaks through his fingers. An ancient master of oratory, Quintilian, says :—

"The hand speaks for itself; by it we ask, we promise, we invoke, we dismiss, we threaten, we deprecate, we express fear, joy, grief, our doubts, our assents, our penitence, we show moderation, profusion, we mark number and time."

But for all this there must be a soul in the fingers. The orator who inflamed a multitude to march against Philip by his harangue, in reply to the question, What is the first law of rhetoric? said, "Action!" and the second? "Action!" and the third? "Still, Action!" But manifestly he did not mean the activity of a marionette, but of the mind. "What is eloquence?" said Cicero, "but a continuous motion of the soul?" the growing vitality of the mind. This is illustrated in what De Quincey says of Burke :—

"Under Burke's treatment every truth grows in the act of unfolding it. This peculiarity is, no doubt, in some degree, due to the habit of extempore speaking, but not to that only. Burke himself traced it very much to his study of the Bible: 'I have,' said he, 'read the Bible morning, noon, and night, and have ever since been the happier and better man for such reading.'"

We spoke above of Shakspeare's knowledge of the arts which constitute the orator; his works furnish several illustrations, especially in the Roman pieces; study, for instance, the character of Menenius Agrippa, in Coriolanus; in him we find how action was eloquence; he was a sort

of John Bright with a Roman multitude,—at home with them, familiar with them, equally able in a public colloquy, which turns by-and-by into an oration, to give one a cheerful clap on the shoulders, and presently, to another, a smart and sufficiently satisfactory box on the ears; here is action regarded as eloquence moving along a low level, talking in common sense common-place things in which all the citizens are interested,—in pithy proverb, and amusing parable. But how different a study when, in the Forum, we are before the dead body of Cæsar, and Brutus and Marc Antony utter their orations; there action rises to a higher pitch; eloquence no longer moves along the uninspiring level of ordinary life; a tremendous action has been performed, Cæsar has been slain, and Brutus steps forth passionately, vehemently to vindicate the deed; the nervous action of the man carrying the multitude along with him till their shouts ring round him in acclamations, and demand that he shall be borne in triumph to his house, and a statue reared to his memory. And then comes in the cunning Marc Antony. Let the student in oratory mark how the insinuating soul winds its way through the words in which ambition affects feeling for its own ends, until, by quite a different order of action, and quite another tone of eloquence, the multitude is wrought upon and the same people propose to march away, to burn the house of Brutus and his body too! Action against action, eloquence against eloquence, the entire scene is surely an instructive commentary upon the words we have taken for a text.

> "*Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant*
> *More learned than the ears.*"

Another illustration is in the quite different, the altogether inflamed and passionate speech of Henry V. before Harfleur. Here, of course, standing in the presence of a great battle, and speaking for the purpose of rousing an army, the words themselves are like—

> "Greyhounds on the slips straining upon the start."

The ruder the audience, the more exciting the occasion, the more necessary does it seem that words should be clothed in vehemency; and this remark holds of sacred as well as of other orders of eloquence. It must be strange if the most sacred themes shall only produce a tame, dull, monotonous mode of delivery. Surely Hamlet's reflections are very pertinent:—

> "Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
> But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
> Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
> That from her working, all his visage wanned;
> Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
> A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
> With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
> For Hecuba!
> What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
> That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

Thomas Carlyle says truly, "If a good speaker, an eloquent speaker, be not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation?" and again, "Considered as the last finish of education, or of human culture, the art of speech is noble, even divine; it is like the kindling of a heaven's light to show us what a glorious world exists, and has perfected itself in a man. But if no glorious world exist in him, if none but continents of empty vapour, greedy self-conceits, common-place hearsays, and indistinct loomings of a sordid chaos exist in him, what will be the use of light to show us that? Better a thousand times that such a man do not speak, but keep his empty vapour, and his sordid chaos to himself!" Often in such a case there is a good deal of action, but it is not eloquence, it is rather the pirouetting of a clown or harlequin. Wisdom is always justified of her children. But there must be in the speaker an active and living mind; some speakers have their whole plane of discussion before them as a preconception and pre-arrangement, but there is none the less a living mind at work; and in others glowing impulses give rise to new fields of feeling as the action takes its way. Samuel Rogers mentions a conversation with Dr. Porson, in which the great scholar contrasted two great men as orators. "Mr. Pitt," said he, "conceives his sentences before he utters them; Mr. Fox throws himself into the middle of his, and leaves it to Almighty God to get him out again." But a not inappropriate commentary on Shakspeare's remark, is that of Dr. Johnson, "Whether action may or may not be of use in churches, where the preacher addresses a mingled audience, may deserve inquiry; it is certain that the senses are more powerful as the reason is weaker, and that he whose ears convey little to the mind may sometimes listen with his eyes till truth takes possession of his heart; if there be any use of gesticulation in the pulpit, it must be applied to the ignorant and rude who will be more affected by vehemence than delighted by propriety."

In our day there are great multitudes of people far from irreligious,—many of them truly religious,—who would be very glad to have a divine service in which there should be no sermon. To such persons the sermon seems the most *un*divine part of the service, it seems wanting in nature and in conviction, it does not mingle with the breath of mountains and seas, or with the grace of trees and flowers. An ignorant man,—one ignorant, as we speak, of books and speculations,—will often have a very keen perception of the depth of conviction from which a man speaks, and the measure of reality which governs what he says. To such an one the preacher often appears to be a man made up for an occasion, with no guiding lights, no vision, no voices within him—the echo of books, a

skeleton standing in a desk and holding a flickering lamp in his hand; there is no natural articulation, no natural accent. The spectator sees right through the ribs of him, and knows that there is no heart in the business, that he is merely talking against time; and the eyes inform the ears and the ears the eyes. It does not matter in such a case whether much or little action is used, for as we have seen above, true action may be passive or it may be active; in any case, if it be an emanation from the motive power of the heart, it is true, as our great teacher says,—

> "*Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant*
> *More learned than the ears.*"

Not inappropriately here may we quote a parable:—

The Miracle Rod of the Prophet.

"Gird up thy loins," spake Elisha to his servant, Gehazi, as the Shunammite had entreated him concerning the quickening of her son, "and take my staff in thy hand. If any one meet thee, salute him not; and if any one salute thee, answer him not again; and lay my staff on the face of the child, that his soul may return to him again."

Joyfully did Gehazi speed away with the wonder-working rod of the prophet, after which he had aspired so long; for,—for a great while,—it had been his chief desire to do a miracle. "Whither hastest thou so fast, Gehazi?" called Jehu, the son of Nimshi, to him. "To raise a dead one," answered Gehazi: "for here is the prophet's staff."

Full of curiosity, the crowd assembled and ran behind him; from every village and town, through which he came, the people hastened after—to see the raising of the dead. And with hasty steps Gehazi went before them; and when they came to Shunem he stepped forward and laid the staff on the face of the boy. But there was neither voice nor hearing.

Then he turned the staff about, and laid it otherwise, to the right, to the left, upward, downward: but the boy arose not; and Gehazi was mocked of the multitude. Confounded, he turned him back to the prophet, told him what had befallen, and said, "The child is not raised!"

Then Elisha took the staff and hastened to Shunem, and went into the house, and shut the door before them all, and prayed to the Lord, and went up and laid himself upon the child, and put his mouth upon the child's mouth, his eyes upon his eyes, his hands upon his hands, and lay upon him till the body of the child grew warm. But wherewith did he warm the body of the child? With his still, humble prayer, with the breath of his unselfish, disinterested love!

"Take up thy son," he said to the happy mother; and the vain Gehazi stood ashamed.

It is curious to notice how some

and even, apparently knowingly, adopt expedients to reach their end which are almost certain to cover them with confusion.

The Crazy Bridge.

Some years ago there was a bridge at Bath in so crazy a condition, that cautious persons chose rather to make a long circuit than run the risk of crossing it. One day, however, a very nervous lady, hurrying home to dress for the evening, came suddenly upon the spot without, till that moment, remembering the danger. The sight of the bridge reminded her of its ruinous state, just as she was about to set her foot upon it. But what was she to do? If she went on, the frail arch might give way under her; to go round would be fatiguing, and attended with much loss of time. She stood for some minutes trembling in anxious hesitation; but, at last, a lucky thought occurred to her—she called for a sedan-chair, and was *carried over* in that conveyance!

You may laugh, perhaps, at this good lady's odd expedient for escaping danger by shutting out the view of it. But is not something of the same kind happening around us every day? Those people who are alarmed and perplexed at the danger of having to judge for themselves in religious matters, think to escape that danger by choosing to take some guide as an infallible one, and believe, and disbelieve, as he bids them. What is this but crossing the crazy bridge in a sedan-chair? In determining to believe whatever their guide affirms, they are in reality choosing to make every single exercise of faith which follows that original determination; and they are choosing to believe him to be infallible in the bargain. There are at least as many chances of error as before, against every single article of faith in the creed which they adopt upon their guide's authority; and there are also additional chances against that authority itself. Thus, in order to get over more safely, they put, not only their own weight, but that of the sedan-chair and its bearers also, upon the tottering arch.

XXVII.

PROVERBS ABOUT PROVERBS.

It can not then suppose that proverbs have it all their own way—that they are unanswerable—that the mission of a proverb is the work of an equivalent, "an end of all strife,"—that when the proverb is spoken there is the close of case and the death of an argument, as some people seem to think. This is, however, not quite the case; and proverbs may be marshalled against proverbs, and for the reason that it is scarcely possible to say any thing in a few words which is not open to some exception, and even to contradiction. And the wisdom of the world often have relation to time and place and circumstance; so that proverbs will sometimes seem equivocal, and certainly often have to be accepted with a commentary. "*Take care of the pence,*" says the proverb, "*and the pounds will take care of themselves;*" but says another, "*Penny wise and pound foolish.*" An old Latin proverb says, "*He does not possess what he does not use,*" which is a very good proverb to launch at niggardliness. We remember the question being put concerning a mighty but a miserable millionaire, who, although possessed of enormous wealth, lived after a truly wretched and parsimonious fashion, "How much is he worth?" The answer was, "Well, I suppose he may be worth from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds a year; for a man is worth just as much as he can use, or enjoy—simply so much, and no more." Therefore, what a man cannot enjoy he can scarcely be said to possess; he is like a man who may possess twenty or thirty thousand acres in an uncleared country—himself in the midst of a region where he can obtain neither shelter, clothes, nor food; or a man wading through the sands of Eastern Arabia with a large amount at his banker's in London, but no agent to supply him with any means for prosecuting his travels. There are men of whom it may be said, they have not so much hold upon their wealth as their wealth has a grip on them; therefore, says the old Scotch proverb, "*A fool may make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it,*" or to keep it. "*Coin breeds care,*" says one axiom; but says another, "*Little coin, much care,*" and "*A store is no sore,*" and an old English couplet says:—

> "*Who doth sing so merry a note,*
> *As he who cannot change a groat?*"

And another Scotch proverb says, "*It is good to be sib* (related)

siller." Some wary proverbs hit on both sides, as "*Money makes, and money mars;*" and "*He who hath gold hath fear, and he who hath none hath care.*" Caution and rashness may both plead their proverbs. "*Never give up certainty for hope,*" says one; "*A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush;*" "*Never stretch out your hand further than you can draw it back again;*" "*Venture all, lose all;*" and such proverbs may no doubt call many true anecdotes to endorse them. But up starts another regiment: "*Nothing venture, nothing have;*" "*Venture a small fish to catch a big one;*" "*He that was born under a three-halfpenny planet will never be worth twopence.*" Sometimes the boldness, or rashness, is justified by proverbs which seem to recommend what may be called hedging: "*Take the antidote before the poison;*" which is a Latin proverb; "*Second thoughts are best;*" "*Don't be afraid of the day you never saw.*" That of Mrs. Browning's is almost proverbial:—

> "*We walk upon*
> *The shadows of hills before us thrown,*
> *And pant like climbers.*"

There is an old Arab proverb, "*Begin nothing of which you have not well considered the end;*" and this is illustrated by the story of how it saved a sovereign's life. But, again says another proverb, "*Begin the web, and God will supply the thread.*" "*Look before you leap,*" says one; ah, but, says another, "*Too much heed-taking is loss getting.*" "*Forewarned is forearmed,*" says caution; "*Illdoers are illdreaders,*" says the generous mind. "*Provide for the worst, and the best will look after itself,*" says caution; "*Harm watch, harm catch,*" says generous impulse. "*Shut the door when the steed is stolen,*" says Caution; "*Better late than never,*" says Cheerfulness. Even some of the most obvious proverbs are not without the possibility of retort.

> "*He that would thrive, must rise at five;*
> *He that has thriven, may lie till seven.*"

But another old proverb says, "*Early up, and never the nearer.*" "*If you would have your business done, go yourself, if not, send another,*" says one proverb; but, on the other hand, "*The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client.*" "*Quick at meals, quick at work,*" says one; and "*Delays are dangerous,*" another; and by the side of these, "*Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.*" But it was the motto of Tallyrand, the mighty master of practical wisdom,—than whom, perhaps, there never was a more far-seeing, quick, and yet astute intelligence,—"*Never do to-day what you can possibly put off till to-morrow.*" But what a wise head that must be which can so nicely decide what may be put off until to-morrow; yet Tallyrand never failed on earth; he made and unmade kings. As he said to Louis XVIII., "Your Majesty, there is something inexplicable about me, which brings ill luck on all governments which neglect me." This has earned for him the designation of the politic man, and seems to justify such proverbs as "*Luck in leisure;*" "*The*

more haste the less speed;" "*Slow and sure;*" "*Good and quick seldom meet;*" and, perhaps, that other more doubtfully put, "*What we do not to-day we must do to-morrow.*" "*A rolling stone gathers no moss,*" encourages persistence and perseverance in one direction; on the other hand, "*Too many irons in the fire,*" is a condemnation of the varied pursuits which dissipate the worth of a performance. And when Mrs. Macaulay—once a somewhat celebrated person—showed some portions of her "History of England" to Dr. Johnson, apologizing for certain defects by saying she "had so many irons in the fire," the grim doctor said, "Then, madam, I would advise you to put the history where the irons are." Thus it would be possible to go on at some length in setting proverb against proverb. A writer in *The Athenæum** describes an imaginary conversation taking place between Tom, the father, and Jack, the son, on early rising, in which proverb is cited against proverb.

"'Leap up, Jack,' cries the sire; '*The early bird gets the worm.*'

"Jack answers,—'*Look before you leap, father.*' [We wonder he did not remember the remark of another gentleman in his situation, that, if the worm had not been up earliest, it would not have fallen a victim to the bird.]

"Tom replies,—'*He that would thrive, must rise at five.*'

"The son rejoins,—

> "'*A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay,*
> *Will be all one at doom's day.*'

"The father meets him with—'*Better die poor than live poor, my son.*'

"'True,' observes Jack; 'but, *Enough's as good as a feast.*'

"'*Use legs and have legs,*' cries Tom.

"'*The devil's a busy bishop,*' answered Jack, 'as they say in Scotland.

"'Remember,' says Tom,—

> "'*Early to bed, early to rise,*
> *Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.*'

"'You forget,' replies the sluggard, that '*The rolling stone gathers no moss.*'

"'*You* ought to remember,' rebuts the industrious father, that '*Procrastination is the thief of time.*'

"Jack is ready with another Scotch proverb—'*Fools are fond o' flitting.*'

"'*No advice equal to a father's,*' observes thrifty Thomas, his quiver nearly spent.

"'There I have you on the hip again,' concludes the son; 'for they say in Spain, *There's a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks it.*' And having so said, Jack goes to sleep again."

Nor must we omit a reference to a similar paper in *Chambers' Edin-*

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* December 11th, 1841.

*burgh Journal,** in which the writer pursues the same train of interesting remark, showing, as we have said, how proverb may be cited against proverb.

"Not even the most prominent article in common morality is left clear in our proverbial code. '*Honesty is the best policy,*' is indeed a current saying; and it is fortified by such good saws as, '*Craft brings nothing home at the last,*' and '*Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is best in the long run.*' But why, then, should men talk of 'politic knaves,' and assume that it is only '*when knaves fall out that honest men get their own;*' and why should it be said that '*Wiles help weak folk,*' or that '*Sly knavery is too hard for honest wisdom?*' Here all is a mass of confusion. Nor are we much better when we inquire respecting a virtue more eminently Christian; for, while '*Forget and forgive*' stares us in the face in every collection of proverbs, are we not also admonished, with regard to any one who has offended us, to '*Pay him back in his own coin?*'

"The French say, '*Langue de miel, cœur de fiel*'—'[*Tongue of honey, heart of gall*']; to which it is replied on this side the Channel,

> "'*Fair words hurt ne'er a bone,*
> *But foul words break many a one;*'

the Scotch adding, in their own smooth way, '*Better fleech* [flatter] *a fule as fecht him.*' '*Welcome is the best cheer.*' 'Pray,' says our Athenæum friend, 'accommodate this to "*Fair words butter no parsnips.*" I take the latter proverb to be by far the sounder of the two; at least I trust it will ever be deepest impressed upon the minds of all Amphitryons. Welcome is very good in its way, but it is not, nor ever will be, a turbot, or a saddle of mutton, or a glass of wine, or so much as—butter for parsnips.' We would here remark, that, though '*Hunger is the best sauce,*' we never yet knew any one who refused to add Harvey or Lazenby, if these gentlemen were by; nor do we learn from the author of 'Waverley' that Hayston of Bucklaw, when dining with the Master of Ravenswood, on a scrag of mutton, and reminded by Caleb Balderstone that '*Aye the nearer the bane the sweeter,*' expressed any violent preference for such too-frequently presented viands over fresh and complete legs, whether roasted or boiled.

"We turn, finally, to a few miscellaneous matters, on which we find popular wisdom quite as much abroad. For instance, '*A good tale is not the worse of being twice told;*' how does this harmonize with '*Eadem oberrat chorda*'—['*Ever harping on the same string*'], or the still more decisive, '*Too much of one thing is good for nothing?*' We are told that '*Great birth is a poor dish at a table,*' and so it is surely in the case of a one-dish dinner; but when we hear soon after, that '*Birth is much, breeding more,*' and are told to '*Select a wife out of a good nest,*' what are we

* *Chambers' Journal*, Vol. XII., No. 579.

to think but that there must be some importance in being born well after all, although it may be true that breeding and personal merits are superior considerations.

"Plebeian philosophy is full of bitter sneers at loquacious people, as '*A fool never knows when to hold his tongue,*' '*Loud in the loan* [field] *was ne'er a good milk cow,*' '*Great cry and little wool,*' etc.; but after all comes the acknowledgment, that '*Dumb folk get no lands.*' '*In multitude of counsel is safety,*' has but little support from '*Too many cooks spoil the broth;*' and the generous English saying, '*A man never loses by doing good offices to others,*' is flatly contradicted by the selfish Scotch one,—the basis of the modern political doctrine of non-interference,—'*Ne'er sca'd your lips wi' other folks' kail.*'"

And this, "*Great cry and little wool,*" reminds us of that love for what has been called gasconading, or "*tall talk,*" with which some people have been, perhaps through all ages, fond of interlarding their speech.

"It is not so many years," says an anonymous writer, "since we talked bombast about the superiority of one Englishman to three Frenchmen, and sung prose lyrics about our feats at sea; and even now we enjoy statements of the most gasconading kind, if only they are conveyed in a form avowedly rhythmic. Our American kinsfolk are gasconaders still, though a dry sub-humour corrects the flavour of their bombast; but this sentence, 'Honour to the chief who, on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, waved the star-spangled banner of our common country in the face of the setting sun,' is not a joke, but a sentence actually uttered by an American diplomatist at a dinner to General Fremont, and a mild specimen of that kind of talk too."

"Cold, sir," said an American recently, "cold? I tell you, English eloquence is frozen. If Burke were in Parliament to-day, he would be said to rave; and Sheridan would be called an Irish spouter! I like my wine cool, but not solid."

This disposition to the noisy speech of great talkers and little doers, is satirized in a Russian proverb, "'*Dog, why do you bark?*' '*To frighten the wolf away.*' '*But, dog, why is your tail between your legs?*' '*Oh! I'm afraid of the wolf.*'" And so the Bengalis say, "*In talk a tiger, in act a lizard.*"

Some homely proverbs are constantly subject to quotation: "*Handsome is that handsome does,*" and "*All is not gold that glitters,*" may very naturally compel the mind to look for, and to inquire after what is of real worth. That is not a very pleasant proverb, although we believe we must give our Scotch neighbours the credit of it: "*If you act like a thief, dinna you hang your head like a thief;*" which is scarcely so honest as the prayer of the old Scottish freebooter, "O Lord, turn the world upside down, that honest men may get a bit of bread!"

An ingenious writer from whom we have already qu[illegible],—J[illegible]ylor, has an ingenious allegory by which is suggested

worth in persons and things. She describes how a pious mind, in the quiet of its retirement, invented and applied—

The Philosopher's Scales.

"Twas here, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with its stone-covered floor;
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
He formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic or alchymy's powers,
We know not, indeed 'tis no business of ours;
Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected; but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and grey;
But success is secure unless energy fails;
And at length he produced *The Philosopher's Scales.*

"What were they?—you ask; you shall presently see;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;
Oh, no;—for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh;
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense:
Nought was there so bulky, but there it could lay;
And nought so ethereal, but there it would stay;
And nought so reluctant, but in it must go;
All which some examples more clearly will show.

"The first thing he tried was the head of *Voltaire,*
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
As to bound like a ball on the roof of the cell.

* * * * * *

By further experiments, no matter how,
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword with gilt trappings rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear;
And a lord and a lady went up at full sail
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance, and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than some atoms of candour and sense;—
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt;
Yet, not mountains of silver and gold would suffice
One pearl to outweigh—'twas the 'pearl of great price.'

"At last the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight

When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof;
Whence, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

"MORAL.

"Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails,
We pray you to try *The Philosopher's Scales:*
But if they are lost in the ruins around,
Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found:—
Let *judgment* and *conscience* in circles be cut,
To which strings of *thought* may be carefully put:
Let these be made even with caution extreme,
And *impartiality* use for a beam;
Then bring those good actions which pride overrates,
And tear up your *motives* to serve for the weights."

To pass to another phase in the history of proverbs and proverbial sayings, it is curious to notice the frequent mystery attaching to proverbial lore. Nothing can be more interesting than the explanation of adages and phrases which time has made inscrutable, and which can only be discovered by the knowledge of old customs and obsolete language. Thus, we very frequently find, as has been most truly said, that proverbial sayings are, like words themselves, historical fossils, which retain the memory of a thing which has otherwise entirely vanished from knowledge. Thus—"*An please the pigs,*" is a peculiarity of a departed dialect, "*An,*" it need scarcely be said, is synonymous with *if;* and the irreverent "pigs" is no other than the sacred word *pyx*—the vessel in which the sacred Host is kept in Roman Catholic countries;—hence it is a kind of metonymy in which the house is put for the inhabitant, and is just equivalent to our saying, "God willing"—or "Please God." Yet, perhaps, there are not many who would, from so vulgar an expression, ascend to what was once an indication of devout resignation. Other proverbs are darker still; yet, a ray of light, and they also become luminous with meaning. "*Spick and span new,*" is a corruption of the Italian "*Spiccata dalla Spana,*" that is, "Snatched from the hand," which is equivalent to another more vernacular expression of our own, "*Fresh from the Mint.*" The old volumes of *The Gentleman's Magazine* are a great repository of this interesting information.

Some phrases are deceptive, and yet they pass into proverbs,—such, for instance, as that of, "*The good old times.*" As Byron says,—

"The good old times! All times when old are good."

But Bentham has somewhere pointed out, that if times [illegible] to be valued in estimation on account of their age, ours must have [illegible] m of antiquity; we are the oldest people of the earth. As a [illegible] rkable writer, Colton, the author of "*Lacon,*" has said, in

"Modern Antiquity,"—and marvellous it is that such a volume should be all but entirely unknown:—

"Then we, that on these days are thrown,
Must be the oldest ancients known:
The *earliest*, modern earth has seen,
Was Adam, in his apron green.

"Then he that would the ancients know,
Must forward come, not backward go;
The learned lumber of the shelves
Shows nothing older than ourselves.

"But who in older times than we
Shall live? That infant on the knee,
See sights to us were never shown,
And secrets know—to us unknown.

"For man alone,—of all that lives
In ocean, earth, or air,—derives
Light from his fellows; man alone,
By tracing backward, marches on." *

Against this there is a fine proverbial saying in America, "*The Age of Homespun*," by which they refer healthier times back to the more youthful and simple ages of the world and of society. It is not so pleasant, according to this view, to feel that "we are the oldest ancients known." There is a fine discourse preached by that noble, helpful, and thoughtful teacher, Horace Bushnell, entitled, "*The Age of Homespun;*" and, by the bye, what would Congregationalists in England think of such a sermon preached on an ordinary Sunday evening? But it must have been good to have heard it. It is not to be supposed that our forefathers had in everything the best of it. Doubtless, in many of the comforts and conveniences of life we have gained; we have also lost a good many things which were common enough in the old Age of Homespun. "I recall," says Bushnell, "the honest faithful days of Homespun—days when men's lives went by their consciences, as their clocks did by the sun, with a feeling of profoundest reverence; it was more than respectable," he says, it was sublime." And he compares those old days, when thrift represented work, with "the keen and joky way of whittling out a living by small bargains. They lived working out each year a little in advance of thrift, just within the line of comfort." And he speaks of a man whom he knew in those years, whom he heard threshing in his barn of a winter evening by the light of a lantern, and whom he saw driving his team the next day—the coldest day of the year, through the deep snow to a distant wood lot to draw a load for a present to his minister. Those royal men of homespun—how great a thing to them was religion! their homespun worship! "Under their hard and, as some would say, stolid faces, great thoughts

* "Modern Antiquity, and other Poems." By the late Rev. C. C. Colton, author of "Lacon." 1835.

are brewing, and these keep them warm. Free will, fixed fate, foreknowledge absolute, Trinity, redemption, special grace, eternity—give them anything high enough, and the tough muscle of their inward man will be thinking sturdily into it; and if they go away having something to think of, they have had a good day." Thus, in the old saying in the Comedy, "*There is much to be said on both sides;*" and, if some of us are proud of our age, "upon whom the ends of the world," or of the ages, "have come,"—if we suppose that we really have attained to the wisdom of years, we may also be paying the penalty of senility as the compensation for our antiquity; certainly we cannot deny to those times of which Dr. Bushnell speaks,—whether in our own country or in his,—the possession of merit from which, perhaps, alas! we sometimes seem remote.

Thus, to hurry back to previous thoughts, we see how it is that, as Mr. Long * has said, "*Proverbs are the coins of the people;*" and as Lord Bacon has said, "The genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs." The Russian language seems to be very rich in proverbial lore, and we should expect this in a country where books must be comparatively rare, and speech necessarily reserved. In their vast stores of proverb lore also, it would be easy to set proverb against proverb; they illustrate also what the elder D'Israeli has said, "Proverbs existed before books, they give a deep insight into domestic life; and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasure of thought;" all this is especially true of the Russian. Mr. Long, who has accumulated twenty-five thousand of these proverbs, claims for them that they are the richest in Europe,—exceeding even the Spanish in originality and wit,—and yet the most unknown; so unknown that neither Bohn, Trench, nor Kelly quote one. They point to a good many social characteristics—landlordism, for instance. "*Praise not a landlord until he is in his coffin;*" "*God made the peasant, but the devil begat the landlord;*" "*When a peasant becomes a landlord, he skins the peasants,*" which is equivalent to our English saying, "*A tyrant is a slave turned inside out;*" "*A landlord's court has a wide entrance, but a narrow exit,*" that is, it is easy to get into his debt, and hard to get out of it; "*Even in hell the peasant will have to serve the landlord, for while the latter is boiling in a caldron, the former will have to put wood under it.*" Even the Church does not come off very well in Russian proverb. "*He who fears God does not go to church;*" "*The Church is not in beams, but in ribs.*" But a great number of these proverbs are upon the lips of the Dissenters, or the Raskolniks, who constitute a large body in Russia—so many, it is said, as fifteen millions. These are they who, unlike the Spanish, are not jocose upon, but bitter against tobacco; their bitterness also is nearly as severe against coffee and even tea. "*Tea,*" they say, "*is the Chinese arrow which has pierced the Russian*

On Russian Proverbs, as Illustrating Russian Manners and Customs." By [illegible] Long.

heart;" "*Who smokes, drives away the Holy Spirit;*" "*The smoker is brother to the dog.*" Jews and French people come in for some caustic words in these Russian proverbs, and even the Germans, although they are numerous in Russia: "*A German may be a good fellow, but it is better to hang him.*" But the Jews are more special objects for their hate: "*When you baptize a Jew, keep him under water;*" "*One Jew in cheating is equal to two Greeks;*" "*A tamed wolf, a baptized Jew, and a reconciled enemy, are equal.*" Such are a few; of course, in the language itself they have a tenacity and strength of expression which are not easily rendered in ours; and they appear to have a strong tinge of Orientalism, especially in those which refer to women: "*A woman's hair is long, but her tongue is longer;*" "*When you walk, pray once; when you go to sea, pray twice; when you get married, pray three times;*" "*The flattery of a woman has no teeth, but it would eat the flesh off your bones.*" That is rather a singular one: "*When three women join together, the stars come out in broad daylight.*" That is better: "*Do not love a woman because she is young, nor cast her off because she is old.*" Mr. Long says, "The best collections of proverbs are among the women, who interlard their discourse plentifully with them. I paid women to collect them. I got a plentiful and rich crop, though many of them, from their coarseness, could not be published. Native women, in their Bilingsgate slang, draw copiously from the well-furnished arsenal of native proverbs; they can scold in them in a style not exceeded by that of *les dames des halles* in Paris;" this characterization he seems to express as being as true of India as of Russia. There are some others we may quote; if rough in its expression, that is true: "*The prosperity of the wicked, is like a garden over a cesspool;*" "*If thieves go to holy places, they go to pick pockets;*" "*The sieve said to the needle, 'You've got a hole in your tail.'*" "*Let us have a talk in my house and a dinner in yours,*" is spoken of those who give little beside fine words. These selections also go to illustrate the harmony and unity of the proverb on the whole, although everywhere peculiar political or social circumstances may give to them variety and point; and, indeed, always proverbs are at enmity with platitudes; and those who quote them, like those who first expressed them, seem to utter that which is a living thought. At the same time there are no doubt also fallacies frequently couched in popular proverbs.*

That is not a bad proverb,—for it seems to deserve that eminence,—"*He never opens his mouth but he puts his foot into it.*" Coleridge was so happy, as we know, as to meet with two famous instances of this; one, of the gentleman of clerical appearance, arrayed in black, with beautiful white necktie, wrapped in the hush of a grave taciturnity, but who broke the impressive silence which had reigned round the board when some apple dumplings appeared by the eloquent pathos with which he exclaimed, "Them's

* For an illustration of this, we may refer to "*An Exposition of Vulgar and Common Errors,*" now known to be the work of that accomplished woman, Caroline Cornwallis.

the jockeys for me!" and that other occasion when, standing with a stranger before a waterfall, Coleridge—the man of imagination and sensibility—felt himself awed and stilled; the stranger broke the silence by saying, "Very majestic!" Coleridge, realizing the splendour and free grace of the passionate waters, responded, "*That* is the very word, sir,—*that* expresses the very thing;" whereupon the stranger proceeded to add to his happy characterization his improvement, which altogether dissolved its charm, "Yes," said he, "I think it's the majestikestest, the prettiest, and nicest thing I ever saw!" It is one of the most essential things for some characters to be able to hold their tongue, and to preserve a dignified dulness. "A.K.H.B." has devoted one of his pleasant papers to this very topic—"the dignity of dulness"—dulness is indeed a grand element in social life; how many a man we know who has succeeded in life by this most respectable quality and highly human attainment. Look round on all society. Step into the House of Lords, perhaps the dullest and most respectable assembly on the face of the earth; no one can doubt the dignity. Can any one sit there, a spectator for half-an-hour, or for a whole session, without voting the whole thing ineffably and unutterably dull? Or, from the House of Lords, step down to that special and particular House of Commons—an evening party, or a morning special breakfast. What a charming looking person is yonder staid and respectable gentleman, who says nothing, who sits there, amidst all the sparkling conversation which goes on, clothed in his benignant taciturnity; he smiles upon you unctuously. What is he? A highly respectable lawyer, the pastor of that noble dissenting shrine, or the vicar of St. Jumbo's; it does not matter, either will do; he has attained to his pride of place by a perfectly oracular silence, by always being in the subjunctive mood, which is, in his case, the way to the *potential*, for every one believes great things of him *if* he would but speak. *Ah*, he would be such an orator, he would beat Ballantyne at the bar, or Spurgeon or Liddon in the pulpit; his benignant calm wins for him infinite credit. This is the coronation of mediocrity, the crown of dulness. He preserves himself in a gracious repose, or, should he speak, it is singular his words carry the weight which dulness always carries; and lead produces the effect of gold, it is a weighty metal! And we would say to many an agile young brother, who has faith in the wing of genius and all that kind of thing, "Dear frisky one, would you succeed in life, aim to be dignified and dull; thus you will not be in danger of making enemies by coming in full career against the self-esteem of people. Keep your eye always upon the brazen hand of the clock of worldly respectability. See that you do as other people do. See that you think as other people think; and if you have occasion to speak, clip your words to the small coin of worldly pockets, and always remember that in the world's exchange five pounds worth of fourpenny pieces will go further than a fi -pound n . An American paper gives an instance of hallucination t y common enough in England A large and very imp f

Western State was walking up and down the Senate Chamber behind the chairs. His hands met at the small of his back, and one of them held the other. His step was stately, and his head leaned forward a trifle. On his face was the far-away, abstracted expression which is usually interpreted to mean that the owner of it is in deep thought. On a sofa in a corner of the Senate Chamber, sat a senator from another Western State, talking to a friend. Pointing to the senator who was pacing back and forth in full view of the galleries, the sitting senator said to his friend: "There's a man who is labouring under a very strange hallucination." "What is it?" inquired his startled friend. "Why, he thinks that he's thinking."

The saying is worthy of being regarded as a proverb, "*I would not like to buy him at his own price, and sell him at mine;*" it is wonderful, the overwhelming sense of self-importance which is the very character of some men. "*A little flue makes a great noise;*" the flame passes tranquilly enough up the broad chimney, which, in the narrow, roars and rushes with its disturbing energy.

Indeed, society is full of fallacies which almost take the shape of proverbs, and are asserted with force and strength as if they were undoubted truths. For instance, one of those people who pass beneath the designation of "a good-natured fellow," at last dies the victim of his own folly; and the verdict pronounced upon such an one very frequently is, that he was "*no one's enemy but his own.*" But what a fallacy lurks beneath the mischievous saying. Just as if a man could be an enemy to himself without being at the same time an enemy to everybody about him,—an enemy to his family, an enemy to society,—an enemy by his own folly immediately, and an enemy wherever his influence can touch by his example. There is another of these wise sayings floating about; it is very odd, hideous in its oddity, that "*What people don't know, does them no harm.*" This is a real fallacy; ignorance is not always bliss. A man may enter a plague-smitten city quite unaware that the pestilence is walking all round him; it will not therefore, on account of his ignorance, withhold its virulence. And, in a thousand instances which might be mentioned, knowledge conferred is a real benefaction, and the ignorance a real hurt, harm, and hindrance; hence it is that knowledge is synonymous with power. And many to whom this lazy proverb presents a pillow to their own idleness, prepare for themselves future days and nights of anguish. Such illustrations show that there is a necessity for being upon our guard against these suspicious sayings, which go wandering about as if they were the concentrated truth and wisdom of ages.

The *Saturday Review*, we remember, a good many years since, had what seem to us some very wise words, about that reprobated and almost indefinable essence of society called conventionality. "We must," say some people, "be above conventionality;" and this sounds very noble. "Yet conventionality," says the writer to whom we have referred, "is that broad belt of shadow within which all that society esteems most

precious is entrenched, and across which no profane feet must with impunity pass.

"The world has noticed, to its cost, that outworks beyond the frontier line are essential to its peace and welfare. There are many thoughtless people who might not be aware that they were transgressing until they had actually committed themselves to the fatal step, were it not for those premonitory fortifications that are designed to warn us how very near we are getting to the sacred and inevitable belt of shadow. Outside the belt, society, therefore, places a zone of less distinct colour, which it calls conventionality, and which serves the same purpose as the danger signal performs for the approaching train. The philosopher who inveighs against conventionalities, to be consistent, ought also to object to danger signals. The neglect of them may, in some cases, lead to no catastrophe; but unless they were habitually obeyed, the world would suffer under twenty times as many accidents, collisions, and *faux pas*.

"Perhaps no conventionalities are based on a better or a more sound foundation than the conventionalities that hamper the intercourse of men and women, and against which feminine enthusiasts are to be heard so often complaining. A woman who is a genius, or who fancies she has a vocation for working like a man, is indignant at seeing, in the eyes of her acquaintances, that she is expected to conform to a hundred trivial regulations which she despises and would like to disregard. She would like to be able to travel to and fro in unprotected freedom, to visit when and where she pleases, and to receive her friends of both sexes at all hours of the day and night. Una went about quite safely with her lion, and why should not any young lady who is as pure and as high-minded as Una do precisely the same? Women forget, that the reason why Una was so safe was because she had her lion with her. And conventionality is only another name for Una's familiar lion. This invaluable protector keeps at a distance the host of Paynims and false knights who otherwise would steal in and take advantage of the peripatetic heroine while she was not thinking, or was writing poems, or was reforming her fellow-creatures, or was asleep. No good woman can or ought to know very much of the mass of meanness and wickedness and misery that is loose in the wide world. She could not learn about it without losing the bloom and freshness which it is her mission in life to preserve."

And this illustration may furnish a reason for receiving with care some sayings and aphorisms which sound so true. It also shows to us how it is that many proverbs seem to us so flatly opposed to each other, like "*Most haste, worst speed,*" which is exactly the reverse of that which tells us we should "*Strike the iron whilst it is hot;*" or, as some say, "We should strike the iron *until* it is hot." When a man tells you that "*Fine words butter no parsnips,*" or that "*What is sauce for the goose is s[illegible]e for the gander,*" there seems to be a forgetfulness, as we have alr[illegible] [illegible]d, that such sayings should be received with some reference to tin[illegible] [illegible]n, [illegible]d circumstance. And a good many sayings of t

able as smart and funny hits, than as containing the wisdom of the proverb, and remind us of such words as those of the French wits, who no doubt thought themselves very clever in uttering them—the Marquis de Chamfort's, for instance, "Marriage and celibacy are two inconveniencies, it is desirable to choose that which admits of a remedy;" or that often-quoted and spiteful saying of Rochefoucault's "There is something not displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends;" or that other saying of De Chamfort's, that "A number of fools go to make up one public opinion;" or that of Marivaux,—

> "I would advise a man to pause
> Before he takes a wife;
> Indeed, and I can see no cause
> He should not pause for life."

Which pleasant saying we only quote for the purpose of illustrating how much a funny, foolish,compressed expression may look like a proverb, and yet have no claim to its wit, wisdom, humour, or dignity; how different from such a word is that of Goethe, "The finest hair casts a shadow;" or of Jean Paul, "Salt is a good condiment, but bad food;" or of Augustus Schlegel, "Women make everything with their hands, and men with tools."

XXXVIII.

THE VARIETIES AND PRE-EMINENCE OF IMPUDENCE.

IN modern society the steam-engine has come to be regarded as the great representative of collective force—ninety horse power, five hundred horse power, a thousand horse power; it is wonderful, and inspires incessant admiration. But who ever thinks of, or attempts to calculate, that other amazing force of modern society—*donkey* power? But is this not also great? Fancy it—a ninety, a five-hundred, a thousand *donkey* power, and thus how many things are carried on! Some would have us substitute for this a *mule* power—sheer obstinacy, taciturn stubbornness, the silent study of the art of how-*not*-to-do-it. Our poor friend, however, the donkey, has, somehow, come to be regarded as the synonymous character with stupidity, which brays, and kicks up its heels in the determination, somehow or other, to win its own way. A parable lies before us, which we may not inappropriately introduce here.

The Parable of the Ass and the Lion.

The young Lion was rightful king; but, suborned by disaffected councillors, and for purposes of his own, the Fox took means to secure the election of the Ass. A Parliament was convened, and when the usual preliminaries were over the Fox stood up. He coughed, and called silence. He expatiated on the present necessities of the empire, and dwelt at great length on the miseries which they had suffered under the lion kings. And when he saw that the assembly was fairly weaned from its race of hereditary sovereigns, he "ventured to propose, as a fit and proper person," their friend the Ass. He spent a whole hour in his praise. He was not at all proud or tyrannical; he was singularly patient; would allow another animal to pass for something, and was always frank and accessible; he could do a deal of work, and would be content with small honour and few taxes. "Besides," he added, observing the yielding mood of his audience, "besides, dear sirs, we have to consider that he has been divinely appointed to this very end. You may see his designation in the fact that he always carries on his shoulders a cross."

When the Fox mentioned the cross, all the estates of the empire were full of astonishment, and shouted loud approbation: "Now we have found the proper king, who both temporally and spiritually, can rightly

administer the government." Then every one had something to commend in the ass; one praised his fine long ears, so good for hearing confession; another said he had quite a remarkable voice, which would do charmingly for preaching or for singing in the church. Nothing, in fact, about the whole Ass that was not worthy of royal, or of papal honour. But excellent, above all other virtues, shone the cross on the back. And so the Ass was chosen to be king among the beasts.

But the poor young Lion went about dejected, like an orphan despoiled of his hereditary empire, till some old, pious councillors took pity on him. And they spake among themselves, "What a scandal it would be to let the young king be thus shamefully driven away; his ancestors have never deserved that at our hands." So they called the Estates again together, and the oldest of them stood up,—an aged Dog, who had been a faithful councillor of the former king,—and a fine speech he made, setting forth that their election of the Ass had been too rash and hasty. It was not all gold that glittered. The Ass might, after all, in spite of the cross on his back, be but a sham. The Lion had shown his bravery in action; but the Ass had never done one worthy exploit. And if a war should arise, it was a serious question of what avail the mere cross could be to them, if there were nothing brave behind it.

The Dog's earnest speech was not without effect. The Fox and the unfaithful councillors began to fear, and said, "What had once been resolved by the Estates must remain so." And at last, when the Dog pressed the assembly hard by the consideration of the superiority of the Lion over the Ass in action, it was agreed that, though there could be no new election, the two candidates should contend for the empire, and he who should win should be king. The day of trial was appointed, and all the beasts met; the Fox clave to the Ass, the Dog held by the Lion. The Ass let the Lion choose the form of combat. Lion spake, "Let it be he who shall spring over this brook without wetting his feet—he shall have gained." And the brook was large. The Lion made a leap, and sprang clean across, easily as a bird might have flown. The Ass and the Fox thought, "Well, we were not kings before either; we must venture now, lose or win." So the poor Ass leapt, and—plash—there he lay, like a log, in the middle of the stream. Then the Lion came to the bank and said, "Methinks the feet are not quite dry." But see now what luck and craft may do. When the Ass had fallen into the water, a poor little fish, crazy with affright, had run, without knowing where, into the Ass's ear. And when he had stepped out, and the beasts had laughed well at this adventure, the Fox sees him shake the fish out of his ear. "Attend," he cries "where are those now who despise the cross, as if there were no virtue in it? My lord and king the Ass might have cleared the brook as well as another, but that would have been but a poor act to prove the excellence of the cross, seeing that without the cross the Lion and other animals can do it as well as he; but as he leapt seeing a fish in the stream, he sprang after it, and that the miracle of the cross might be the greater, he would

not catch it with his feet, or in his mouth, but in his ear. Let the Lion do the same, and then let him be king." With such talk the Fox again made great commotion, and the cross was about to win. But the Dog was sore annoyed with this mischance, and the more to see Reynard with his fox-tail, so befooling the multitude, and began to bark out vehemently that it had just so happened, and was no miracle. But that there might be no disturbance through the biting of the Dog and the Fox, it was seen good that the Ass and the Lion should go alone to a certain place, and settle the quarrel there by themselves. So they went to the foot of a hill together.

The Lion said, "On yonder side the mountain lies a mill; he who comes thither first shall have gained; wilt thou run here below, or over the hill?"

The Ass says, "Run thou over the hill!" The Lion, knowing this to be the last trial, ran as fast as his bodily powers could carry him; the Ass stood still where he was, saying, "I should only be made a laughing-stock; I have no fancy for such labour in vain." When the Lion gets over the hill, behold, there is an ass standing beside the mill. "Eh, what?" he exclaims, thinking it to be the same: "has the foul fiend brought you here already? Well, let us try back again to our old place." And when he comes over again, he finds the Ass on the spot where he had left him, and must now own beaten, and confess that the cross is not to be trifled with. So the Ass remained king, and his race have held dominion in the animal world unto this day.

Impudence is, no doubt, one of the great factors in modern society; to be sure, on the other hand, it must be admitted that it is seldom that the place which is regarded as eminently respectable,—we mean respectable in the real and genuine sense, as that which will bear looking at,—is won by mere impudence. The great judges who adorn the Bench, are not men who have been the most impudent at the Bar; the bishops who adorn the Church have not usually been,—although the memory may alight upon some exceptions,—impudent men. Yet it has been with great truth said, that while journalism exhibits the finest field for successful impudence in France, theology presents its noblest arena for the exercise of this gift in England. Nor can there be any doubt that this witness is true—more especially in the latter instance. Yet it is not less than wonderful to notice how impudence, which is merely self-assertive, rudely, and as often ignorantly dogmatic, wields not merely a considerable power, but roughly puts down the better-informed, but more modest, judgment, carries all before it with a rough vigour, even to the concession and admiration of many who do not hesitate to express for it a measure of contempt. Of course, while the world lasts, impudence will last also; considering what the world is, perhaps it is one of the most essential [illegible] factors in almost all society; it has been said, it will not [illegible] questioning, especially when those who listen to the [illegible] enough to know and understand what is

going on. But it remains a serious power. Almost all panics result from an audacity, which is only another name for impudence—money panics on the Bourse, or the Exchange—theological panics concerning the millennium, popular revivals, salvation armies, and such wild fevers, which, beneath the power of some tongue and brow of brass, take captive and lead on weak but well-meaning souls.

We may hear persons talk every day in our civilized society after a fashion which puts us in mind of the "tall talk" to which we have referred, and of which we have so many instances among the Red Indians. Mr. Kohl, we know, was often with them when they told their war stories. Figure one, rising in the circle, with a long rattlesnake's-skin round his head, leaning on his lance:—"Once," said he, "we Ojibbeways set out against the Sioux, we were one hundred; one of ours, a courageous man, a man of the right stamp, impatient for distinction, separated from the others, and crept onward into the enemies' country; the man discovered part of the foe, two men, two women, and three children; he crept round them like a wolf; he crawled up to them like a snake; he fell upon them like lightning; he cut down the two men and scalped them; the screaming women and children he seized by the arm, and threw them, as his prisoners, to his friends, who had hastened up at his war-yell; and this lightning, this snake, this wolf, this man, my friends, was—I. I have spoken." Queer fellows, we have said. We read of one, a Sioux warrior, fighting with the Blackfeet; he sunk on his knees and let his weapons fall, they rushed upon him, brandishing their knives for the purpose of killing him. "Stay," he shouted; "wait an instant before you kill me, I have something to say to you; you do not know yet who I am; listen, you have made a good capture. I have spent my whole life in fighting against you." Then he told them he was the celebrated so-and-so; he reminded them of all the forays he had made into their country, and described the innumerable occasions in which he, with his brother Sioux, had scalped or killed their people. The Blackfeet gathered round him a listening group, all ears, leaning on their knives and hatchets, quite forgetting the fight. He had been watching his opportunity, and ended his narrative, "Ah, see," he exclaimed, "now you have me, now I must sing my death-song. I am wandering along the dark to the West, but I'll take some of you with me as company and attendance." With a wild yell he sprang up, seized a weapon, cut frantically around him, and killed and wounded several before the Blackfeet could recover their surprise, and cut him to pieces. Such craft and courage could only excite the admiration of the Blackfeet, who, whenever they recited the story by their village fires, honoured him as a genuine brave.

As we have listened to the manifold varieties of impudence, which we will not be so invidious as to individualize, sometimes on the hustings, sometimes in the pulpit; and how frequently in the advertising columns of newspapers, or on the hoardings and the walls,—where marvellous varieties of benevolence display their powers, assuring the hearer, reader,

or spectator of something the like of which is not to be found in the whole world,—we are reminded of the stories told of the mystery-men and great masters of medicine among the savage tribes. That curious phenomenon of the streets called "Cheap Jack" is really the representative of a very large family alike in civilized and uncivilized communities.

Rain-makers are a faculty not indigenous only to Red Indian soil; we have met with them in Africa, and we know the extent to which they flourish in China. In the season of drought, the famous medicine-men go through marvellous freaks, well-calculated to provoke amazing laughter. Mr. Catlin beheld several of these extraordinary exploits, but one especially in which Wak-ha-dah-hee was the principal performer. Rain-makers never fail to succeed; for when once they begin their ceremonies, they never stop till the rain begins to fall. A second circumstance, which adds to their fame, is, that he who has once made it rain, never attempts it again. The pantomimics of Wak-ha-dah-hee were especially remarkable, for while he was firing his arrow off into the clouds, and promising abundance of water from the skies, two things happened; first, a vessel came up the river, firing her salute. "Ah, my friends," said the rain-maker, "my medicine is great, I have brought a 'thunder-boat.'" He continued his vaunts and threats from his high place, and truly his predictions were fulfilled; in a few moments the cloud was over the village, and the rain fell in torrents. As Mr. Catlin says, it was a memorable sight; black thunder roared and livid lightning flashed, and in a moment of consternation a flash struck one of the Mandan lodges, and killed a beautiful girl. He was rather alarmed lest his fame should be held from him; he ascended the medicine-lodge the next morning, and exclaimed, "My friends, my medicine, you see, is great, it is too great; I am too young, and I was too fast; I knew not when to stop; the wigwam of Mah-sihsh is laid low, and many are the eyes that weep for Kokai, the antelope. Wak-ha-dah-hee gives three horses to gladden the hearts of those who weep for Raakai; his medicine was great, his arrow pierced the black cloud, and the lightning came, and the thunder-boat also; who say that the medicine of Wak-ha-dah-hee is not strong?" A unanimous shout of approbation ran through the crowd, and the name of the White Buffalo, by which epithet he was distinguished before, was changed to the more familiar and honourable appellation of the Big Double Medicine.

Oh, reader, knowest thou in London, or perhaps elsewhere in the British dominions, the Big Double Medicine? Is not all this a commentary upon our popular saying—even a proverb—"*Every man his own trumpeter,*" or that corresponding saying which may almost pass for a proverb—"*Is your trumpeter dead?*"

Sometimes impudence in the midst of its equivoques gets the best of it, as in the following—also a Red Indian story.

When Mr. Joseph Dudley was governor of Massachusetts, he was one day superintending some work-people, when he perceived a tall, strong,

built Indian, half-naked, who seemed watching them from mere amusement. Going up to him, Mr. Dudley asked him why he did not work to gain money and buy himself clothes. "And you," said the Indian, "why do you not work?" "I do work," said the governor, pointing to his forehead; "I work with my head." "And I," answered the Indian, would work also if any one would give me employment." "In that case," replied Mr. Dudley, "if you will kill a calf for me I will give you a shilling." This was agreed to; and after performing his work, the Indian returned to loiter, when the governor went to him and reproached him with not having washed the calf. "But," said the savage, "that was not in our bargain. I was to kill the calf for a shilling, neither more nor less, and I have faithfully performed my part of the agreement. Mr. Dudley then gave him another shilling to wash the calf. This he spent in a pot-house, and bringing back a brass shilling to the governor, said it was he who gave it to him. Thinking it might possibly be true, Mr. Dudley gave him another, and he came back with the same tale, and was again successful. But on a third attempt, perceiving that he had to deal with a rogue, the governor gave the Indian a letter to carry to the Sheriff of Boston. It was an order to give the bearer a sound flogging; but the Red-skin, guessing what it was about, gave the letter to a servant, telling him that his master ordered him to carry it. The poor man obeyed, and was well whipped for the Indian's misdeeds. Here impudence certainly worked with its head, and found it not unprofitable, although doubtless the time came when the lash fell upon the right back.

We have spoken of theological impudence; unhappily this is not limited to heathenism and the freaks of the rain-makers What! are we not constantly hearing of miracles? of the mysteries of the Sacred Heart? We can truly say, we shudder while we write it. But the miracles of our Lady of Lourdes, and our Lady of La Salette, and the great pilgrimage to Paray la Monial, give place to one which we can quote with perhaps less grief to ourselves—a wonderful Roman Catholic miracle, astounding in its impudence. We shall extract the story at length from the sufficiently reputable authority of the contemporary *Spectator*.

The Miracle of Bracciano.

Whenever ancient Rome was in peril, and the patricians wished to arouse the masses to the full sense of the impending danger, a miracle was wont to occur. An ox spoke, or wondrous apparitions appeared, or mysterious clangour broke the silence of night, and an awe fell upon the commonalty highly conducive to obedience or self-sacrifice. The priests, who have preserved so many of the traditions of the old world, who never for example, to this day forget that Rome is the only historic centre of a sovereignty based on a universal instead of a national idea,—the one spot whose relation with Warsaw or Dublin is imaginatively as complete as with Florence,—seem to have retained this weapon of statecraft also.

They have just performed a miracle, and an exceedingly effective one, which has awed the lower populace of Rome and stirred up Voltairian Frenchmen to careful investigation—a double effect, which enables us to see for once clearly *how ecclesiastical miracles are got up.*

A brigand of a peculiarly atrocious character, known to have been guilty of repeated murders and horrible acts of cruelty, fell recently into the hands of the Papal authorities. Although very unwilling to inflict capital punishment, the authorities thought this man's crimes too great for endurance, and he was sentenced to decapitation at Bracciano, a little town about twenty-six miles from Rome. The guillotine was erected, and on the 23rd of May the criminal was led to it and bound down in the regular way, between two upright slides in which the heavy knife runs. The instrument was set in motion and the knife began to descend, when the sides suddenly slipped together into the form of a V, so as to prevent the descent of the knife on the throat, which lay protected by the converging beams. The machine was so disarranged that hours must elapse before it was again in working order; and the crowd, at once superstitious and hostile to the law, clamoured for a reprieve. The Pope, on hearing of the occurrence, of course accepted it as a Providence, and ordered the wretched man to be set free—a mercy received by the brigand with the sneering comment, "Oh, these confounded priests are going to make a miracle!" Immediately after, Rome was inundated with a printed report of the occurrence, which is now before us, and which attributes the entire series of incidents to the personal interposition of the Blessed Virgin. This narrative is not the work of a mere ecclesiastical sensation-monger, but is hawked publicly about Rome, where nothing, not even a card of invitation, can be printed without the previous imprimatur of the Grand Inquisitor; and its circulation has been openly promoted by the officials.

The document contains the account which the powers who preside in Rome wish to disseminate amongst the population, and actually circulate by means that, according to the law of Rome, are obtainable only through their agency and by their favour. Upon this head there is not the possibility of raising a doubt. The shape and language of the publication are equally characteristic and unambiguous. It forms a broadside, with a coarse woodcut of the "Virgin conceived without stain" at the top. We there read how the criminal received the announcement of the fatal hour in meditative silence, his sole ejaculation having been a sentimental regret that his execution should contaminate the virgin purity of the month of May, consecrated to the service of the Madonna. On leaving the prison we are told that as he passed an image of the Virgin the culprit instinctively looked up to it with fervour, saying, in a half-suppressed tone, "Ah! were I really not to die thus, I know that it is to the Madonna that I should owe this grace!" And now comes the culminating moment of the hour. Having "mounted the scaffold and recommended [illegible] God for the last time, he laid his head beneath the horrible

knife. With a firm hand did the executioner loosen the edged blade, which came down swiftly, when, on touching the victim's neck, it stopped without injuring the same, one voice alone being heard in the awful silence, the voice of the sufferer, who, alive and unhurt, was addressing himself to the Mother of God with the words, '*Evvive Maria!*'" It will be observed that here we have a circumstantial narrative of all the details of the supernatural incident, for the sharp-edged knife is spoken of as having actually come down upon the neck of the condemned, and there to have lain on it with the gentleness of an innocuous feather ruff, through the merciful intervention of an all-powerful Virgin Mary, who had been touched by the criminal's sentimental reverence for her particular self. It is as complete and striking a piece of supernatural effect as can be conceived; and we are not astonished to be informed that the imagination of the devout and the brigand classes has been specially inflamed by the incident, and thrown into an exceptional transport of excitement. In fact, the composition has been a successful piece of authorship, and has had a decided run in Rome, where the brigands and assassins now being enrolled, almost publicly, by the ex-King of Naples, are naturally rejoiced at so unmistakable an intervention of the Divine power on their behalf. If they may commit crime, yet be saved from its consequences, enlistment pays, and enlistments consequently are increasing rapidly.

The success of the scheme would have been complete but for one untoward incident. It happens that Bracciano lies within the territory still occupied by French troops; and General Montebello did not altogether approve either the miracle,—the Virgin Mary not being a properly authorized State official,—or the excitement it had caused in Rome. He availed himself of his military authority to order the matter to be investigated by secular persons; and we have reason to know that the result was a report that the man's life had been saved by the slipping together of the vertical beams, an occurrence absolutely impossible unless the affair had been previously arranged with the executioner. Of course that report will not reach the Romans, or probably the Pope, the latter of whom will continue to regard the affair as a merciful accident, and the latter as a proof positive either that the Virgin favours the cause of the ex-King, or, which is more probable, that devotion to her will even excuse Bourbon brigands from the consequences of their crimes. It is not often that the genesis of an ecclesiastical miracle can be so clearly traced, or that the priests venture to invent so little. In this instance they have adhered to facts with commendable closeness, the single falsity being, that the intervention of the Virgin is substituted for that of the executioner and those whom he obeyed. It is quite possible even that the brigand, though he did not believe in the miracle, did put up the prayers to the Madonna with which a Southern Italian prefaces every act, good and bad, almost, as it were, by instinct, and as readily among crowds as when alone. The people are the more ready to believe because the Romish Church has for ages taught,

through every variety of parable and legend, that the only genuinely merciful personage in the hierarchy, the only one who will save the sinner without external acts, who can and will grant pardon to the repentant "betwixt the saddle and the ground," is the Virgin. God, with the priests, is a wrathful Being to be propitiated; Christ, only the head of a cult who daily offers Himself in sacrifice; it is in the Virgin alone that conditionless mercy, or mercy independent of all but a change of heart, is to be found. This is the secret of her worship—a secret of which Rome knows well how to avail herself, by stories in which the guiltiness of the pardoned does but intensify the reverence of the devout for that infinite pity for mankind they elsewhere never expect to find. The contrast between the exquisite beauty of the conception and the villanous uses to which it is turned, is almost appalling, and strikingly characteristic of Rome, where a Pontiff imprisons unjustly because he is Vicar of Christ, and a whole people is pauperized and oppressed because all power must, in an ideal State, be confined to those who have avowedly dedicated themselves first of all to the service of the Most High.*

Nous avons changé tout cela—the well-known old saying. We have changed all that; but the incident is so expressive as an illustration of the way in which impudent miracles have been manufactured, that we have simply cited it as it stood inserted in the contemporary newspapers, even of very recent years, before the reign of priestcraft had commenced its decline in Italy.

We need to be upon our guard against the audacities of impudence on every side. There is the impudence of incredulity as well as that of credulity; unbelief utters loud and blatant speech as well as the too frequent priestly imbecility which manufactures or appeals to wonders to sustain its waning existence. The words of John Sterling are not inappropriate here:—

"Loud sceptic cock, I see thee stand
Upon thy heap of foul decay,
And, crowing keen, thy wings expand,
To chase all spectral things away.

"What though the ghosts thy note would scare
Be Truth's ideal starry train;
Thy voice shall chase the lights of air
And turn them into mists again.

"Ah! no; a day will surely shine,
When thou shalt know thy nature's doom,
And, self-despoiled of life divine,
Shalt find in mire thy fitting tomb."

Pity is it, that all impudences, whether of belief or unbelief, are not as easily dissolved as in the instance of Abram in his first conversion from idolatry; for, as the old Talmudic legend tells, he was an idolater in

* *Spectator*, June 8th, 1866.

the house of Terah, his father, before he went out from the land of the Chaldees. It is said that Terah was not only an idolater, but also a manufacturer of idols. Now, one day, Terah being absent, Abram was left in charge of all the property, and the images of wood, stone, and clay; and the time had come when Abram determined that he must lift up his voice and his hand against the idols. Purchasers came to the shop; but as every purchaser came, Abraham would say, "How old art thou?" and if the man replied, Forty, or fifty, or sixty years, Abram would answer, "And being so old, art thou not a fool to worship a thing which has only been made one day?" But an old woman came with a dish of rich meat, or meal, to set before the idols. Abram took it, and then, with a stick, smashed all the gods, except the biggest, into whose hand he put the stick. Now Terah, returning home, heard the noise of blows and the crashing of the images, and quickened his steps; and, behold! as he entered, his gods were broken all to pieces. Terah stood amongst his broken gods, and very angrily inquired of Abram what this might mean, and Abram replied, "Oh, my father, a woman brought this dish of meat for the gods, and they all wanted to have it, whereupon this big, strong fellow knocked off the heads of all the rest, and took it all to himself." Terah said, "This could not be, for that the images were of wood and stone." "Therefore," said Abram, "let thine own ears listen to that which thine own lips have spoken;" and he preached to his father against idolatry.

There is another kind of idolatry, however, in our day; there are the idols of the mind, as there were idols of wood and stone. Truly, again, says John Stirling:—

> "Thou who scoff'st each ancient vision,
> Type and shade of better things,
> Think'st thou Reason's dim prevision
> Shapes a heaven by wheels and springs?
>
> "Feed thy brain's and belly's hunger
> With some big mechanic scheme;
> God is not an engine-monger,
> Nor are souls impelled by steam."

There are few greater mistakes made in life than that most common one which confuses the love of excelling with the love of excellence. The remark was made a long time since by the admirable Abraham Tucker in his "*Light of Nature;*" and yet, no doubt, vanity, as a motive power, is not without its service to the world; and even in a noble way, when it prompts to a high ambition, if kept under rein and control, as the love of approbation, it is as serviceable to mankind at large as it is mostly gratifying and flattering to the individual. It cannot be thought that this is the great incentive with most men, to obtain the acclamations of a comparatively heedless multitude,—the flattery of men who care nothing for the person, or even for the objects they flatter,—merely to obtain the chorus of a

crowd. To excel them for a little while is as worthless as the plume upon a hearse. Such love of excelling is really usually the very mark of an impudent nature—a nature prepared to do or be anything, that it may feather the oars of its own vanity, or gratify the strut of its own conceit before the mirror of self-esteem. But it is something more than vanity, to desire to live and to stand well in the estimation of the wise, the great, and the good; to secure popularity, not by racing after it, but by the assurance that popularity is sure to follow by "a patient continuance in well-doing." This, even when the motive is praise, inasmuch as the desire for praise is not the chief motive, is something far more, and nobler, and higher than that which goes by the name of vanity. Vanity is incompatible with self-respect; the love of excelling is always mean, and capable of perfidiousness. The love of excellence can never stoop below its own mark; and the howl of contempt and scorn, estimated by the lips from whence the reprobation comes, may be just as cheering as the loudest acclamation. To the honest nature, the scoff of selfish, self-seeking, and sinister minds will be a commendation and a crown; its course of conduct was for the very purpose of contravening their designs; and it takes refuge in the purity of its own motives from the mendacity and meanness of their enmity. With all this, it must still be admitted that the love of excellence for its own sake operates but very slightly as a motive in the actions of men; it does not follow, therefore, that there should not be a constant repetition of the lesson by all teachers, and an attempt to win the mind to the love of excellence,—not because it is sure of praise, but because it only is worthy of praise,

The times in which we live have been remarkable as presenting two careers of men who lived to excel, and whose lives present two of the strangest romances that the history of the world could furnish. The dignity and splendour of their ultimate career seem almost to forbid the attachment of such an epithet as *impudent* to either name; and yet, when we think of the extravagant follies and unprincipled inconsistencies of which they were guilty in order that they might be known,—really constituting themselves a nuisance to obtain notoriety,—impudence is surely the word which expresses the first phases of their character. Two careers, running along almost side by side, and identical in their spasmodic youth and triumphant coronation,—however the names of Napoleon the Third and Benjamin D'Israeli may pass under a temporary eclipse,—succeeding years will be sure to refer to them as, in their way, marvellous. They began alike; Napoleon the Third was, to be sure, the nephew of his uncle,—this was the only circumstance which interfered with his involvement in utter obscurity. No amount of charity for human motive, no sense of wonder at the height to which they subsequently attained, can prevent the assurance that they were adventurers; and both determined, anyhow, at any price, to excel. So they did; and Napoleon became a democratic despot, bidding for power to the millions of his country, who were thus cheated into the illusion of making him the President of a Re-

public; and D'Israeli became a Radical Conservative, vaulting into place and power by the same means—a Conservative yielding the suffrage to the millions of the lowest, most uneducated, and unenfranchised of the community. Thus both of them commenced their career,—the one amidst the laughter of all England,—the other amidst the laughter, not only of all France, but of Europe. The Strasburg Eagle created laughter; by the *Coup d'Etat*, as has been said, he prefixed an "S" to the "L," and turned laughter into slaughter—one letter making all the difference between comedy and tragedy! In character these two men strongly resembled each other; both of them loved to pose before their separate countries and before Europe with an air of mystery—silent, inscrutable, grave; yet, again, both were political Ishmaelites, brooding over their schemes till they permitted them to start forth to amaze and to astound. It would be wrong to say that either was destitute of all human sympathy; and their sympathies took just the same way of illustration: Napoleon, no doubt, had sympathy with Italians—his own race; D'Israeli, with Jews—he was a Jew. They furnish as fine a pair for an historical parallel as any two which could be found in Plutarch. Napoleon began his public life as a Republican—D'Israeli, as a Chartist. The parallel might be followed out through pages; but alike, in either instance, it would appear that the love of excelling was the prime passion. Napoleon has been cast out of France, but he will be sure to have some grateful recognition. D'Israeli did literally and really nothing for England, but his monument stands in Palace Yard, as he, no doubt, would wish it should stand. Other great statesmen, but undecorated and unadorned, are there, representatives of illustrious families—the last Earl of Derby, for instance, from the long line of the Stanleys; D'Israeli only, of all, shines in furbelow and feather, he alone in the robes and collar of the garter, giving the indications of a character to whom it was everything to excel, and ending a career, concerning which nothing nobler can be said, than that he wrote "The Revolutionary Epic," and "Vivian Grey."

Is it possible to forbear laughing at what we see going on around us, as impudence poses itself in its many antics, to obtain the notice of the moment or the hour? The hoardings of the streets are periodically invested in placards, from men who affix their names to bills assuring you that, of all persons in the town or the city, in the county or the country, they are the men most fitted for this office or that; seeming to say to all spectators, "Oh, look at me, I beseech you, look at me! Am I not beautiful? Am I not the perfect one? Do you not see that I can do this thing—I alone—as no one else can do it?" The husband of Queen Anne was, as we know, Prince George. There was some little dispute going on as to the place he was to take in a certain procession, when he said to those who were making the arrangements, "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't forget that I am Prince George of Denmark!" Behind almost every placard calling for votes,—for common councillor or alderman, for member of School Board, or member of Parliament,—we hear the expletive

and its "*Don't forget me!*" Ah! but if often it moves the disgust, it sometimes moves the indignation to hear the big drum with its ass's skin, and the brazen trumpet with its blatant breath out-sounding Aaron's bells and the music of the spheres!

XXXIX.

SILENCE AND SOUND.

A Sermon from Shakspeare.

"Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

FROM such a text it seems that Shakspeare would teach, what we surely instinctively feel, that all true music is only as when sound catches silence and detains her in his embrace. Silence may be almost spoken of as the very equation of harmony. Melodious noises there may be, which have no very great depth; but the highest harmonies throb along the spheres of silence. What an illustration of this is that delicious moonlit scene from which the two lines we have quoted are taken; and how the delicately musical words elevate the soul to those vast spheres, the blue concave and star-fretted vault, which to the soul of the poet was alive with sweet sounds. It has been said that Shakspeare caught some of his terms of expression from Cicero's dream of Scipio; the passages are alike, and Cicero's words delicately beautiful. Scipio is represented dreaming that a celestial friend lifted him away from earth to where he beheld, sailing below him, the world and its attendant planets. "What delicious sound is that I hear?" said Scipio to his friend. "You are listening," was the reply, "to the music of the spheres; while upon earth you did not hear it, for the same reason that the people who live near the cataracts of the Nile are unconscious of the roar of the water—entering their ears incessantly, they are insensible to it; so with the sound produced by the heavenly bodies, we must come to a sufficient distance before we can perceive it." Shakspeare turns this silence of the spheres into his well-known wonderful words:—

"Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But *whilst this muddy vesture of decay*
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

—and then Shakspeare gives the philosophy, the reason why the soul can draw into itself "a concord of sweet sounds," when Jessica says,—

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

And her lover replies,—

"The reason is, your spirits are attentive."

Thus it is only in the silence of the soul, its attenuation, or drawing out, thinning, refining, and drawing off the thick lees of bodily sensation—really in its abstraction from "the noises of the earth" and the "muddy vestures of decay," that it can enter into the spheres of unison and harmony. Thus again, as we have said it, the noblest and truest music is an adumbration from silence, speaking to the soul in its moods of deepest and holiest silence. Many of the phrases of Shakspeare show how keen his perception was of the power and the depth of silence; it is the only equation of the deepest passions, whether of joy or grief. "Silence," he says, "is the perfectest herald of joy." Silence is the safeguard of the soul—as he says again,—

"Be checked for silence, never taxed for speech."

Thus our sweet poet Whittier says,—

"With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come,
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb!"

As the Psalmist said, "I was dumb: I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it."

We may be thankful that we are not bound up in reserves; that we do not live in a speechless and soundless world; we may still believe that in the "soft stillness" we are most closely related to our highest inheritance, and are made most aware of hints which speak to us of disembodied being, and the essential harmony which lives in created things. Hence, also, it is that there is a silence which is well-known, by poets, to perform like music; as one writer speaks:—

"The forest whose alleys shoot on
Like the mute minster-aisles, when the anthem is done,
And the choristers, sitting with faces aslant,
Feel the *silence to consecrate more than the chant.*"

Silence and sound, then, are both terms of mere relation. If Scipio, in his trance, heard the star-like choristers rolling out their anthems in sounds altogether inaudible to ordinary ears, clairvoyant people have also in their trance-dream, as in the instance of Théodore Gautier, murmured out words about the *melodies in colour;* giving to the various rays the notes forming an octave; so that the story of the blind man who, when asked for his notion of the colour *red,* replied that it seemed him "like the sound of a trumpet," was perhaps not giving an illu ion of absurdity, but of some subtle and hitherto undetect l of r- ception. So that, it seems, with this kind of poss s - it sits silently, and can be abstracted from the care y

which frets, the people who tease, and the engagements which perplex and frighten,—enters into a state like that "soft stillness;" it is so in all high states, whether of the lover or the student. There is something like it in that music which Shakspeare says is "the food of love"—music not loud, not resonant, not wildly passionate, but like that of which he speaks,—

> "That strain again; it had a dying fall:
> Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

In higher states still, the soul becomes its own architect. Who has not sat on some soft knoll, or by some gentle stream in the immuring solitude, and, while sacred tolls of church bells from some incalculable distance came, mellowed and mellowing to the ear, reared out of the aërial sounds, fabrics and phantasm-scenes—a sort of sonorous mirage? Who has not done the same in the drawing-room, where some deft fingers moved over the keys, if the rackety wretches who constitute most drawing-room assemblies permitted a moment's stillness from their puerile inanities? And so it was when Mrs. Hemans was dying, if we may trust the tradition which attributes those magnificent verses, *Despondency and Aspiration*, to her last illness. The verses read like an experience; the frame numbed, as by the dew of death, the pores of the spirit opened to spirit sights and sounds:—

> "When silently it seemed
> As if a soft mist gleamed
> Before my passive sight, and slowly curling,
> To many a shape and hue
> Of visioned beauty grew,
> Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.
> Oh! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye
> Unrolling then swept by
> With dreamy motion! Silvery seas were there
> Lit by large dazzling stars, and arched by skies
> Of southern midnight's most transparent dyes;
> And gemmed with many an island, wildly fair,
> Which floated past me into orient day,
> Still gathering lustre on th' illumined way,
> Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees
> Coloured the silvery seas.
>
> "And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,
> Height above spiry height!
> A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
> All steeped in golden light!
> While as it passed those regal peaks unveiling,
> *I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings,*
> *And mighty sounds*, as if the vision hailing
> From lyres that quivered through ten thousand strings—
> Or as if waters, forth to music leaping,

From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
Linked in majestic anthems! while through all
That billowy swell and fall,
Voices, like ringing crystal, filled the air
With *inarticylate melody,* that stirred
My being's core; then moulding into word
Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear
In that great choral strain my trembling part
Of tones by love and faith struck from a human heart."

The extract is long; but it is curious as well as fine, as illustrating how the soul's deep silence creates a state, out of which sounds within the soul shape themselves into images, until the inward music builds a palace of harmony. And perhaps all that the best music can do for us, is to translate the spirit into some sphere which, so far as outer sensation may be spoken of, is soundless. "Some music," said Coleridge, "is above me; most music is beneath me. Good music never tires me, nor sends me to sleep. I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it, as Milton says he did." It is not impossible that this experience is quite peculiar. Coleridge's entire nature was hung in music; he was an oratorio on two legs, a walking concert, an ever-breathing organ; and music operated on him as an alterative, probably in a very different way from that in which it acts on others—ordinary mortals; at the same time he was sensible enough to discover, as he says,—

"Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing."

How different this from that which he has so sweetly expressed in the following verse:—

"A noise as of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singest a pleasant tune."

But it is singular to notice what faith there is in silence; not merely,—as poets like Thomson speak,—of "expressive silence," but of silence as the parent of all great thoughts, the fountain, or the veil of mightiest emotions. As the proverb says, "*Silence gives consent,*" and how many have realized this? poor Byron, very likely often, as he speaks of some—

"With swimming looks of speechless tenderness;"

and Cicero has an expressive word, "*Dum tacent clamant,*" Their silence cries aloud. The novelists abound in illustrations of fools proclaiming their folly by their chattering; or of ignorant intelligence, which, at any rate, possessed that of which Mr. Charles Reade speaks as one of the surest marks of intelligence—calm silence. There is imposture in this too. On the whole, it is probably true, that in company a very silent man is much more interesting than a very talkative one, even if the talkative one be not guilty of any great folly of speech; you give the silent man

credit for things which were probably never in his head. There is something sublime in his quiet indifference. We almost dread to ask him a question, lest we should break the spell upon our own spirits, and have the awe of our own reverence shocked, like Coleridge, with "*Them's the jockeys for me,*" or Charles Lamb, when, after riding, an inside passenger, with two Quakers for a distance of many milès,—and not a word spoken, —at last came forth, from one brooding broad-brim to the other, an inquiry as to the *price of indigoes!*

All the passages we have cited, all the thoughts we have suggested, seem to authenticate the instinctive faith Intelligence has, that through the immense fields of "soft stillness" Divine forces are working. How narrow are the spheres of noise, compared with the spheres of silence! Even in our little world, what territories there are undisturbed by anything that we should recognise as a sound. There the wind pants, and the leaves shiver, and stealthy creatures prowl, and the occasional cry of a bird calls up the hosts of the silent people to listen. What passes, what prairies, what desert-wastes there are, where, silently, moonbeams and starbeams play and tremble, and the knavery of cities and the roar of warfare are unknown! But when, from this dot in the universe, which we call our world, we steal tremblingly out, and walk fearfully across the silent spaces, it seems as if this "soft stillness" were the only eternal sentiment we can know; and silence becomes the evangel of the soul. Therefore, said Carlyle, in that great word of which he knew the meaning, "*Silence is golden.*"

As to the soul of man itself, what is all that it has effected, all that it has said, compared with that which has never been uttered? We live in an age teeming with books, and the novelists pour out their tales in almost miraculous number; but men and women have always lived unwritten novels; better poets than the best we know, have never put a word on paper; even in human souls there has been an entire universe of unscored music. Is this discouraging? It is infinitely encouraging. The writer of a book, like the success which attends it, is all an accident. The souls of men and women are in alliance with, and are a part of, that subtle sphere of silence in which thought and feeling live as realities, without the printer's aid or the publisher's patronage.

Down here our poor souls cannot do without that "silvern speech;" but we learn that what we call silence is the "golden" mint—say rather the nourishing mother of all that is most hopeful and best. As in silence, and often in the dark, the mother rocks her little one to rest, hushing and soothing its sounds of little grief away by her maternal brooding, so over this great wearied soul of man there stretches out the infinitely broad balmy wing of an eternal stillness—a "soft stillness," like that which hushes the wind, and stills the strife to wake the "touches of sweet harmony;" the happy unison of nature with the golden silences which were before any created things, and will be, when the little parenthesis of imperfect and created being shall have passed.

But it is everything to be able to feel that the world and the entire universe is one concrete expression of order and proportion. All visible things proclaim this, and so our feeble intellect has a standing-place in this immensity, a standing-place for an ever-enduring faith in one Being —God Infinite, Inconceivable. Perhaps it dawns upon us from the knowledge we have that for four thousand years a ray of light from a star of the twelfth magnitude has been travelling to reach our earth; yet God said, "Let there be light! and there was light," and it was, and is, and will be. All creation is one act at once, the birth of light; but we, who are not all, as parts can see but parts. How silent time is! how silent life is! How silently a star moves; how silently an oak rises; how silently a bee builds its cell! Did you ever notice the bee gathering honey? Silent. Away from the flowers, away from the hive—what a noise; but on the flower, and in the hive, what silence, its cell rising like Solomon's temple! "Bees will not work, except in darkness; thought will not work, except in silence; nor virtue, but in secrecy." * "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Think of silence, the realm and sphere of silence; think that all "our noisy years are only moments of the eternal silence!" † What is all the uproar which goes on in the hum of the exchange, in the murderous uproar of the battle-field, in the tramp of cities, even in the sounds of the wind and the rain, and the throbbing of the thunder, and its muttering along the distant hills? The kingdoms of sound, how contracted are the dimensions of these continents, where only the spectres of the past meet to sigh awhile, compared with the infinite kingdoms of silence. Take the wings of the morning and pierce the depths of Bactrian or Egyptian wildernesses of tombs, where only the spectres of the past meet to sigh awhile; or lose yourself in the continuous woods, "where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save his own dashings." Deep woods! deep woods! If the axe rise against one of those trees, the forest resounds to the stroke; but all those trees, and all the forests of the round earth arose in silence, and root and bole, stem, branch, and leaf never spoke of their growing; from the farthest immensity where the remotest star pursues its way, ploughing the firmament in its dark orbit, down to the hive where the bee builds its cell in the farm garden, it is all a sphere of silence. Every particle of matter is the centre of a force reaching to an infinite distance, binding worlds together. It is in the sphere of silence we behold how all things are growing into order and proportion; the subtleties of number govern the crystallization of the spar, the diamond, and precious stones, and the world of metals. Throughout all nature the silent forces go on, and everywhere is a geometry at work which confers immortality upon men when they are able either to explore or to expound it. How different from the clatter of our machinery, its vulgar and selfish noise, and the silence which covers the earth with a gorgeous mantle of

* Carlyle † Wordsworth.

foliage and of flowers! And light and magnetism and electricity are all one, all harmoniously working, like one hand of several fingers, in this sphere of silence. We say again, how wonderful is the silent land, with all its boundless regions. Through nearly all of this earth no voice is heard amidst the wastes of moors, lone deserted churchyards of vanished nations, depths along which the long, lone river travels on its soundless way, regions of the uninhabited Polar Sea, regions of the intertropical sand. Silence, as of death, in Arctic solitudes, where, overhead, "Bootes leads his hunting dogs with leashes of sidereal fire." But what are these shattered wrecks lying along the strands of time, compared with those silences? the land to which the broken-hearted look as the clouds of life's evening gather? There is the land of the great departed. The woe-struck, the suffering, and the wronged are there. There is my mother and yours; there our darlings who left us; there is Mary, the mother of our Lord, and there our Lord Himself. And so sure as our world is a great magnet, pervaded everywhere by a mighty power, universal and strong as gravity itself, we cannot doubt that this invisible sphere of silence is attracting, by a law as absolute and certain, all the good and holy from every age and clime. We cannot doubt that, as there is a law inevitable which inevitably conveys the body to the dust, there is another, not less certain, which conveys the spirits of the pure in heart to the abodes of bliss—the bosom of the Father and the God.

Think of silence! Think how indestructibly the good grows ever out of the evil; think how God builds! What is the human mind? It also is a concrete expression of order and proportion. Ye are God's building! Reflection, meditation, obedience, faith, how silent all these forces are; but how powerful in the life! These are the pillars in the building of God's inner Temple—"vessels of mercy aforetime prepared for this glory;" and "He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God." The reader will remember Longfellow's lines upon a saying of St. Augustine, that we may make a ladder to heaven of our vices, when we tread them beneath our feet, even like the gigantic flights of stairs in pyramids, or the paths through the great mountains,—

> "The heights by great men gained and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight;
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upwards through the night."

Change of conviction, change of passion, change of effort—usually speaking, how quiet all this is; thus human character grows, and "the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." "Ye are God's building!" Vigils, prayers, sighs, are quiet powers, but they change the world. When the fight begins in a man's own self, then he is worth something. God stoops over him, and the devil looks at him from between his feet, and wonders how the battle will end.

Think of the force that first created—the force which first inspired THE

Book, and how silently it stands, like a mighty dumb witness in the world, and how it will not let the nations rest. Think of the force which has opened innumerable millions of hearts, and is, in a million ways, working as silently as the polarity of light, or the formation of a crystal. So God's great building will arise; all things will help it forward, the silent telegraph, the noisy engine, the tributary aids of science and of art, even man by his force by which he has too often retarded—his hammer, his axe, his iron, division, nature, politics mingled with religion, the gold and the clay, these have prevented the growth of the building, but it will rise!

Quite in harmony with this train of feeling is it to observe how silent and unnoticed hints, even in forgotten books, show how the anticipation of a great discovery was working almost unconsciously in the mind of a writer before it became a power in the great world. Thus we have been impressed by what seems to have been—

The First Idea of the Telephone.

In a fairy tale written by the Brothers Mayhew, published in London in 1847, and called "The Good Genius that Turned Everything into Gold," occurs this passage—

> "'Let their voices be heard
> At a distance no voice could reach!
> And swiftly as thought
> Let the words be brought,
> And the Lightning endowed with speech!'"

"As the queen looked up, she saw suspended above her a series of long metallic threads, which ran through the air till they were lost in the distance.

"'You wished to speak with your husband,' said the little Bee. 'I shall be pleased to convey any message you please to him; and as I knew your business was immediate and important, I thought the best plan would be to send it by lightning for you, so that you might receive its answer by the next flash. What shall I say to him for you?'

"'Ask him if he needs the fairy dress?' eagerly cried the princess.

"'It is done,' said the Bee.

"And instantly the words went tearing through the atmosphere on the wings of the lightning messenger. And swift as a sunbeam the answer returned."

Little did Shakspeare dream, when he sent forth Puck to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," that the time would come when electric telegraphs and great Atlantic cables would realize what he, in his unconscious imagination, had conceived.

The strange, impressive silence of the wilderness and the prairie come

with graphic and reproductive strength in the pages detailing the travels of Humboldt, and the less known but more painful wanderings of the Abbé Dominic. His travels, too, were amazing; the amount of physical endurance with which he sustained his course through all those great deserts, tracking his way from Lake Erie, through Kentucky, through the regions of the Chickassas, Chactas, and Cherokees, right along through the great Indian territory, the deserts proper, tracked by the Comanches, and Apaches, through the long distances described from beyond the Gulf of California, by the shores of the Pacific, through the regions of the great Serpent tribes, Shoshonies, up to the borders of Washington, British Columbia, and then back again, crossing over the great Prairie, the home of the Blackfeet, the Crows, the Sioux, the Pawnees, and those innumerable tribes whose names are little known to English readers; tracts of country representing thousands of miles of wandering from the Yellow River to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the valley of the Mississipi, to the realms beyond the Rocky Mountains, amidst scenes frequently of surpassing beauty, the regions of the lakes of the Red River, sheets of water, girt with fields dotted with flowers of every loveliness of colour, butterflies of emerald and topaz hues, adorning the blooming bush. Chinese lilacs, and long lines of rose-bushes, diffusing sweet perfumes, and mocking-birds, and every kind of bird, sending forth their eccentric whistle or harmonious song through magnificent deserts; vast solitudes in which frequently he found no inhabitant, spending the long night, again and again, oppressed by the infinite silence, or sometimes equally oppressed by the amazing music, the mournful chants of rivers and winds, seeming to him to lift up wondrous canticles to heaven amidst the solemnity of night, giving utterance, he says, to airs transcending in their effect the melodies, the sublime melodies of Beethoven or the touching strains of Bellini; from month to month roaming on through depths, again, of immense mountain chains, a chaos of torrents and rivers, porphyries, granites, basalts, and marble, lost at last in the immensity of the ocean or the immensity of the firmament; forests of cedars, oaks, and pines, covering, with their sombre foliage, steep ravines and rugged glens, rising up to vapoury peaks lost in the heavens. Then again through realms of ruin, through the ruined remains of other extinct people of the desert, through days and nights when the tempest howled and roared round, and all the trees gave forth weeping and sighing, which it was difficult to believe did not proceed from living human beings, tones which accounted for many of the cherished children of the Indian imagination. Such are the realms inhabited by the Indian tribes, such are the hunting-grounds, such are the territories rapidly yielding, —although thousands of miles are undisciplined to culture yet,—to the advances of steam and civilization; and such are the realms of nature through which they have had to travel, and with which they have had to make themselves acquainted, who would see the red man in his native home.

A single, solitary man, travelling lonely through such regions. What ideas are conveyed by these journeys, of the unbroken solitudes and silences which still hold sway over large regions of the habitable parts of the earth!

The great Eastern traveller, Palgrave, introduces us to another realm and sphere of silence—the silence of Eastern deserts.

The troop ride silently across the desert; but the silence of the Arab is, as Mr. Palgrave points out in a powerful passage, not merely a matter of precaution against danger, but the result of an unconscious sympathy with the silence of nature around:—

"Silent overhead, the bright stars, moving on, moving upwards from the east, constellation after constellation, the Twins and the Pleiads, Aldebaran and Orion, the Spread and the Perching Eagle, the Balance, the once-worshipped Dog-Star, and beautiful Canopus. I look at them till they waver before my fixed gaze; and, looking, calculate by their position how many hours of our long night-march have already gone by, and how many yet remain before daybreak; till the spaces between them show preternaturally dark; and on the horizon below a false eye-begotten shimmer gives a delusive semblance of dawn, then vanishes.

"Silent; not the silence of voices alone, but the silence of meaning change, dead midnight. The Wolf's Tail has not yet shot up its first slant harbinger of day in the east; the quiet progress of the black spangled heaven is monotonous as mechanism; no life is there. Silence; above, around, no sound, no speech. The very cry of a jackal, the howl of a wolf, would come friendly to the ear, but none is heard; as though all life had disappeared for ever from the face of the land. Silent everywhere. A dark line stretches thwart before us; you might take it for a ledge, a trench, a precipice, what you will. It is none of these; it is only a broad streak of brown withered herb, drawn across the faintly gleaming flat. Far off on the dim right rises something like a black giant wall. It is not that; it is a thick-planted grove of palms; silent they also, and motionless in the night. On the left glimmers a range of white ghost-like shapes; they are the rapid slopes of sandhills shelving off into the plain; no life is there.

"Some men are silenced by entering a place of worship, a grave-yard, a large and lonely hall, a deep forest; and in each and all of these there is what brings silence, though from different motives, varying in the influence they exert over the mind. But that man must be strangely destitute of the sympathies which link the microcosm of our individual existence with the macrocosm around us, who can find heart for a word more than needful, were it only a passing word, in the desert at night."

Thus, of all silence may it not be said to be an infinite parable? And thus, from of old, it has been said, "*There is no wisdom like silence;*" "*He that speaks, sows: he that hears, reaps;*" "*The talk of fools is a lecture to the wise;*" "*More men have repented of speech than of silence;*" "*Who says little, has little to answer for;*" and an old Hebrew proverb

says, "*If a word be worth one shekel, silence is worth two;*" and there is one rather lengthy proverb which tells us that, "*There is a time when nothing should be said; there is a time when something may be said; but there is no time in which everything can be said.*"

In one of the most interesting essays on Russian proverbs with which we are acquainted, the author tells us, "While Peter the Great was sleeping one night, his chamberlain Kikin attempted to kill him. But when his pistol had thrice missed fire, the would-be assassin aroused his unconscious master, announced himself as a messenger sent from God to state that the Emperor would be secured by Providence against all hurt, and ended his tale by saying, 'I wanted to shoot you, but God did not allow it.' Peter replied in the words of an old proverb, '*Ambassadors are not to be struck or flogged,*' and pardoned the culprit." But the literature of Russian proverbs, as we have indeed already said, is so rich, we may feel reproved that we have not devoted many pages to selections from the four volumes of Snegiref, "the Russians in their Proverbs," or from the exhaustive work of Vladimer Dahl, "The Proverbs of the Russian Peoples," and other similar and tolerably accessible works. In no language do the proverbs so reflect the history and social manners of a people as in those of Russia; at the same time there are thousands which speak to the universal heart, such as, "*The sun gets up without consulting the squire's clock.*" That is a pretty one, "*A maiden's heart is a dark forest;*" and another,—"*Behind the orphan God Himself bears a purse;*" and the following,—"*God listens, if He does not quickly speak;*" "*God waits long but hits hard.*" And that is a questionable one on the prudent side of life, "*Call upon God, but do not irritate the Devil;*" better is that—"*Sorrow kills not, but it blights.*"

XL.

PARABLES IN PICTURES AND IN THE MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES, AND ELSEWHERE.

IT is suggested to the writer, that the history of Parable would be incomplete which did not refer to that large and interesting range of illustration derived from parables in pictures. In earlier pages we have said, or implied, that every parable is a picture; the converse perhaps is true, that every picture is, in some sense, a parable to eyes sufficiently instructed to look behind the colour and the form. To this, of course, belongs the large world of emblem literature, the merest outline of which would, by the most shallow enumeration, fill out a volume as large as the present—Alciati, Jacob Catts, Mr. Green's popular volume of "Shakspeare and the Emblem Writers," old Francis Quarles, or Mrs Alfred Gatey's pleasant little volume "A Book of Emblems;" but this opens up another world, and is scarcely what was intended by the parable in the picture. Perhaps the first instance we have of this, is in that ancient legend of St. Veronica. Who was Veronica? It is said, when the Saviour was on His way to Calvary He passed by the door of a gentle and compassionate woman, who, filled with a passion of grief as she saw His agony and the drops of sweat pouring from His brow and face, stepped forward with a napkin, or, as others say, loosened from her own head a veil, and with it wiped the Redeemer's face; and the napkin or the veil ever after retained the *vera icon*, or the true image of our Lord; and so this name became transferred to her, and she since, through all time, has been called Veronica. It is a curious legend; and the vivid imagination of the Early Church made a singular story out of it. It is said, her name was originally Berenice; she was a niece of king Herod, a daughter of that sister of his of whom we know too much—Salome; but Berenice, touched to her heart by the meekness and glorious loveliness of the suffering Redeemer, became converted,—some say suddenly converted,—as she saw Him toiling beneath His cross. However that may be, tradition attributes wonderful and miraculous powers to the cloth which bore the sacred image. She became known for her Christian activity in the Early Church, and is said to have suffered martyrdom under Nero. It is, perhaps, more than likely that there was some such person; she holds a definite place in ancient Church traditions, and it is not impossible that

her gentle nature, yielding to the influence of the life and character of our Lord, was moulded into a life of compassionate sweetness, of holy and lovable beauty, of active Christian charity and earnest zeal. Thus, when she died, whatever might have been her previous name, impressed by what they knew of her patient, suffering, self-denying life, her friends and lovers, who stood round her body, shrouded in the fair linen, pure and white, before they bore her away to the Catacombs, looked at each other through their tears, and at the gentle, perhaps the martyred, frame beneath them, and said, "That was the *vera icon*,—that was the true image,—of our Lord;" and so she became known to them, and known through all time, as the saintly Veronica. We suppose this is the way in which many a myth or legend has grown.

The monasteries of the Middle Ages abounded with parables of various descriptions. The sermons of the monks were full of parables; and the capacious fireside of the monastery, round which the brethren gathered in such vast edifices as Altenburg and Heisterbach, became the whispering circle of stories which, while they present to us frequently very grotesque aspects of religion, as frequently presented the truths of religion also in parabolic lights. Indeed, Cæsar of Heisterbach is famous in this. We are bound to say that we have never turned over the leaves in which that famous old monastic storyteller recites his wonderful tales of visions, and ghosts, and dreams; and yet his stories,—of which we have crowds before us,—seem pretty fairly familiar to us, and many of them have a very distinctly parabolic character, although, perhaps, not many with so marked a meaning as the following:—

The Devil at the Confessional.

A priest, one day, so the garrulous old Cæsar tells us, sat in his confessional, when there appeared before him a handsome youth; the youth had long continued waiting until every one had passed who sought the presence of the priest, then he advanced, and, kneeling before the father, he confessed so many and such monstrous crimes—murders, thefts, perjuries, impurities, oaths, and blasphemies, of which he had either been guilty himself or caused others to be guilty, that the simple old father's chair shook beneath his terrors, and his biretta was fairly lifted from his brows, as his hair stood on end; rising from his seat, he exclaimed, "If thou couldest live for a thousand years, the time would be too little to atone for such enormities!" "Ah," said the other, "I am more than a thousand years old." "Then," said the priest, "in the name of the Blessed One, I adjure thee, tell me, who and what art thou?" "I am a demon," said the other; "I am one of those who fell with Lucifer; I have only confessed a very small number of my sins, but if thou art willing to hear, I am ready to confess." "Why shouldest thou confess?" said the priest. "Well," said the other, "as I stood gazing on the throng that approached thee, I saw that they came before thee very

unhappy, and they seemed to go away comforted and happy; and I have heard what they said to thee, and what thou didst reply to them, and how thou didst promise them pardon and bliss eternal, and I have thought I might obtain the same blessings, and so I come to thy chair." The priest now rose above his previous terrors, and said, "Yes; I am the servant of One able to save to the uttermost; and if thou wilt follow my directions, and perform penance,—which will be very slight for all thy sins,—thou too mayest obtain pardon." And the demon promised that he would yield himself to what the priest required. "Then," said the priest, "I shall ask of thee a far less penance than I have imposed upon any of those who have preceded thee,—it is only this, that thou fall upon thy face three times before Heaven, and say, 'Lord, Thou art my Creator, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy, —pardon Thou me!'" And the demon started with indignation. "Impossible!" said he; "never will I submit to such degradation; enjoin me anything else, and I will obey thee." But the priest bade him depart, and he vanished, and went back to hell.

All monastic parables were not as good as this; but crowds have come to us. We might with propriety quote Cæsar again, but there are many from which our ordinary Protestant genius would very naturally recoil with horror—stories which present the strangest freaks of grotesque fancy with genuinely religious ideas. Some of these old stories are reprinted, and circulated, especially amongst Irish Catholics, at the present day; we have seen some in *The Month*, a well-known Roman Catholic periodical. The following legend is old, although produced in a kind of Irish vernacular:—"Our Lord was once walking with St. Peter, and they asked for admission into a peasant's hut for the night, and were most cheerfully and hospitably received; when leaving, the next morning, St. Peter, with his characteristic impulsiveness, urged the Master to reward the peasant's hospitality. The Master said, 'I think not; it is better as it is.' 'It is a shame for you,' said St. Peter, 'you must do something for him.' Whereupon our Lord, against His Divine judgment, gave way, and told their entertainer to look in a certain place and there he would find a portion of money; and so they departed. But next year they came that way again, and found the same peasant, but now in a noble and magnificent house, and with stately attendants; they asked again for a night's lodging, and said they were the same persons who were there last year; but this time the door was slammed in their faces, and, with a sharp refusal, they were told that this was no public house for wandering vagabonds. Whereupon, after a little silence, during which Peter was very crest-fallen, our Lord said to him, 'Didn't I tell you so, Peter?'" Wherever it came from, the story is not a bad one; and the blundering benevolence of the Apostle, and the Divine wisdom of the Master, and the unhappy change in the moral nature of the peasant through his pro-[illegible]y [illegible]alize themselves before us every day. If our readers should

desire further acquaintance with these droll and grotesque semi-parabolic legends, we can only say here, that the mountains of Spain and the bye-ways of the Tyrol abound with them. It is very odd to find a mighty creature like Dr. Newman almost vindicating this kind of literature, and charging to the unreality of Protestantism, and its habit of half-shutting its eyes to what it perceives, the inability to accept such legends from the fear of alloying Divine truth with human imperfections.

Here is a queer and grotesque story:—

The Odd Legend of Brother Merry.

Still more startling in its apparent deliberate tenderness for devil-may-carish good nature and daring, is the story of Brother Lustig (Brother "Merry," to translate his name into English), who makes friends with St. Peter, abuses his friendship in all sorts of unscrupulous and profane ways, and at length disgusts St. Peter so much that the Apostle declines his further company, bestowing upon him, however, at parting a magical knapsack, into which anything that the owner wishes for is immediately conveyed. This the Apostle gives him professedly to remove all motive for breaking the Commandments—rather shortsightedly however, as the scapegrace uses it to rob people of their property as well as for more refined purposes. The most humorous use, however, which he makes of the knapsack is to render it subservient to his salvation. He offers to sleep in a house haunted by nine devils, who always torture and kill anyone who ventures to sleep there. Brother Lustig, quite undismayed at their diabolic dance round him, wishes them all into his knapsack, and then takes it straight to a blacksmith's, telling him to hammer away at it with all his might, which he does, in spite of the shrieks of the imprisoned devils; and when he opens the knapsack eight are dead, but one, which had got into a fold of the knapsack, scuttles away to hell. At length, as he grows old, Brother Lustig begins to think about his own state, and consults a hermit, who tells him there are two ways he can go—one broad and pleasant to hell, and one narrow and rough to heaven. "I must be a fool," thinks brother Lustig, "if I were to take the narrow and rough road," so he goes straight off to hell and asks for admission. Luckily for him, however, the little sentinel at the gate is the very devil which had escaped from his knapsack. He rushes off to the highest authority, saying, "There is a soldier at the gate with a wonderful knapsack, but at no price let him in, or else he will wish the whole of hell into his knapsack. He once gave me the nastiest possible hammering in it." Thereupon Brother Lustig is refused entrance into hell, whereupon he says very composedly that he has no choice but to try the other alternative, "for somewhere or other," he remarks, "I must stay." At the gate of heaven he finds St. Peter, who refuses him admittance, whereupon the sly fellow, with an air of hurt feeling, insists on returning the knapsack, for he will not keep a present at all from an acquaintance

who is so little inclined to befriend him. St. Peter takes back the knapsack; Brother Lustig wishes himself into it, and so outmanœuvres the saint, and takes the kingdom of heaven, not indeed by force, but by craft.

We could multiply these illustrations of the reckless use and abuse of grotesque humour in mediæval religious legends almost to any extent.

All the monasteries of the Middle Ages turn up strange parables—legends, no doubt, many of them fictions as foolish as false; and, as we have already seen, some which will bear sifting, and yield some results for the trouble. For instance, there is a Middle-Age proverb which looks rather dark without its story: "*Monk, monk, go gently.*"

Take Care of Yourself as you Cross the Bridge.

It is spoken of a sacristan who not only had a considerable reputation for holiness, but really was a holy man; however, in spite of his piety, if not overtaken in the commission of a fault, he was overtaken on the way to its commission. He made an appointment in the way of sin, and on the road he had to cross a narrow bridge over the river Robee. Now, as he was crossing in the deep night, somehow he stumbled, slipped, fell into the river, and was drowned. As soon as the soul left the body, the devil seized it, and was posting away with it to hell, when an angel met him and demanded the soul, and a great dispute arose between the two. Said the devil, "This soul is mine; every soul taken in sin is mine; this soul was in a wicked way, and in a wicked way I seized it. Saith not your Scripture, 'As the tree falls, so it lies'? This is too bad, to treat me so." To whom replied the angel, "The monk led a good life in his abbey; he conducted himself well, and no one ever saw evil in him. He had committed no sin when thou didst seize him; he came to the bridge, but, perhaps, had he not been drowned, he might have turned back. Surely he must not be punished for a sin he never committed; he only sinned in intention, let the soul alone."

Finally, however, they agreed to submit to arbitration. There was a very good duke living there at that time, and to him they went. It was night; the duke was in bed, but not asleep, and one thinks he must have been very much surprised to find two such persons by his bedside. They expounded to him the difficulties of the situation, and Duke Richard replied, "If you submit the case to me, go immediately and restore the soul to the body. Let him be placed on the bridge exactly on the spot from which he tumbled. If he advance on his journey ever so little, let Nicholas have him; but if he turn back, let him go unmolested."

And so it was done; and the monk was placed on that part of the bridge from whence he had fallen. No sooner done, than he started back as if he had trodden on a snake; he did not stay to say good bye to the devil or the angel: he found his way back to his abbey,

and presently he related to the abbot the whole affair, and called on the noble duke to confirm his story, which he did, who said to him also, "Take care, Sir Monk, another time, how you pass over that bridge," which also came to be the proverb we have quoted above, "*Go gently; take care of yourself when you pass over the bridge.*" And it is not to be doubted, that behind this story there was an intention to teach that there is a line—a bridge—which separates between good and evil; and the wise man,—the man who has a reputation even for purity and piety,—will be very careful how he crosses that line.

It must surely be admitted that many myths and legends have upon them the stamp of the wonderful. With all the attempts made to show how they gradually grew into the proportions in which we find them, they are inexplicable and mysterious. It is easy to speak of them as the inventions of mediæval monkery, or the excursions of a wild fancy; but a thoughtful mind can scarcely feel itself satisfied with such an explanation. Such an explanation rebukes by its shallowness.

The Wandering Jew.

For instance, how that strange story has floated on, to our knowledge, through immemorial ages, fascinating and perplexing the exponents of myths, charming the imagination of poets, novelists, painters, and evoking certainly the most weird illustrations from the pencil of Doré:—

"Of all the miseries
That ever mortals knew,
The greatest and the worst
Is of the wandering Jew.
Oh! sad and desolate
Is that poor wanderer's fate." *

Somewhere, still wandering over the face of the earth, is a Jew who is doomed to wander, without respite or rest, until the Day of Judgment; as Jesus was carrying His cross along on the way to Calvary, he stopped at the door of this Jew, and, wearied with His burden, He asked permission to rest. In return, the Jew insulted the Saviour, and exclaimed, "Move on, move on!" And scarcely had he uttered the words when a blast of wind bore him away, and a voice thundered in his ears, "Move on! move on!" And so he is condemned to wander so long as the world shall last. It is a strange invention—how came it to be manufactured? Are fancies which seem snatched at, as by an universal heart, through all countries and ages, mere purposeless hallucination—mysteries without any meaning? or is it some strange shadow cast from the consentaneous mind of man? Is there any meaning in this mediæval conceit? This queer old spectre, wandering through old cities and

* Sir John Bowring, "Minor Morals," vol. iii.

churches, far up among the pines that rock and tower like castles among the heights—he whom the waves are forbidden to drown, the mystic old man whom tempests cannot wreck, whom flames cannot burn, whom snakes cannot sting, who, while booming belfries call others to the grave, is forbidden to find rest in any churchyard—sighing, while all things hurry past him, and die, and change, because he cannot die or change.

The story has repeated itself age after age, and has wrought itself into a grotesque variety. Is it because men have seen in this wandering Jew the idea of the spirit of the race? Is man himself that wanderer, under a doom, pressing on to a consummation—one whom nature perpetually assaults with death, and as perpetually throws back again into the lap of life under the Judgment of God, under the Covenant of God, creature of Doom, child of Love? The wandering Jew is a kind of Ancient Mariner; it is impossible not to think that Coleridge had the strange conception in his mind as he wrote of—

"The long grey beard and glittering eye."

So he steps on through fantastic wildernesses and quaint cities, with scrip and staff,—a wild imagination indeed! yet, with this explanation, scarcely an unbalanced or distorted being,—an apprehension of the darkness and solitude of the race, and the strange sympathy of Nature with man. But the question remains, How came men to think, to manufacture, such parables? It is easy to laugh, but it is not easy to answer that.

If the legend of the Wandering Jew be wonderful, we have thought even still more wonderful is that of—

The Holy Grail.

We fear we expose ourselves to the ridicule of some readers when we say, "But how came men to think such things?" The strange legend of this holy cup is in the world; it also has gone floating down from age to age, until, in our time, that which shows how important a legend it was, as it glitters through the old Prince Arthur legends, the story of—

"The phantom of a cup that comes and goes,"—

has acquired a new and mystic glory from the verse of Tennyson, not to mention the names of several other of our modern poets. The Vision of the Grail, as described by the Laureate, may be in the memory of our readers:

"And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
A cracking and a rising of the roof,
And rending, and a blast, and overhead
Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
And in the blast there smote along the hall
A beam of light seven times more clear than day
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail.

All over covered with a luminous cloud,
And none might see who bare it, and it passed.
But every Knight beheld his fellow's face
As in a glory, and all the Knights arose,
And, staring at each other like dumb men,
Stood, till I found a voice."

The Holy Grail,—or the Sangrael,—is the cup, or chalice, used by our Lord at the Last Supper, signifying literally, *that which passes*, like the term for the Supper itself employed during the Middle Ages, the *viaticum—food for the way*, or strength for the way. But the legend of the Lost Cup, or chalice, was a strange dream, wrought into the literature of Europe, which exercised a spell over the religious fancy for many ages; and, indeed, no tale of Arabian wonder is more marvellous than the singular vision of the temple of the Grail—invisible to every profane eye—the cup which would only approach the chaste and pure. Within it was a precious stone of marvellous virtue, which had once been a gem in the coronet which had bound the brows of the son of the morning, but which, struck from thence in the fall of the rebel angel, had wandered through space and been wrought into the cup which held the wine of the Last Supper, and which afterwards held the precious blood which flowed from the side of Christ for the salvation of the world. This strange dream haunted the fancies of the imaginative *religieuse;* and the search for it became the ideal of Christian Knighthood, as the Laureate again describes the quest in his poem, "*Sir Galahad.*"

"Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.

"A gentle sound, an awful light!
Those angels bear the Holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.

"Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides
And star-like mingles with the stars.

"So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail."

Upon what were the fancies of men busy when they were guided by such dreams? Was it all the wildering work of mere fancy? or was a pained and earnest mind seeking in some way to express its sense of that lost, but desired, and reconciling truth out of which it sought, but in no very clear manner, to throw forth its fears and its griefs with its expectations and its hopes? Perhaps, as it is admitted that poetry is the language in which the visions of men take their highest shape, and find

their most musical sound, we may be charitable enough to the hallucination to suppose that it is not altogether worthy of contempt; that even, in fact, the search for the cup out of which the Messiah drank, and the precious stone whose celestial virtues related to the eldest events of the Fall, was to replace the lost populations of the heavenly places, associated with the ideas of courage, humility, and chastity, was an attempt to unfold the mystery, and to lead back to the lost Church, and the shining splendours of the lost chalice. For us, we confess, we think with wonder how men came into possession of such ideas; and we perhaps wonder still more at their instant and universal appropriation.

There is a pretty tradition in Germany which the poet Uhland has wrought,—surely with a true poet's instinct of the earnest signs of our age,—into one of his most charming ballads of—

The Lost Church.

Somewhere, in the inaccessible depths of a forest, there is a church, the way to which has been lost. It lies immured and unseen amidst tall ranks of thick trees, the pathway to it all choked up by the deep entangling of overhanging brushwood. Reader, hast thou not too, perchance, heard of such a lost church? The traveller on the skirts of the forest, even in the deep night, often hears the sweet sound as of chiming bells poured upon the air, and he says, "Ah, there are the winds playing upon the bells of the lost church!" Tradition says that, now and then, a stray wanderer has lighted upon the happy path beyond the brake and the brushwood, and found himself by moonlight upon the mystical smooth lawn, and among the hoary monuments lying around the lost church; he has even entered, and beheld all its simplicity and glory of service, in which shady forms, and old priestly men of the past and quiet ages seem to be taking part, drinking from the shining chalice there, and lifting up their voices in sweet hymns,—those which the old fathers of our race chanted so far back in the night of time,—while, still, overhead rang the soft tones and chimes of the bells.

"It was a church with bells."

But the traveller, though he found his way back to the road, was never able to retrace his steps, or to guide others in the pathway to the lost church. We can look back, but, perhaps, through the deceptions of imagination, to the days when it seems the Church was one, and universal; and the tradition appears to embody many of the feelings and griefs of the age in which we live. Multitudes sigh over and after the lost Church, and the restoration of the time when, as St. Ambrose so finely says, "The Cross stood like the mast of a ship, to which men might cling in the wreck of the world." The reader may not be displeased to receive a version of Uhland's poem. It is not, perhaps, the best; indeed, is there any English poet who can do justice to the verse of Uhland?

"THE LOST CHURCH.

"The wood is filled with ghostly sighs,
Tollings of bells borne on the breeze,
And sobbings, weird and strange, that rise
(One knows not whence), and stir the trees.
A glorious church, they say, was lost,
And still its bells will faintly chime,
As though the pilgrim step yet crossed
The path with weeds o'ergrown in time.

"Twas once I trod the lonesome way,
And though no mortal else was near,
Amid the brambles far away
That magic tolling I could hear.
Little I cared what risk might be,
For at each sound my heart beat high,
And bent that riddle solved to see,
I hoped and feared, I knew not why.

"Transported with th' unearthly sound,
All my brain swam, my pulses beat—
(I must have passed that rugged ground
With other than my mortal feet).
It seems as if in trance I spent
Some hundred years of human time;
I saw such sights as are unkent
By natives of this grosser clime.

"The heavens were azure, rich and clear,
And never shone the sun more bright.
A spell-built minster pile stood near,
Bathed in a flood of magic light.
Two fleecy clouds on either side,
Like wingèd cherubs, raised it high;
The steeple's height seemed to divide
And permeate the holiest sky.

"The bells like angel-tones were rung,
Vibrating from each stately wall
(And not by mortal hands were hung
Those wires whose sounds could so appal).
But all at once my throbbing heart
Was by some master-impulse stilled,
And in the aisles I trod apart,
With trembling joy my soul was thrilled.

"In human speech I could not tell
All that I saw in that blest shrine.
The chastened twilight suited well
With sculptured forms of maids divine
(The martyred saints of God), and soon
There shone a flush of glowing light
That brought a fresher life, like noon,
And brighter worlds appeared to sight.

"Then at the altar steps I knelt,
My spirit filled with awe and love;
A new and monstrous bliss I felt,
While heaven's glories shone above.
And as I raised my eyes more high,
The archèd dome was rent in twain,
And untold visions passed me by—
No veils could interpose again.

"But all the glorious sounds and sights,
The trumpet's peal, the organ's swell;
All that transports, all that delights
Man's soul—weak words can never tell.
But if ye long such sights to see,
Such holy harmonies to hear,
Follow the tangled path, where ye
May list that chiming soft and clear."

The world, we have said, is full of parable; man is a symbol himself, and he lives in symbols. We have spoken of the monks, and the myths and legends of old monasteries; but Luther's nature was steeped in parable also. Do we not remember that sweet letter to his little son? Surely, reader, you will quarrel neither with it nor with the writer of it. We have called it—

The Child's Paradise.

"Grace and peace in Christ be thine, my well-beloved boy! It does my heart good to see thee learning well and praying diligently. Do so, my son, and continue therein, and when I come home I will bring thee a fine fairing. I know a beautiful pleasure-garden, and there are many children walking there, and they have on golden coats, and under the trees they gather the finest apples and pears, and they sing and leap about and are merry; and they have beautiful little ponies too, with golden bits and silver saddles. And I asked the man whose the garden was, To whom do these children belong? And he said, 'These are the children who love their prayers, and who delight to learn and are pious.'

"Then said I, 'I also have a son; his name is Johnnie Luther: might not he come, too, into the garden, that he may eat of these fine apples and pears, and ride upon one of these beautiful little ponies?' Then the man said, 'Yes; if he takes delight in prayer, and is pious, and learns well, he may also come into the garden, and little Philip and Justus too; and if they come all together, they will have fifes, and trumpets, and drums, and all manner of fine playthings, and they shall dance there, and have little cross-bows to shoot with.'

"Then he showed me in the garden a beautiful meadow, prepared for dancing; and hanging there, there were fifes and drums of pure gold, and fine silver bows. But it was early, and the child [illegible] yet. And, therefore, I could not wait for the dance, [illegible] man 'Ah, my dear sir, I will go quickly, and write all

little son Hans, and tell him to be diligent at his prayers, and at his lessons, and to live in God's fear, that he also may come into this garden. But he has a good aunt, too—Aunt Magdalene, and he must bring her with him.' And the man said, 'It is well: go and write so to him.'

"Therefore, my dear little boy, go on and learn, and pray heartily, and tell Philip and Justus to do the same; and so you will all come together into the garden. And so I commend you to Almighty God. Greet Aunt Magdalene, and give her a kiss on my account."

This strange passage from the works of the good and great Luther, to which grim fathers have taken grave objection as somewhat unseemly, reminds us, however, that the parable-loving propensity, the pictorial and fancy-delighting faculty is something like the carrying on of the genius of childhood into age. Thus, it has been said, children keep advanced age fresh; and we are reminded of an interesting passage to this effect from the pen of that great French writer, M. Girardin, in his lectures before the French Institute.

"I find amongst the homilies of St. Chrysostom a certain Stagyra who was possessed by a demon. To be possessed by a demon is certainly not a malady of our times; but yet we do not wander from our theme. For the demon of Stagyra—it is melancholy, despondency, or, in the much more powerful expression of the Greek, it is *athumia*—the exhaustion of all energy, all vitality of the soul. This is the demon of Stagyra. He is one of those sick and agitated souls who think they belong to the selecter portion of mankind because they want the energy of the vulgar; who contrive for themselves pleasures and afflictions apart from the rest of the world, and who (last trait of weakness and impatience) at once despise and envy the simplicity and the calm of those whom they call little souls. Stagyra, in order to deliver his spirit from its disquietudes, had entered into a monastery; but neither there did he find the peace and lightness of heart which he craved; for man finds at first, in solitude, that only which he brings to it. Stagyra complains to the saint—and the complaint is curious, for it indicates the knowledge of a cure for the evils which torment him, and shows that Stagyra, like many other patients, had neither resolution to support his disease nor to accept its remedy. 'You complain,' says St. Chrysostom, 'that while you, with all your fasts and vigils and monastic austerities, have failed to appease your disquietudes, others who, like yourself, had been tormented by the demon of melancholy, while living in the midst of idle pleasures and luxurious indulgence, have found a remedy in marriage, and felt themselves cured the moment they became fathers.' A sentence, this, full of sound instruction. It is not, then, because life is devoid of pleasure, that men are the prey of melancholy. That demon pierced, it is true, like a gnawing worm, through all the luxuries of the Roman world; there was no resource against it, either in beautiful slaves, or Ionian dances, or magnificent repasts, or the combats of gladiators, or Milesian tales, or the voluptuous

pictures which garnish the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum. *Athumia* poisoned all, and the demon possessed the voluptuary in the midst even of the debauch. But if, fatigued with these alternate pleasures and disgusts, he adopted regular and simple manners, married and had children, then, as if by enchantment, the demon quitted him. No more despondency, no more bitterness. The spirit of the possessed was revived, refreshed, renewed by the caresses of his children. There is no demon, not even the demon of melancholy, which dares to encounter the presence of a little child. There is in the innocent fresh breathing of these creatures, something mortal to evil spirits; and a cradled infant in the house is a sure talisman against all demoniac possession.

"What is it, in fact, which man requires, in order to escape from this *athumia*, this exhaustion of the heart? Hope—a future. He must have a faith in the future. This is the nourishment of his soul; without it he cannot live, he despairs and dies. Well, the very charm of children, that which has ranked them, from of old, amongst the blessings of God, is this, that they form the future of every family—that they sustain in every house that sentiment by which the soul of man lives. Children represent the future, and in a form the most joyous and attractive. It is this which constitutes their irresistible fascination—it is this which sheds around their little heads that light of happiness and joy which reflects itself on the countenances of the parents—which warms the heart—which gives to the poor the force to labour, and to the miserable the force to live. Blessed be infancy, which chases the demon!—Blessed be infancy, which keeps alive in each family the sentiment of hope, indispensable to man as the air and the light!" *

Hence, even in the most infantile nations or peoples, among ancient Hebrews, or Pelasgians, Phœnicians, even the Red Indian tribes, we have found the pleasant predominance of the parable,—

Some travellers like Schoolcraft, Kohl, and more especially that beautiful and self-denying missionary, the Abbé Dominic, have claimed for the floating traditions, the legends, and parabolic paintings of some of the Red Indian tribes, a charm and variety equal to those of the Arabian Nights. Certainly the following from the Abbé, like some we have presented from other sources, is curious and not uninstructive.

Legend of the Magic Circle of the Prairie.

One day, whilst in the prairie, the young hunter, Algon, arrived at a circular pathway, and yet there was not the slightest trace of a footstep to be seen on the surrounding ground. This path was even, well beaten, and appeared to have been recently frequented by numerous visitors. Surprised and puzzled by what he saw, he hid himself in the grass to find

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* [illegible] of Lectures on Dramatic Literature, and the Use of the Passions in [illegible] By M. [illegible] Girardin. Paris 1844.

out the cause of this mystery. After waiting a few minutes in anxious suspense, he fancied he heard melodious music in the air, the sweet sounds of which reached his ears at regular intervals. Amazed, charmed, and with eyes uplifted towards the sky, he stood motionless, listening with still greater attention, and restraining his breath for fear of losing one note of the mellow rich sounds of that distant harmony which enraptured his soul; still he perceived nothing save an extremely vague white speck, like an object too far off to be distinguished. Gradually this speck became more visible, and the music more soft and agreeable, and as it approached the place where he lay concealed, he discovered that what he had at first taken to be a tiny cloud was no less than an osier basket containing twelve young girls of exquisite beauty, each having a sort of little drum, on which she tapped whilst she sang with superhuman grace. The basket descended into the middle of the circle, and the moment it touched the ground, the twelve young girls alighted, and began to dance on the little path, at the same time throwing a ball, which was as brilliant as a diamond, from one to another.

Algon had seen many dances, but none were similar to this one, neither was the music like any he had yet heard; and the beauty of those celestial dancers surpassed all that his imagination could conceive in the regions of the ideal. He greatly admired them all; but being particularly fascinated with the graceful manner and lovely complexion of the youngest, he determined to do all in his power to catch her. To effect this purpose he approached the mysterious circle slowly and cautiously, so as not to be perceived, and was just on the point of taking hold of the object of his choice, when suddenly the twelve young girls sprang into the basket, and ascending rapidly into the air, soon disappeared in the azure of the firmament.

The poor hunter gave way to the deepest despair, as with heartfelt sorrow he beheld the enchanted basket vanish; and from his dazzled eyes gushed forth abundant tears. He cursed his fate, and exclaimed, as he wept: "They are gone for ever, and I shall behold them no more." Algon returned to his cabin, sad and dejected, his mind was absorbed by this extraordinary apparition, so that on the following day he could not resist returning to the prairie near the magic circle, with the hope that his treasure would again be there. He hid himself in the grass as on the preceding day, and lo! scarcely had he taken up his position when he heard the same music, and saw the basket redescend with the same young maidens, who, as soon as they touched the earth, began to dance as on the previous eve. Then, for the second time, he advanced close to where they were, but the moment they perceived him they jumped into the basket, and were going to recommence their aërial journey, when the eldest said to her sisters: "Stay, let us see, perhaps he wishes to teach us how mortals dance and play on earth?" "Oh! no," replied the youngest, "let us quickly ascend, I am frightened;" whereupon they all began to sing, and started for the ethereal regions.

Algon went home more distracted and crest-fallen than before; to him the night appeared so long, that he returned towards the prairie before daybreak. While he was meditating how he could succeed in his third attempt, he found an old trunk of a tree, in which dwelt countless mice; he thought that the sight of so small a creature would cause no suspicion to arise among the young girls, and, thanks to the magic power of his medicine-bag (amulet), he took the form of a mouse, having first used the precaution of bringing the trunk of the tree as close as possible to the circle. The twelve sisters descended from the skies, as they were in the habit of doing, and commenced their accustomed diversions. All of a sudden the youngest said to the others: "Do you see that trunk of a tree? It was not there yesterday." And she ran towards the basket; but her sisters began to laugh, and surrounding the object of her fears, threw it down by way of amusement. All the mice immediately took to flight; but they were pursued and killed, with the exception of Algon, who, retaking his natural form of hunter at the very moment the youngest sister had lifted a stick to strike him, sprang upon his prey, whilst her affrighted companions got into the basket, which carried them up speedily.

The happy Algon wiped away the tears that flowed from the eyes of his conquest; he called her his bride, and sought by every means his heart could suggest to prove his affection for her; he loaded her with the most tender caresses and the most delicate attentions; he recounted his adventures in the chase and his exploits in combat; he conducted her to his cabin, using the precaution of putting aside, during the route, the briars and branches, lest they should knock against, or injure the frail and elegant body of his beloved; and when he reached home he considered himself the most fortunate being on earth. Their marriage was at once celebrated amid every imaginable festivity, and by-and-by the joy of the gallant hunter was still more increased by the birth of a son. But alas! Algon's young wife being the daughter of a star, the earth was little suited for her celestial nature; her health daily declined, and she wished to see her father once more; yet she carefully concealed her grief and sighs from her spouse, not to afflict his heart, for she loved him dearly.

One day, remembering the charms which could make her return to the skies, and profiting by a hunt in which Algon was engaged, she made a little basket of osier twigs, then gathered all sorts of flowers, caught birds, and collected every curiosity that she thought would please her father, took her son with her, and went to the magic circle; there she got into her basket with all her treasures, and commenced the song she chanted with her sisters in by-gone days, during their mysterious journeys. Immediately the basket rose gently in the air, the balmy breath of the prairies wafted the sweet notes of her celestial voice to the ears of her spouse: that voice and that chant were well-known to him. Foreboding some misfortune, he at once hastened to the magic circle; but alas! he arrived too late. he could only see a white speck disappear-

ing in the clouds, and hear a feeble and melodious note dying in space like the last whisper of the breeze, or the last sigh of a babe. Then, with his loudest voice, he called upon his wife and son; all was useless; they were in the region of the stars.

The hunter, in despair, let his head fall upon his breast; burning tears gushed down his cheeks; his grief was secret and silent, but it was terrible and violent, like the subterraneous throes of a volcano that finds no issue to vomit on earth its frightful fires. After two long winters of indescribable anguish, sorrow had at length made the youthful hunter wax old; but his grief did not grow old, it was ever the same.

Meanwhile his lovely companion, returned to the brilliant sphere of the stars, to the bosom of that bliss which she enjoyed in her luminous country, had almost forgotten the unhappy one she had left on earth; but the presence of her son made her remember him. As he grew up he wished to visit the place of his birth. One day the star said to his daughter: "Take thy child and return on earth, ask thy spouse to come with thee and dwell among us, and tell him to bring with him a sample of every animal and every bird he has killed in the chase." Then the mother, taking her son with her, re-descended into the prairie. Algon, who was always near the magic circle, was so overcome when he saw his wife and son returning towards him, that he thought he should have died with joy; his heart beat with impatience, and shortly after he pressed to his breast the cherished objects of his tenderness and love.

According to the wish of the star, he hunted with extraordinary activity, so as to collect within the shortest delay as many presents as possible. He spent his days and his nights seeking the most curious animals, taking the wings of some, the tail of another, the paws of a third, and so forth. When he had made an ample provision he took all his treasures with him, and, in company of his little family, started for the heavens.

This is a legend, and a very beautiful legend; but it looks like a parable, and evidently belongs to what has been spoken of in the Introductory Essay as the later, or parabolic age of legends. The Abbé Dominie says, "that the whole religion of the Red Indian man is founded on a life beyond that of this world. Nor does it seem difficult to believe this of people among whom there exist such stories of fabled fancy as those which go to build up the poem of "*Hiawatha.*" Such legends they sing round their fires, and tell during the long nights in their rude villages. Beneath the influence of such stories, Mr. Kohl declares, the hours passed away in such an instructive and pleasant manner that he did all in his power to lengthen the sittings, and watched the preparations for putting out the fire with grief; and that at midnight the evening appeared to him to have been too short. The Abbé Dominie says, concerning this faith of the Red Indian, that it may be usually said of him, what cannot always with so much confidence be said of us, that the faith

rl followed the advice of her brother. The first stranger who presented mself was Usama (tobacco); not receiving any answer, he fell to the ound and died of grief. The second, Wapako (pumpkin), met the ɜ fate, which was also shared by two others, Eshkossinien (water-ı lon) and Kokies (bean). But when Taaman (maize) arrived, the young rl opened her door, began to laugh, and received the stranger ɜc nately, and married him soon afterwards. Usama, Wahako, Esh-k nien, and Kokies were buried, and on their tombs grew tobacco, pumpkins, melons, and beans, in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of the new-married couple. From this marriage sprang all the Indians of North America. It was thus that the Great Spirit, after having created man, supplied him with the means of smoking in honour of the Manitoos, and of varying his food by taking the flesh of wild animals and excellent vegetables in turns."

A very curious legend!

XLI.

A SHEAF OF PARABLES.

THUS it has been attempted to bring together some illustrations of these two great departments of folk-lore—the Proverb and the Parable. An amazing wealth remains behind, even in the poor exchequer of the Compiler. The purpose, however, has not been so much to illustrate the modern interesting science of folk-lore, as to furnish instances of the didactic and homiletic value of parabolic illustration. Without quoting, we may refer to an extended amplification of this value of the Parable in a previous work.* Certainly, well-told parables are the diagrams of metaphysics and theology. Truly said Lord Bacon, "Parables are more ancient than arguments." We know how constantly our Lord used them, as we read, "without a parable spake He not unto them;" and Thomas Lynch very beautifully says:—

"Oh! foolish critic and unwise,
  Did you but know your Saviour,
You'd surely see with other eyes,
  And change your whole behaviour.
He talked of grass, and wind, and rain,
  And fig-trees, and fair weather,
And made it His delight to bring
  Heaven and earth together.

"He spoke of lilies, vines, and corn,
  The sparrow and the raven;
And words so natural yet so wise,
  Were on men's hearts engraven.
And yeast, and bread, and flax, and cloth,
  And eggs, and fish, and candles;
See how the whole familiar world
  He most divinely handles."

Thus, from ancient and modern sources, from the "*Gesta Romanorum*" and the tales of Cæsar of Heisterbach down to the modern novel, we have strung, not altogether at random, the parables of the ages.

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* "Lamps, Pitch[illegible], and Trumpets: Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher." [illegible] Lecture VIII.: The Use and Abuse of Imagination

Even to gather the parables which have been spoken through the pens of the higher orders of our modern novelists would be no unfruitful occupation. Most of them have presented thus some of their most charming lessons. Their number almost forbids the possibility of reference, and defies selection to any extent. Henry Ward Beecher's "*Norwood*,"—we suppose his only novel,—as it is full of delightful humour both in expression and delineation of character, gives also some pretty parables; here are two.

"Anxious Leaf.

"Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is the matter, little leaf?' And the leaf said, 'The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!' And the twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, 'Do not be afraid: hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.' And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colours. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, 'All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colours because of joy.' Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in colour, it saw that the branches of the tree had no colour in them, and so the leaf said, 'Oh, branches! why are you lead-colour and we golden?' 'We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over.' Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about."

Still more tender, and beautifully allegorical, is another parable from the same beautiful work.

"Coming and Going.

"Once came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming

everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird said, 'Who told you to sing?' and he answered: 'The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing.' Then his mate answered, 'When did I tell you to sing?' And he said, 'Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest.' Then his mate said, 'What are you singing about?' And he answered, 'I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing.'

"By-and-by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, 'Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?' Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them! Then the father-bird sang a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

"In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said, 'Oh, what do you think has happened?' 'What? 'One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!' Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another, and another, till five little birds were born!

"Now the father-bird sang longer and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"'Can anybody be happier?' said the father-bird to the mother-bird. 'We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy.'

"The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the parent-birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day nor the next. Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! One would have thought the two old birds were French dancing-masters—talking and chattering, and scolding the little birds, to make them go alone. The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him; and the other little birds wondered how he did it. And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and flew and flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house-door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house—and only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not so bright as it used to be, and they did not sing as often.

"In a little time the other birds had lear and

they flew away and away, and found their own food and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more!

"Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

"At last the wife-bird said—

"'Why don't you sing?'

"And he answered—

"'I can't sing—I can only think and think!'

"'What are you thinking of?'

"'I am thinking how everything changes—the leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away.'

"'Let us fly away together!'

"Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north—far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south—there they saw green leaves! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter—where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

"But the birds that stayed behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid. Then it was plain that it was better to go than stay!"

There seems to be an instinctive love of parables—a desire for personification—more especially among the more simple and open-hearted children of our race. Men and women seem to us a strange mingling of the beautiful and the droll in character. We have often wondered what ever it can be which makes people, the most unpoetical in their lives, to seem to desire some poetical tribute to decorate the stone which marks out their remains. Oh, the epitaphs! The epitaphs we have read in rambling over old village churchyards! In one, for instance,—

"Laden with age, my years they flew;
The Lord is holy, just, and trew."

In another,—

"When in this world we did remain,
Our latter days was grief and pain;
So God above, He thought it best,
To take *we* to a world of rest!"

Or the following in another (Welsh) churchyard, which may form almost a puzzle to the reader of the stone, or of the page:—

"A tender husband and a father
dear, a faithful friend lies
buried hear, he was true and
Just in all his ways, he do
deserve this worthy praise."

Exceedingly droll, but also illustrative of that singular sense, and even unconscious sensibility in our nature which struggles after expression.

Our love for the ancient story does not go so far as to prevent us from the frequent acknowledgment of the more human charm which often gathers round the modern. Take the two following from the "*Gesta Romanorum*," and then compare them with the delightful parables of Hans Andersen or Mrs. Alfred Gatty.

On the Nature and the Returns of Ingratitude.

An emperor rode out in the afternoon to hunt. Happening to pass a certain wood, he heard a serpent, which some shepherds had caught and bound firmly to a tree, making a most horrible clamour. Moved by pity, he loosed it, and warmed its frozen body in his own bosom. No sooner, however, did the animal find itself recovered, than it began to bite its benefactor, and shot a flood of poison into the wound. "What hast thou done?" said the emperor. "Wherefore have you rendered evil for good?" The serpent, like the ass of Balaam, being suddenly endowed with voice, replied: "The propensities which nature has implanted no one can destroy. You have done what you could; and I have only acted according to my nature. You exhibited towards me all the kindness in your power, and I have recompensed you as well as I might. I offered poison, because, except poison, I had nothing to offer. Moreover, I am an enemy to man; for through him I became punished with a curse." As they thus contended, they entreated a prophet to judge between them, and to state which was in the wrong. "I know these matters," answered the umpire, "only by your relation; but I should like to see the thing itself upon which I am to pronounce judgment. Let the serpent, therefore, be bound to the tree, as he was in the first instance, and let my lord the emperor again release it; I shall then determine better between you." This was done accordingly. "Now you are bound," said the prophet, addressing the serpent, "loose yourself if you can." "I cannot," said the serpent, "I am bound so fast that I can scarcely move." "Then die," rejoined the prophet, "by a just sentence. You were always ungrateful to man, and you always will be. My lord, you are now free; shake the venom from your bosom, and go your way: do not repeat your folly. Remember, that the serpent is only influenced by his natural propensities." The emperor thanked the prophet for his assistance and advice, and departed.

The Blind Man and the Snake.

Once on a time a blind man and one that saw were travelling together. They halted at night at a place in a wild tract of country. In the dim grey of the morning they rose to pursue their journey. The blind man was searching for his whip, and it so chanced that a snake lay there

frozen by the cold. He took it up, imagining it was his whip. When he touched it with his hand, he found it somewhat softer and nicer than his own whip, at which he was pleased, though it must belong to some other traveller still asleep. He mounted his horse cheerfully, and forgot the whip that he had lost. When the day began to dawn, his companion, who could see, looked, and, behold, there was a snake in the hand of the blind man! "Comrade," he shouted out, "what thou tookest for a whip is a poisonous snake. Fling it away before it makes a wound on thy hand." The blind man fancied his companion coveted the whip, and replied, "O friend! I left my whip, and chance has given me a better one. Thou, too, if fortune befriend thee, wilt find a nice whip. But I am not one of those who would allow my whip to be wheedled out of my hand by imaginary tales." He that could see laughed, and said, "O brother! my duty as thy companion demands that I should tell thee of thy danger. Listen to what I say, and throw down that snake." The blind man frowned, and said, "Thou hast taken a longing for my whip, and thou pressest me beyond all bounds to throw it away, in the greedy hope that when I throw it down thou mayest pick it up. Do not indulge a vain idea; and give up coveting a gift that Providence has put into my hands." The more the man that could see urged his point, and confirmed it by solemn entreaties and oaths, the less heed did the blind man pay to him. So, when the air became warm, and the snake's body got rid of its chill, it twisted itself back and wounded the blind man in the hand, and killed him.

Thus saith the moralist of the *Gesta:* "Evil men despise and resent the warnings of those who tell them to quit hold of worldly pleasure, which is gratifying to the sense, but deadly to the soul."

There is a singular disposition of the mind to regard all things as human, and even inanimate things as really alive. From before the days even of Æsop until now, beasts and birds and creeping things have been made to speak, not only as in the possession of consciousness, but of reason and sensibility. Imagination plays with these things and creatures; and the happy power of the good-humoured caricaturist, who would cure the vices or foibles of mankind without the severity of the satirist, is never more admirably displayed than when indulging these innocent licences of fancy and speech. It is most quaint and ludicrous to notice what human likenesses and resemblances peep out from the meanest things. The echo of a human heart seems to sound from all things above man; and every little creature, and everything man has made, from beneath him, seems to look up and to claim a relationship. Here is a little illustration of Hans Andersen's way of using things:—

"There was once—

The Darning Needle so Fine that she Fancied herself a Sewing-Needle.

"'Now, take care, and hold me fast!' said the Darning-needle to the fingers that took her up. 'Don't lose me, pray! If I were to fall down on the floor, you would never be able to find me again, I am so fine!'

'That's more than you can tell!' said the Fingers, as they took hold of her.

'See, I come with a train!' said the Darning-needle, drawing a long thread, without a single knot in it, after her.

The Fingers guided the Needle to the cook-maid's slippers; the upper leather was torn, and had to be sewn together.

'This is vulgar work!' said the Darning-needle; 'I shall never get through, I break, I am breaking!' And break she did. 'Did I not say so?' continued she; 'I am too fine!'

'Now she is good for nothing,' thought the Fingers; however, they managed to keep their hold; the cook-maid dropped sealing-wax upon the Darning-needle and then stuck her into her neckerchief.

'Ah, now I am a Breast-pin!' said the Darning-needle; 'I knew well enough I should come to honour; when one is something, one always becomes something.' And at this she laughed, only inwardly, of course, for nobody has ever seen or heard a Darning-needle laugh. There sat she now at her ease, as proud as if she were driving in her carriage, and looking about her on all sides."

But let no one take up the Fairy Tales of Andersen, thinking of them only as the ministers, the mere amusements of childhood. Certainly they are these; and the story of the Ugly Duck is a most pleasant parable, which shadows out the author's own sad experience and difficult progress through life. Well may the man whose father was a poor shoemaker, whose mother was once, in her childhood, so poor that she was sent out to beg in the streets, and who was himself intended for no higher post in life than that of a working tailor, and who, at eighteen years of age, could neither write nor spell his own language correctly—well might he point the moral of the story of the Ugly Duckling, after he had given such delight to millions of people in England, Germany, Denmark, and America. "*It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard, when one has been hatched from a swan's egg.*" "The Ugly Duck," and "The Flying Trunk," and "The Emperor's Clothes," and "The Flax," and many another wild and wonderful tale, will be of course amazing favourites with the young, and contain, too, admirable lessons, the use of which the old have not outgrown, and cannot outgrow. But not merely to amuse the young does Hans Andersen write with a kind practical eye, full of kindly humour for all the little frailties of men and women. In those fairy stories there occur touches of the clearest com- [illegible] natural beauty, and notes of pathos, showing how deeply

the author has drunk of the cup of sorrow and suffering, and reverence for all human feelings, and pity for all human infirmities. To read these through would, one would think, extract all the envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness from the most waspish or malicious nature; and they are full of hope and of heaven. No one could call his fancy wild, or undisciplined; it is controlled by the most righteous imagination, although he is one of those licensed wanderers into realms hidden from others. Andersen, like old Tiff, appears to be one of those who "retain a good understanding with all created nature;" to hear his creatures talk, is the most natural thing in the world, and just what we expected. Nor are we surprised, although exceedingly delighted, when he introduces us to gnomes, and nixies, and angels. Sometimes he becomes most solemn; reads to sad souls and bereaved hearts lessons such as might be uttered from the pulpit; or speaks again with a richness of language and sentiment which reveals, not words nor word-painting, but the power of perceiving all the awful and unutterable beauties and glories that nature is calculated to inspire. And then sometimes we come to a parable, in which we recognise a feeling and a knowledge of man's most sacred things. How affectionate is the frequent mention of our Lord, especially in the last work, the "Sand Hills of Jutland"! How sweet is that refrain—

> "Our roses bloom and fade away,
> Our Infant Lord abides alway;
> May we be blessed His face to see,
> And ever little children be."

So the story of the world's fairest Rose—the queen who lay at the point of death, but who might be brought back to life, could she but find the world's fairest rose, the expression of highest and purest love; and all the old and all the young came round her bringing roses, but all in vain. The rose of first love, the rose of science, the rose of maternal affection, the white rose of sorrow, then

"'The World's Fairest Rose

I have seen at the altar of the Lord,' said the pious old Bishop. 'I have seen it beaming forth, manifesting itself, as it were the presence of an angel. A band of young maidens went up to the Holy Table to renew their baptismal covenant, the roses blushing and paling alternately on their fresh cheeks; there was one young girl standing among her companions; I saw her look up to her God with all the purity and loving devotion of her virgin soul;—then saw I the expression of the highest and purest love!'"

"'Blessed, thrice blessed is Piety,' said the Sage; 'still hast not even thou discovered the World's Fairest Rose.'"

"Then entered the chamber a child, the Queen's little son; his eyes

were glistening, and his cheeks wet with tears; open in his hands he carried a large book bound in velvet, and having large silver clasps.

"'Mother!' cried the child, 'oh, listen to what I have read here!' And he sat down by the bed-side and read aloud from the book; he read of Him who 'so loved the world' that He gave Himself up to death, even the death of the cross, to save sinners. 'Greater love hath no man than this!'"

"And a faint rosy gleam passed over the Queen's cheek, the glance of her eye grew stronger and brighter, for from the leaves of that book she felt wafted to her the fragrance of the World's Fairest Rose, the Rose that sprang forth from the sacred Blood that was shed on Calvary.

"'I see it!' she exclaimed. 'Never can he die who looks upon that Rose, the fairest of the earth, the Rose of Sharon!'"

A beautiful little parable, and it shall be the last of the many we have cited, for with what more beautiful can we terminate our excursion into the World of Proverb and Parable than with the happy finding and fragrance of THE WORLD'S FAIREST ROSE?

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